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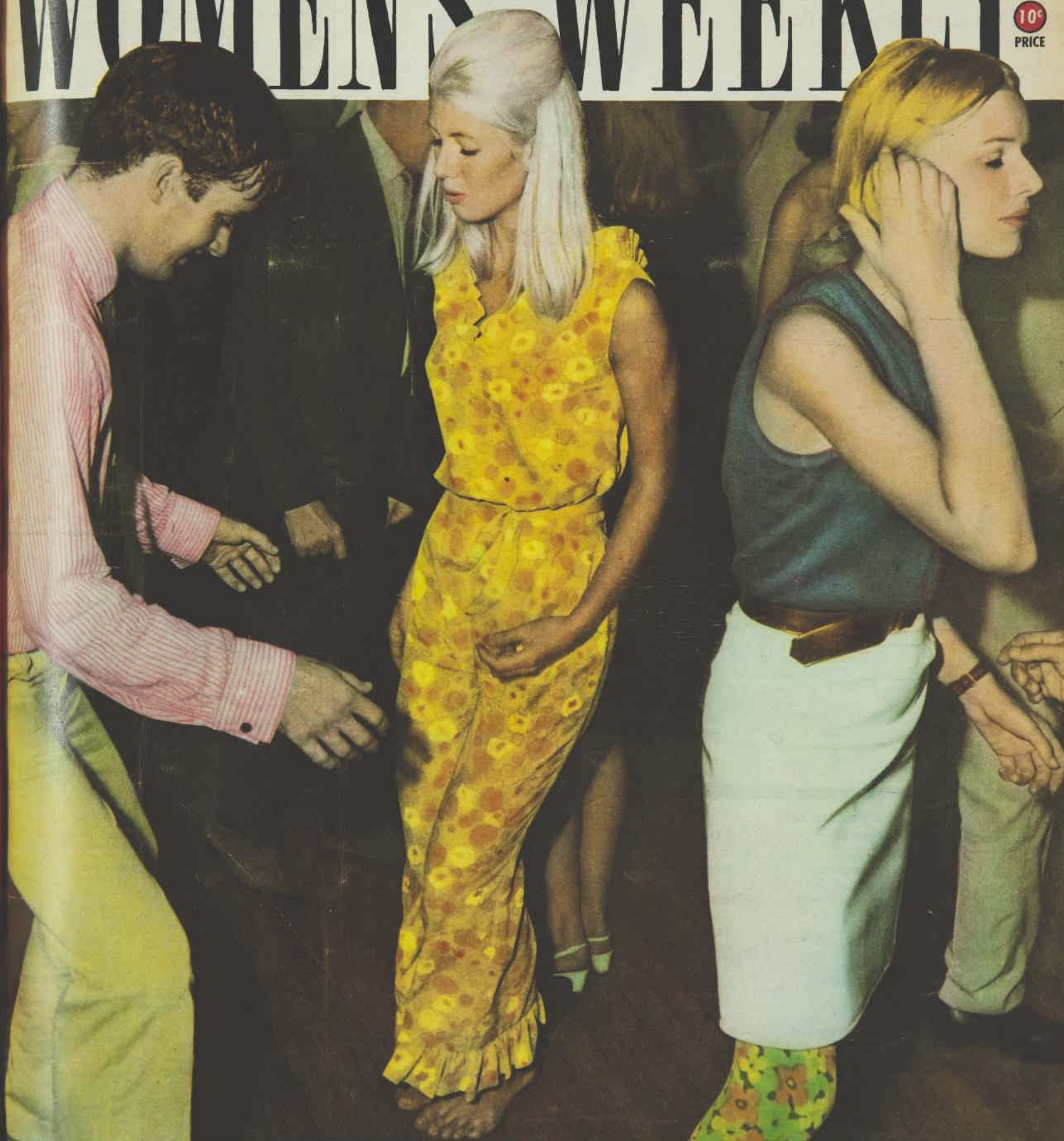
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUST.
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16-page lift-out VEGETABLE COOKBOOK
Things to make from ICE-CREAM CANS

THE DISCOS
Pages 4, 5, 7

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by always serving them
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— the luxury you
can afford



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

DISCOTHEQUE SCENE. One of the pictures taken during a round-up of Sydney discotheques by reporter Mary Ellen Johnson and photographers Keith Barlow and Bill Payne. This picture was taken by Bill Payne at "Long John's," Kings Cross, which had been taken over that night by a private party. Dancing with student Pike Cole is Pip Colman; right is model Tina Body. SEE PAGES 4, 5, 7, THE DISCOS.

The Weekly Round

APPEARANCES can seldom have been as deceptive as they are today, when the go-go attitudes of the under-25s hide their serious pursuits.

For instance, Pip Colman, the girl in the pyjama suit on our cover, teaches English and Latin at Randwick Boys' High School.

During university days she was a regular swot, and even nowadays that very pretty head is mostly buried in a study book. Incidentally, she made the pyjama suit herself for this particular party.

More deceptive appearances: The attraction a quite short, more-than-middle-aged, average-looking Greek man can have for a young, pretty American heiress.

The answer is on page 13 of this issue. American Liz Smith, writing of Charlotte Ford's marriage to Stavros Niarchos, speaks of the dazzle such a man has for women

when his immense riches are allied to charm, experience, and dynamic character.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, when as a child I asked her what the word "bachelor" meant, "My dear, there are many definitions. Some people say a bachelor is a man who can put his socks on from either end. Others say he is a man who can open his wallet without turning his back. Another popular definition is a man who thinks before he acts and then doesn't act; while a husband defined him as a man who's been lucky in love." But I like Momma's explanation best.

MOMMA'S MORAL: A bachelor is a man who has no buttons on his shirt and no hand in his pocket.

THE MOD MILLIONAIRE OF CARNABY STREET

JOHN STEPHEN, right,
the young designer of
London's Carnaby St.



● John Stephen, recognised as the uncrowned king of mod fashion in London, plans to visit Australia next October to open a number of boutiques which will stock the same type of with-it clothes that have made his three London stores so successful.

THERE has been a tremendous demand for my clothes in Australia, but I had to get my workrooms organised before attempting to establish myself there," he told me.

His ambition is to have 200 of his shops throughout the world within the next three or four years. Already he has opened 36 boutiques in the United States.

Aged 29, he is known as the mod millionaire, and it is accepted in financial circles that he is close to this mark.

His big problem is that the demand for his clothes exceeds the supply. Their appeal lies in their individuality — something that cannot be mass-produced.

His styles are so up to the minute that when I asked for a particular outfit for a photograph he looked horri-

fied and said: "But that went out three weeks ago!" His success story started less than ten years ago.

At the time when the English girl shed her shapeless twinset and single strand of pearls in favor of mod clothes bought from little shops in the back streets of London, John came from

He rented a shop for £7/10/- (about \$A18) a week. Today property values in the street have soared to the extent where £100 a week for a shopfront is considered average.

Carnaby Street now has an international reputation for fashion. Windowdressers from Sweden, France, and

Among his early customers were Marlene Dietrich and Petula Clark.

He opened his second shop, Trecamp, as a boutique for girls. He followed this with The Village Store, in which there are "His" and "Her" departments.

He insists that his designs are not only for the young. "I design for young-thinking older men and women," he said.

The Beatles, Rolling Stones, and many pop entertainers flow over his doorstep in search of "something different."

High society

Debutantes (and their mothers), members of the Establishment, and London's high society crowd into the boutiques looking for mod clothes to start the season.

And there are many boys aged from 15 to 17, from all walks of life, who think nothing of spending £50 in a matter of minutes.

(John Stephen operates on a strict cash basis, and refuses to accept cheques.)

He admits his ideas "come from the kids."

"I saw how they pulled their slacks down over their hips, so I made low, hip-hugging pants.

"I noticed them tugging at coat collars, so I gave them the high-collared shirt.

"I sensed their craving for color in men's clothes, so I put in more color, more

shine, and greater individuality."

What pleases him most is that he has made good in spite of more conservative, older-established firms tipping he would go broke. "Now they copy my styles," he said.

Like most self-made men, he works hard, has had a few setbacks, and his share of lucky breaks.

One of these "breaks" came when he had a stock

of high-necked collarless jackets that had hung on the racks for 18 months.

Then the Beatles came to the shop, saw the jackets, and bought one each. The result was a complete sell-out within days.

Although he is a trend-setter, John Stephen dresses conservatively by mod standards.

He never wears jeans ("I'm so bandy they make me look like a cowboy"), and his turtle-necked sweaters are in beige and neutral colors.

Personal touch

He is full of restless energy. His ideas gush forth like a geyser, and he has the drive to see them through.

Despite his busy life, he never loses the personal touch or his interest in people. He has time for everyone, whether it's the buyers who come from many countries to look at his clothes, or his old friends from Glasgow who call into the shop whenever they are in London.

"Up there," said John, speaking of his hometown, "they regard me as the local boy who made good."



TYPICAL SCENE in a John Stephen shop: while Australian pop singer Robie Porter tries on a suede jacket, model Sylvia Lois-Jones shares the mirror to check the fitting of her slacks.



ROBIE PORTER, picture at left, poses with a model for photographer David Graves outside the Carnaby Street men's wear boutique. Above: The shopfront of Stephen's "Village Store."

NEXT WEEK

● In a 16-page lift-out . . .

The story of ASTHMA

The booklet's aim is to improve understanding of asthma and of some of the things associated with it. The story of asthma is long — and unfinished: here is something of the past history, and of the research going on to unravel the mysteries of a baffling disease.

And:



TOP SECRET!

★ It's 007 . . .
(James Bond himself) in

"THE PROPERTY OF A LADY"

by
IAN FLEMING

And:

● In cookery: BREAD and BUNS

. . . mmmm,
good things to
eat — and some
made *without*
yeast, too.



And:

★ Two years ago, our "House of the Week" was a simple cottage. Now, enlarged and renovated, it's the delightful home of architect Peter Hall and his family.

And:

● Mexico's national Ballet Folklórico arrives here soon for its first Australian season. In color, you'll see a spectacular preview of their traditional dances.



Judith McCloskey, 21,
of Dover Heights, in
lace culottes, and Rod-
ney O'Neil, of Vau-
cluse, at Romanos.



Milton Mitchell, of Newtown, a
champion dancer, took his part-
ner, Sue Griffiths, of Cronulla,
into a birdcage at Romanos for
an impromptu show of the
Jerk. Normally eight girls
dance in relay pairs in the club's
two cages demonstrating go-go.



Muriel Thompson (left), Lane
Cove, spins discs when not bird-
cage dancing at "Romanos au
Go-Go." The DJ side of her
job's "a bit boring." Below,
dance floor at Romanos. Man-
agement prohibits casual dress.



THE DISCOS



Pictures on this page were taken when "Rhubarbs" was flourishing at Neutral Bay. Above, Lee Flegg, 19, of nearby Cammeray.

THE wonder is not that discotheques started in Sydney last year but that they took so long to get here. They originated (some say) in Paris when a private club offered members whisky and a place to dance to gramophone records. They began a jungle growth overseas in the early '60s. Then, quite suddenly, they were everywhere.

Claimed as Sydney's first is "The Gas Lash" in the dead city heart (near Central Railway); "Rhubarbs," "Beatle Village," "The Scene," "Hawaiian Eye," "Thunderbird" . . . the list is long, and complicated by their overnight quality. One closes and starts under the same name elsewhere, or closes — and, after a pause, starts again. Another stays at the same place with new management, new name.

Typical is "The Last Straw" at Neutral Bay. It died last October as a folk-singing club and blossomed as "Rhubarbs," a cellar-type disco, one dollar a head for unlimited coffee or orange cordial and as much dancing as the (mostly bare) feet would take. But even since these pictures were taken "Rhubarbs" has moved elsewhere.

A constant to them all is the "sound." Disco "sound" is live band and records alternating to give non-stop music. This way, the band can rest; dancers needn't.

Many discos in the suburbs close on the petition of sleepless neighbors.

Part-owner of one club can't stand more than two nights a week of what he calls "the incessant din." When new to it, he was as keen as his customers.

Discos are mostly run for the young by the young, but oldies have begun to discover the fun. This often means a young fashion is on its way out.



Clientele at "Rhubarbs" (above) were mostly in the teen group, shaking the night away in jeans, often barefoot.



Paul Gaile, 17 (above), with (left) Pat Lister, 15, of Mosman, and Catherine Kirwan, 16, of Manly.



Katherine Marinkovic (right), at 20, one of the "older" patrons. She made the pin-stripe dress from a 1940s man's suit.

Continued overleaf

for my money there's only
one kind of sweater:
handsome in town
rugged outdoors
easy-going casual
durable faithful
pure new wool



PURE NEW WOOL



the real thing



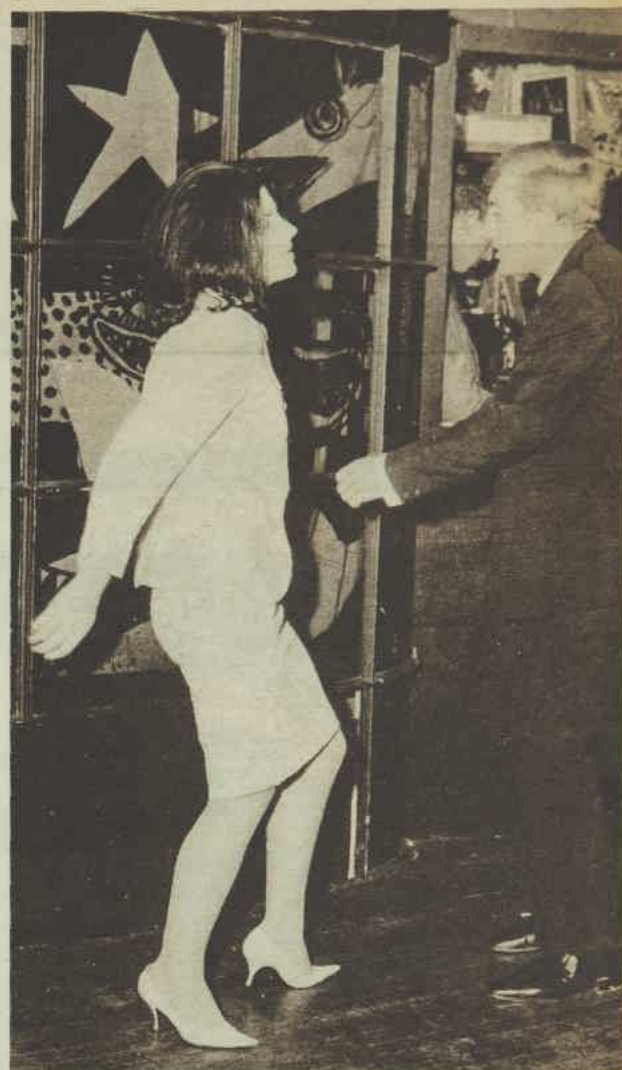
THIS IS THE INTERNATIONAL SYMBOL OF THE WORLD'S BEST . . . PURE NEW WOOL

THE DISCOS

(continued from previous page)



At "Gas Lash," near Central, swinging blond hair helped Roslyn Partridge, 22, of Kilara, get in the mood to move with the sound. At right, Mary Jenkins and John Murray. Club cover charge, \$1.



At "The Scene," Darling Point, before it shut to re-open as a restaurant, Pat Sullivan (above), of Lane Cove, and David Broad, of Bondi. Below, Rosemary Stone, showing steps from the Jerk, Monkey, Frug, Swim, etc., to any who wanted to learn.



LEFT: At "Long John's," Kings Cross, Dinny Rylie, 21, of Michelago, N.S.W., wore a pink chiffon dress typical of the original Paris disco dresses. ABOVE: The same night during a brief pause in the beat, Karin Dusseldorp, 18, of Middle Cove, in tent dress, with Julian Canny, 19, of Woollahra.

THINGS TO MAKE FROM ICE-CREAM CANS

● Since ice-cream made its appearance in half-gallon cans, housewives have a new problem: The empty cans are too good to throw out, and there's a limit to biscuit tins. So what can be done with them? Here we show you some attractive uses.



By MARGARET
ANN KANDAL

SEWING BOX, above, is a useful container for cotton reels, tape measure, and scissors. It is made from scraps of gingham. The padded pincushion on the top of the box means no more pins on the floor.

ICE BUCKET, left, made from plaited straw raffia, is ideal for small parties. It's a good idea to line can with tinfoil before using. Wipe the can dry after each use to prevent rust.

ROLLER TIDY, below, for storing hair rollers is a pretty accessory for a girl's bedroom. This one is made from scraps of nylon and taffeta, but any material would be suitable.





Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron

SOLDIER'S HAT AND DRUM, above, make a little boy happy. Knitting needles are used for drumsticks, but cut off the pointed ends so he can't play swordsman as well.

NURSERY TIDY, right, is a perfect gift for the new baby. Use to store talcs, dummies, and soaps; or for the older child it will hold blocks, etc.



CANISTER, above, makes a wonderful airtight container for foods and it's so easy to make. It's especially good for cereals. Decorate in colors to match your kitchen.

FIRST-AID TIN, right, takes only minutes to make. It's good for hiding medicines from children, too. Stick emergency phone numbers list on side.



● Directions for making these articles are on page 50

NO AIRS FOR THIS VISITING HEIRESS

● When 32-year-old American millionairess Pat Maynard arrived here last February she was determined to "see Australia, the real country and not just the cities."

THREE months and 10,000 miles later she had seen only enough to whet her appetite. She intends coming back to fill in the gaps time forced her to leave.

But Mrs. Maynard did learn that when some out-back hotels say meals are served between certain hours they mean it; that a damper cooked in a camp oven is a gourmet's delight; that if you are adaptable you can have a wonderful time anywhere; and a great fault of Australians is that they belittle their country when they should talk about it with pride.

Pat is a vivacious, unaffected young woman with tousled black hair and twinkling eyes. She dresses smartly but simply, and one of her proudest pieces of jewellery is a gold kangaroo brooch, complete with a young joey peeping from its pouch.

She doesn't let her wealth protect her from discomfort. On the contrary, she enjoys roughing it, loves meeting people from all walks of life and exploring out-of-the-way places.

American author Ilka Chase's condemnation of Australia infuriated her ("what does she expect? The Ritz Carlton on every corner?") and some recent complaints of disgruntled American migrants moved her to write a blistering letter to one.

"You are lucky to get rid of such softies," she told me.

Widowed three years ago, Pat lives with her two sons, William, 6, and John, 5, in a 12-room ranch-style home set in four acres of ground at Huntingdon, Long Island.

With her husband, who owned a travel agency, she saw most of the countries of the Northern Hemisphere, but his two-year illness before he died prevented them from seeing the other side of the world together.

Before she came here Pat read every book on Australia she could find, pored over every travel pamphlet she could lay her hands on, and mapped out her intended route.



● American millionairess Pat Maynard got acquainted with this koala during her stay in Queensland.

This took in Sydney, Melbourne, Tasmania, Adelaide, Perth, Broome, Darwin, Ayers Rock, Townsville, Cairns, Magnetic Island, Green Island, Brisbane, and most places in between.

"And I only saw a quarter of what I wanted to see," she said.

She didn't forget the class of five- and six-year-olds she teaches each Sunday at the Long Island Methodist Church. She left them a map of Australia marked with her tour, all her travel brochures, and, for added interest, presented them with a set of toy koalas and kangaroos.

"I've sent them a postcard

in northern Western Australia.

"The plane deposited me there at about 6 a.m. and I stepped off to be greeted by a dog, busily scratching himself, and the stationmaster.

"The motel was still sleeping when I got there, but when it finally awoke and I met the assistant manager-cum-carpenter, electrician, bell-boy, barman, and sweeper-upper (his own words) I was welcomed like a queen.

"I spent the four days with the staff, who took me swimming to the beautiful Cable Beach and arranged a sight-seeing tour which took in the bank, the new police sta-

She loved all Australia, even roughing it outback

tion (their only prisoner escaped while I was there), the Japanese cemetery, and the residences of some of the local dignitaries.

"There are only three taxis in Broome. The day I wanted to go touring, one was out of gas, one was being washed, and the other was on duty. It didn't matter, though. The one on duty took me sightseeing in between jobs."

From Broome Pat flew to Darwin, where she spent one "glorious week" flying out to Batchelor, Humpty Doo, Rum Jungle, Groote Eylandt, and Mudgerri Station.

"To me it was thrilling to see the pilot put his plane down just on the grass and then hop out and help refuel

from every place I've been. I just hope they have kept up with me," she laughed.

"The people were friendly and ready to help me in any way. In fact I made so many friends that I'm hoping my home will be full of them from now on."

She was enthusiastic about her four days in Broome, the pearl-fishing coastal town

it. That just doesn't happen in America.

"We went croc shooting, but unfortunately all we found were tracks — and I had such high hopes of bagging myself a handbag and a pair of shoes!

"Still, I did see a lot of kangaroos and those awe-inspiring anthills. Aren't they the most?"

"And I met the cutest wallaby who had been taught to chew gum. It was really a sight watching him pull it out of his mouth in a long string and then back again with one delicate little furry paw."

On to Alice Springs, where Pat said she was given the

By GLORIA
NEWTON

traditional Aussie salute — flies! "Not that they bothered me much. Those fly sprays are pretty good.

"People were so hospitable that I missed out on a lot of sleep; and I had the good luck to buy an Albert Namatjira — painted on bean bark."

One of Pat's greatest delights on her trip to Ayers Rock was her first taste of damper and billy tea.

"Boy, that was a gourmet's treat. Why don't they have it in the cities? I'm going to try my hand at it when I get back home.

"And the Rock and its gaunt, harsh surroundings — one of the most wonderful sights I have seen.

"Ignore that silly Ilka Chase and her suggestion that you put in a swimming-pool and tennis courts around it. Such natural grandeur should be left untouched.

"These people who visit a country and expect it to conform to places they have left miss out on a lot in life," she said.

"I knew a lot about your country before I came out, but what I have seen has exceeded all my expectations.

"My father is retiring very soon and I want him to settle somewhere around Surfers Paradise.

"Surfers itself is kooky — like Miami, only cheaper — you must expect that. But, oh my, the country around it is so beautiful!

"Me? Well, yes, I want to come out to live, and I will — but I think I'll come back for another visit before I do.

"I just can't make up my mind where to settle. All Australia is so wonderful."

SOCIAL

YOUNG schoolgirls Maret Glanville and Vicky Cobden have spent their holidays arranging a charity party with a difference.

The girls have written and produced their own version of "The Sound of Music," and on May 30, in the back gardens of their homes in Double Bay, will play to an adult audience comprised of their parents' friends.

Their mothers, Mrs. Ian Ackery and Mrs. Richard Cobden, have been given the job of selling drinks to the audience, and their brothers and sisters and some small friends have been given various parts and backstage duties.

The girls, who have been rehearsing every day, will give the proceeds from the evening to the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children.

FORTNIGHT in the country with the Reggie Gaskella at "Munro Park," Sutton Forest, for Mrs. Anne Atwill and her daughters Celia and Tina. The girls, I believe, were looking forward to lots of horse-riding.

AND, when Mrs. Atwill gets back from her holiday, she and Mrs. Max Bern have arranged a luncheon and fashion parade at Menzies Hotel on June 2 to aid the Postgraduate Medical Foundation of Sydney University. If the party is a success (and I hear the ski clothes are so gorgeous it couldn't fail to be) this could become one of the Foundation's annual fund-raising efforts with the Newmarket Luncheon and the Sheep Show Ball.

RECENT distinguished visitors to Sydney to see their son, Simon Dewar, were the third Baron Forteviot and Lady Forteviot, who came out from their home, Duppell Castle, in Perthshire, Scotland. While they were here they stayed at Royal Sydney Golf Club with Simon, who has been looking around the country at properties and hopes to settle here on the land.

HOW nice to see Julie Zerky back in Sydney again looking so "with-it" in a superbly cut navy-and-white suit edged with red braid at the lapels, cuffs, and hemline, which she bought in Paris. Julie left by air two months ago for a world tour but arrived back ahead of schedule. She spent Easter in Pembrokeshire, Wales, with Jane Bennion and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bennion, on their farm, "Carew." (Jane spent several months in Sydney last year.) En route to New York, Julie spent three days in Paris with her mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Max Fleischer, and in New York was the house-guest of Jeanette Cone in her Park Avenue apartment before boarding the plane for home.

WHAT a good idea the Barker College Old Boys' Younger Set has come up with for July 2. They have hired six carriages (complete with engine) from the Department of Railways and, with three hundred of their friends, will board it at Central, headed for Springwood, partying all the way there and all the way back. The evening is to be called "Casey's Caper," and president Richard Noss tells me the boys will clear all the seats from two of the carriages to make way for dancing to the sounds of the Northside Four, a band made up of Barker ex-students.

BLAKE WILSON are the names Mr. and Mrs. Alan Delandro have chosen for their son, who will be christened at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, on May 29. Mrs. Tom Whittle, Mr. Barry Moore, and Mr. Reg Traversi are to be godparents. After the ceremony there's to be a champagne party at the Delandro's home at Kirribilli.

— By Mollie Lyons

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick O'Neill after their marriage at St. Francis Xavier Church, Lavender Bay. The bride was Miss Anne Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Campbell, of Neutral Bay. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Neill, of "Derry," Walcha.



ROUNDAABOUT



AT LEFT: Mr. William Kibby and his bride, the former Lady Myer, widow of Sir Norman Myer, outside St. George's Church of England, Malvern, Melbourne, after their marriage, with their sons (left to right), Victor Kibby, aged 13, Anthony Myer, 10, Brandon Kibby, 10, and John Myer, 12. After a small family luncheon held at the Southern Cross Hotel, the boys and their parents left by air for a fortnight's holiday in Fiji.

ABOVE: Mrs. Alan Watson (left) and Mrs. Arthur Hobson at the opening of an exhibition of paintings, pottery, and fabrics, arranged by the committee of the Women's College Association of Sydney University in the dining-hall and common rooms at the college. Mrs. Watson, who was in charge of the pottery and weaving section of the exhibition, is holding a piece of pottery made by Mr. Peter Travis.



AT RIGHT: Miss Rosemary Nicholson (left) with Brisbane visitor Mr. Christopher McLeod and Miss Marcia Kidd at the opening of an exhibition of paintings by young Melbourne artists held at the Rudy Komon Gallery, Woollahra.



AT LEFT: Authors Margo Campbell (Mrs. Lloyd Williams), at left, and Carol Odell (Mrs. George Foote) at the Literary Luncheon arranged by the Crown Street Women's Hospital Auxiliary at St. James Hall, Phillip Street. Margo Campbell chaired the luncheon, at which three authors, Carol Odell, Pat Flower, and Olaf Ruhen, were guests.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Russell Allen signing the register at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Jennifer McKenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McKenzie, of Strathfield. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. N. B. Allen, of Clovelly, and of the late Mr. Allen.





BRIDE No. 1: Italian-born Cristina Austin with Henry Ford II. They were married soon after Henry Ford's first wife, Anne McDonnell Ford, divorced him last year after a 24-year marriage.

Those Ford women

THE beginning of the end of the private life of the Ford family took place two years ago when the 24-year-old marriage of Henry Ford II and Anne McDonnell Ford ended in divorce.

A year later, Henry Ford, the crown prince of the greatest automotive fortune in the world (grandson of

the man who invented the Model T) married the Italian-born Cristina Vettore Austin.

Suddenly the quietly conservative Fords were making nuptial headlines the world over.

In one brief year, not only did Henry make Cristina Mrs. Henry Ford II and the darling of American fashion and society, but his two convent-educated daughters rapidly followed Daddy's lead — with what was, for them, unusual and unexpected behaviour.

Anne, 22, planned for a civil wedding last December to an exuberant Italian-born New York stockbroker, who was eligible in every way save one.

Thirty-one-year-old Giancarlo Uzielli's previous marriage to a French actress had not been annulled, making it necessary for him to marry the youngest Ford daughter outside the Roman Catholic Church.

Then, just 13 days before the event, which the Fords were planning to hold quietly for family and a few friends in Manhattan, Anne's older sister, Charlotte, 24, eloped to Mexico with Stavros Niarchos.

This golden Greek, a living legend of a European tough-guy tycoon, art patron, athlete, ladies' man, bon vivant, and shipping genius, had only a few days previously divorced the mother of his four children, the wealthy Greek heiress Eugenia Livanos.

He was 32 years Charlotte Ford's senior, and eight years older than his new father-in-law. (Henry II is 48.)

Through it all, Charlotte and Anne's mother, Anne McDonnell Ford, kept her quiet dignity.

Pious family

A petite New Yorker by birth, she had grown up in the cultivated confines of Long Island's posh Southampton amid a rich and pious Roman Catholic family of 13 children.

For 24 years she had been Mrs. Henry Ford II, a leader in Grosse Pointe society, raising her family with never a whisper of scandal.

She had seen it all swept away, yet on young Anne's

wedding eve she arrived at Delmonico's with her own favorite escort, the genial Teddy Bassett, an American who spends much of his own life abroad.

At the party Mrs. Ford danced with her ex-husband and greeted guests in a receiving line that included Henry, young Anne and the Uzielli family, and Cristina, the new Mrs. Ford.

The two Mrs. Fords were friendly and cordial.

From Europe came word that the honeymooning Niarchos couple were ensconced at the Palace Hotel at St. Moritz. Here, a stone's throw from the Niarchos chalet, the silvery-haired Greek could (and did) easily call on his former wife and children. He even went skiing with them, while his young bride waited at the hotel.

Expecting baby

But the word was soon out. Charlotte was not skiing for only one reason—she and Stavros were expecting a baby in the summer.

She and the ex-Mrs. Niarchos were also reported to be friendly and cordial.

Thus, the Fords helped grind to dust that already shattered axiom that a lady only has her name in the paper three times—when she is born, when she marries, and when she dies.

They did it with aplomb, a decided hint of increasing sophistication, and a certain sense of their own dedication to the pursuit of happiness.

What are the Fords really like? What do they want? Why did they change?

The answers seem to be, partly, that in the cases of young Anne and Charlotte, they simply grew up — and out of that world of safe, suburban, rich Grosse Pointe.

They became estranged from the provincial country club atmosphere and succumbed to a valuation of Europe that permeates the philosophies of those who travel easily and often.

And they fell for the diversely fascinating kind of men who — like their own father — are essentially "movers," with the built-in glamor and appeal that

money, power, and success hold for most.

The extra ingredient was that both Anne's and Charlotte's choices were Europeans — men who know how to amuse, dazzle, and entertain women.

Their mother, who has always had high ambitions for them, is essentially quiet, dignified, and easily misdescribed as "glacial" and "cold." She is actually only shy.

This Mrs. Ford has not changed so much; she has just been borne along on the tides that have swept her from one life to another.

After divorcing Henry, she said good-bye to all that Grosse Pointe and the Ford empire had meant, and moved into an elegant New York apartment. Her daughters came to live with her. (They were not yet friendly with their new step-mother, who was busy settling herself into the slightly surprised society of motor millionaires.)

Mrs. Anne Ford entered the social milieu of New York as soon as she felt up to it. People remarked constantly on how much she resembled her daughters and how youthful she looked.

Marry Teddy?

Soon she was seen with a variety of escorts, including Colonel Serge Obolensky, television producer Mark Goodson, and Teddy Bassett.

At first rumors flew that she would marry Teddy Bassett, the charming playboy and sportsman. She was seen with him constantly. And after the girls were married she "got away from it all" with Teddy in the Bahamas, and later in Switzerland.

But last March she broke off the friendship, and shortly after Teddy married a Florida millionaire's daughter.

It was while Anne and Charlotte were living with their mother in New York that they blossomed into the last stages of glossy development from what had simply been two dear little convent-bred girls.

They became two beautiful grown-up creatures who peered seriously from the



BRIDE No. 2: Charlotte, Henry Ford's elder daughter, with her husband, Greek shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos. They were married a few days after he had divorced Eugenia Livanos Niarchos, mother of his four children.



BRIDE No. 3: Anne Ford, 22, with her Italian-born husband, Gianni Uzielli. They were married in a civil ceremony in New York last December, just 13 days after Charlotte's surprise elopement to Mexico with Stavros Niarchos.

• In one year a quiet, conservative family has become one of the most-talked-about clans of the decade. And the famous Ford privacy has gone the way of the famous Ford Model T, says American journalist Liz Smith.



ANNE FORD (left), with her sister, Charlotte, and their mother, Anne McDonnell Ford (seated), in Mrs. Ford's New York apartment. They are wearing short evening dresses designed by Arnold Scaasi, who is making spring wardrobes for all the Ford women, including Cristina, the new Mrs. Ford.

pages of fashion magazines and graced the better restaurants and charity balls of New York. They were named in the best-dressed list.

The girls were devoted, but they weren't much alike.

Charlotte was more reserved and quiet; some felt—almost haughty. She didn't drink, hardly ever smoked, and wasn't one to go in for the mad dancing that seemed to be the central lifeline for every get-together of that time.

She tried her hand at working for a decorating firm, but soon concluded, "I'm no career-girl."

Before long, however, she made a reputation for herself in the charity field, organising a fight against juvenile delinquency, and working for the Police Athletic League.

European influence

Charlotte had gone to school at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in both Grosse Pointe and Norton, Connecticut. She was already deeply influenced by European culture, having studied at Le Fleuron in Florence, Italy, and taken a course in cuisine at the Académie Maxim's in Paris.

Little sister Anne's schooling had been less diverse—simply the Sacred Heart in Norton, and Briarcliff College—but she, too, had travelled a lot in Europe.

Anne fell right in with the gay, giddy crowd of her contemporaries.

Soon she was moving in an even more sophisticated, older group, going to theatres and nightclubs.

A society writer who knows her fairly well said, "Anne is a perfectly lovely, normal young girl. She is very lovable, and a good sport."

Meanwhile, Henry Ford and his new bride were making frequent visits to New York. The girls began to see more and more of their 38-year-old stepmother.

It was obvious that Charlotte and Anne liked what they saw. Soon people were commenting that they were changing a bit, being influenced by Cristina to dress more interestingly.

Cristina had first met

Henry at a party in Paris. Henry was fascinated by the vibrant blonde, who laughed a lot, and who openly described her down-to-earth background, her love for her brothers and sisters, and her own past life with such unaffected ease.

One society leader who knew her "when" says this of her romance with Henry: "Outwardly, she is a care-free girl, but that quality is going. She wants to become an important social hostess now, to make a splash."

"She was impressed when she met Henry, truly impressed. She said to herself, 'Now here comes a fireball,' because, of course, he gets the red-carpet treatment everywhere in the world."

Cristina satisfied Henry's gregarious, fun-loving nature. He enjoys people and parties, and she also likes to dance and have fun.

Talked into sponsoring a recent charity affair, Cristina made quite a splash in a Scaasi peach crepe gown as co-chairman with the beautiful Mrs. Bruno Pagliai (ex-actress Merle Oberon). Then she went to the White House and danced with President Johnson at the party for Princess Margaret.



MRS. EUGENIA NIARCHOS, the previous wife of the multi-millionaire ship owner Stavros Niarchos, who is now married to Charlotte Ford. Eugenia's sister, Tina, a few years before had divorced the Greek shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis, whose name was linked with opera star Maria Callas.

Cristina had certainly arrived, but nowhere so much as in the esteem of the fashion Press.

She was described in the "New York Times" as "inclining to strapless dresses that match her glowing complexion."

"She symbolises, as does the movie actress Julie Christie, the return of uncontrived sexiness to fashion. With their leadership, bosoms and unlacquered hair may be back in style. So may dancing cheek to cheek."

Dream man

In the meantime, young Anne had met the man of her dreams.

Uzielli is another fun lover, combining the irresistible combination of jet-set gaiety with business acumen.

Born in Florence, educated at Harvard, and having served a long banking apprenticeship in England, Gianni (pronounced "Johnny") was a member in good standing of the impressive New York cultural establishment.

He was a sometime escort of Mrs. John F. Kennedy, hung around with the Truman Capote group, danced at Manhattan's swingy Le Club, and sat on the New York Stock Exchange.

Anne and Gianni were wed in a civil ceremony which they had requested be amplified to give it as much meaning as possible. They still

have hopes that the annulment of Gianni's marriage to Anne-Marie Deschodt may be accomplished so that they can remarry in a Catholic ceremony.

Says one close observer: "The Fords like Gianni, and he gets along great with both Henry and Cristina. Gianni is amusing. He has an English sense of humor."

"Anne loves him because he is so different from all the petit bourgeois society life she has always known. He will bring Anne out of herself and help her mature."

There is some evidence that this has already happened. The newlyweds, after an exotic Acapulco honeymoon, came back to New York and set up housekeeping in Gianni's apartment.

A friend who saw them recently said: "Anne is already looking sexier and more mature. On the night I saw her at a restaurant she had her hair pulled back with a black ribbon, and I must say she now looks much jazzier."

Public shocked

It was Charlotte's marriage that caused the biggest shock waves. To the public it was totally unexpected. They did not know—as the inner circles of international society did—that Charlotte and Niarchos had met in the summer of 1964 when he sailed his fantastic yacht, Creole, into Villefranche.

The romance dated from

then, but people thought Mrs. Niarchos would never agree to a divorce and no one dreamed that a Ford would marry outside of the Church.

Niarchos, small, dapper, dynamic, is worth more than two hundred million dollars. He hobnobs with the greatest names of Europe. He has homes in New York, Long Island, the Bahamas, the Riviera, Paris, St. Moritz, plus a great private resort island in Greece.

Niarchos is the kind of man who, seemingly with no fuss at all, managed to marry one of the world's richest heiresses, charter a jet to fly them to Zurich, honeymoon near his former wife and family, and present his bride with a 50-carat diamond ring worth \$600,000 (about \$A.490,798).

Charlotte's close friends are not surprised that she married him.

Says one, "She was swept up by Niarchos' glamor. He makes Grosse Pointe look very tired, dull, and staid. Niarchos seems to be the only man who could give Charlotte the type of life she wants for as long as she wants it."

"Charlotte is a very practical woman and this is the kind of glamor she understands. It is a private glamor that just exudes from the man himself."

"I think he really fascinates her: I have no doubt that she is in love, but I think it's the glamor that did it."

Charlotte's oldest friend, Diana Harpel, says this of her:

"She is really more sophisticated, more possessed of herself than most people think. This is very definitely the life she wants to lead and she is under no illusions about it."

"She loves Europe and will love living there. She loves Niarchos, and she will love living with him. She is not one to be taken in by fools' gold."

Strong-minded

"Charlotte has always been definite and strong-minded. But it's wrong to say that she's being stubborn or strong-minded in marrying Niarchos. She has given a lot of thought to marrying him. I know that she weighed and considered it for almost a year."

"When she flew to Mexico I've never seen her happier, more radiant. She was simply exuberant and thrilled."

Charlotte is now Mrs. Niarchos, returning to New York soon to have her baby.

Anne is Mrs. Uzielli, young Manhattan matron wed to an urbane Florentine.

Mrs. McDonnell Ford is keeping her own counsel, but very much living an internationally flavored life.

Only Cristina has become more Americanised—after all, she got herself a Ford, the genuine American model.



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PHILIPS

for lasting value

Gene Barry describes the perfect wife—his own!

● Gene Barry, world famous as TV's Western dandy Bat Masterson, and Amos Burke, the millionaire cop of "Burke's Law," is in Sydney. Having met this glamor star, my ambition is to meet his wife, Betty.

Television

By
NAN MUSGROVE

GENE BARRY (left), in Sydney, wearing a polo-necked sweater under a maroon knit.

BARRY is a handsome, tough guy with a highly developed sense of humor, as viewers who saw him on TCN9's "Tonight" show with Don Lane know.

He is also well known as a woman's man.

In "Bat Masterson" he is said to have set something of a record when he wooed 22 different girls in 26 episodes; and as Amos Burke, the cop who became, disastrously, a secret agent, his path was strewn with pretty girls.

I don't wonder. He has more than his fair share of sex appeal, which is why I would like to meet his wife, to whom he has been married for nearly 22 years.

From his conversation I would nominate Mrs. Barry as one of the world's cleverest women.

"Betty is everything to me," he said.

"It is the woman who sets the pattern in the family. I would say from the day we were married, more than 21 years ago, a lot of her good has rubbed off on me.

"I was very young when we were first married—in my early twenties. I didn't have much sense, I was self-centred, the world revolved round me having fun and being happy.

Those bad years

"But that's not the way the book of life is written. There is work, the struggle to get known, the adjustment when success doesn't come quickly.

"It takes seven to ten years to even know where you are going. Betty went through all those bad years with me. Some of them were terrible. She didn't only go through those bad years, she was always encouraging, she inspired me."

I asked: "What is she like?"

I didn't find out about her

shape or her coloring, but I found out a lot more.

"Betty? Well, she manages to keep our marriage interesting after all these years.

"She has changed the color of her hair about every five years, which is rather fun.

"You suddenly realise you are not out with the same girl. This is kind of nice.

"Understand, Betty is not fickle! I think she is real woman, and a good companion. She is everything to me.

"If I were asked to describe to a young man a woman who would make a perfect mate, I would tell him to find:

- A woman with ambition for you.
- A woman who inspires you.
- A woman who is not selfish, who is completely giving.
- A woman who is interested in your work.
- A woman who keeps herself up physically and mentally."

I wonder whether Mrs. Barry's ears were burning. Obviously, she was the model whom Gene, a fascinating companion himself, was thinking of.

Today, the Barrys are enjoying the good years. He is a millionaire in dollars, hopes, and happiness, with their two sons, Michael, 20, and Frederic, 13.

In person, Gene is even more handsome, and certainly more masculine, than he is in his TV roles, where his toughness is camouflaged by his role as a dandy.

He is 6ft. 1in. tall, weighs 12.10, has hazel eyes, dark brown hair, big feet and hands, a scar on his left cheek and nose ("not romantic scars, from an accident with a rake when I was a kid"), rather large, slightly mauled ears, all tied together with a trim body and a quick wit.

He is both fit and tough. He proved it by rising from bed, where he had been for

the weekend fighting influenza, to meet me.

Still slightly groggy from germs, drugs, and "watching TV as an opiate," he faced me at noon and started the day with a short orange drink and a long cigar.

He is not a dandy, not a clothes-horse, but he obviously likes clothes. He was wearing a polo-necked sweater with a maroon one over it, beautifully tailored pale grey pants, and a determined smile.

We were sitting in a dark corner of a dimly lit restaurant under a reproduction of a famous picture of St. Mark's Square in Venice.

Old-world appeal

It was the picture that started all the talk about women and wives.

"Look at that picture," he said to me. "It is the same now as it was hundreds of years ago. You know, this time last year I was there in that Square."

"I went into a drugstore and found it was built in 1400. We haven't got anything like that in the States, nor have you in Australia. I admire and love antiquity."

"Except in women?" I asked, remembering his TV image.

"I like the effects of antiquity in women," he said.

"I like the old-world attitude in and toward women. I think a woman instead of being too modern should have some of the ways of antiquity—some of the qualities of a courtesan like Mme Pompadour, the serenity of Whistler's Mother."

"Look, what I am trying to say is that old-fashioned qualities are never corny. To have continuing interest, mystery, a woman has to have in her background something of the qualities of the old-fashioned women."

"Personally, I am toward women maybe a little old-fashioned. Maybe I am European in my attitude,

which could be what keeps me from being a straight-out American clod.

"I don't say all beautiful women are something to relish and behold—a lot of them open their mouths and say, 'Gee whiz,' and despoil their looks; they make their physical beauty almost like a caricature."

"I have found that the truly beautiful woman in pure physical perfection is often not so attractive as the woman whose beauty is a little bit off-focus, who keeps herself well groomed, has a good mind, a sense of humor, and is more interested in others than herself."

"I have got to the stage, at 44 years, where I no longer swoon over sheer physical perfection in a woman. I want more than that."

Gene is in Sydney for a season at Chequer's. When he leaves here his next assignment is to make a film for England's Rank organisation. He wants to keep away from TV series "for as long as I can afford it."

On his way to London he will go home to see his wife, and catch up on the doings of the boys. Son Mike is an assistant producer at Four Star Productions; young Fred is in a bit of trouble.

"I'm afraid he will be a comedian," Gene said. "This natural bent gets him in trouble at school. The teacher asks him a question, and instead of giving him a straight answer he plays it for laughs. Result? Bad reports."

I chided Barry about that "afraid": after all, he is a bit of a comedian himself.

"You are quite right," he said. "That afraid should have been said in quotes. I do like comedy. I like a role that has lines with a twinkle in them. And if it is not there, I superimpose it."

Barry's twinkle will be sadly missed from TCN9. Let us hope he can't afford to stay away from TV for too long.

\$500 CONTEST FOR CAKE DECORATORS



Enter the big National Birthday Cake Contest which HOME BEAUTIFUL announces in its June issue, out now. See, too, the colorful file-away section of eye-catching cake designs by leading home economist Jean Bowring.

HOUSES OF THE YEAR

Home Beautiful helped to choose the "showplace" houses which the Architects' National Convention will see this month. Visit them through HB's exclusive picture-stories.



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Step-by-step pictures show how to replace worn upholstery and cushion covers. First of a series on adding years to your furniture.

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JUNE 25c
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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 1, 1966

Page 15



Just feel what we've done to make this the comfiest wagon your family's ever owned

First of all, we made the seats softer. Much, much softer. Thick with a new type of foam padding you can really sink into. Then we changed the upholstery to bring you one with a look and feel all its own. Sadlon. Richer, softer with far more 'give'. And in smart new patterns and colours that'll take your eye.

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"IT'S MISS PATRICIA, COLORED-IN!"

Television

● "Romper Room," TV's famous instant-kindergarten, brings the glamor of school to thousands of pre-school children.



LEARNING safety in the "Romper Room" cars. From left, Miss Patricia, Ruth Walker, 5, Kathy Fitcher, 2, Peter Brown, 5, Craig Chapman, 5, Rosemary Brown, 4.

"ROMPER ROOM," a kindergarten program devised by a board of trained educators, knows no barriers of race or language. It is as popular in Japan and Brazil as here.

Miss Patricia, who makes the program in Sydney, is a trained kindergartener from Sydney Teachers' College. She is really Mrs. Patricia. Her husband is a Qantas pilot, and they have a daughter, Leesa.

Miss Patricia is a delightful character, and very, very pretty indeed. She was runner-up to Tania Verstak as Miss N.S.W. in 1961. Known in the unflattering greys of the TV screen, she is, in the flesh, an enchantment to children.

One little boy made the remark of all time when he saw her. "Look," he said, pointing, "it's Miss Patricia, colored-in!"

The kids all adore Miss Patricia. Everyone wants to help her pass out books, pick up things, but refusing offers, she says, "If we're all helpers, there won't be anyone left to help."

"Romper Room" is not only fun, it helps children understand life and cope better. On one program the children learned, when a doctor was on the show with them, that doctors are friends, helpful, not frightening.

One of his "patients" was stripped down to his minute underpants and examined to see "that he was growing right." He had tests that included heart, hearing.

Children chosen for "Romper Room" (there's a waiting list of two years) go to the studio every day for a week, get a certificate when they "graduate." As well as her on-camera pupils, Miss Patricia has many correspondents. Last year she got 30,000 letters. All were answered.

— Nan Musgrove

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron



MISS PATRICIA with her own baby, Leesa (above), who was eight months old when this picture was taken. "Romper Room" may be seen on ATN7 Sydney, 9 a.m., Saturdays; ATVO Melbourne, Fridays, 2.30 p.m.; SAS10 Adelaide, noon, Mondays to Fridays.

LEFT: Jamie Haig, 4, of Palm Beach, a Sydney suburb, like all small children, just loves talking on the telephone, especially with Miss Patricia close by. On the wall is the Do-Bee sign: "Do be a tooth-brusher, don't be a forgetter."



NEW WHITE BOOM IN FASHION

● There's a white revival in fashion. Chalk white and "colored" white, such as ivory, pearl, and vanilla, are all the go. These new whites come in smooth-surface fabrics, twills, gabardines, and flat-surface wools—and look fresh and chic. Shapes for white dressing are ultra-simple; the look is sharp and modern. I find white a refreshing contrast to all the Op art colors. I love color, but right now enough is enough. My idea of a chic, all-season combination is white — with a flash of black.

—BETTY KEEP

● White town suit (left) by de Rauch. The slightly shaped jacket has high revers and is pocket-trimmed. The skirt is straight and short.

● Lanvin's tailored suit (right), made in gabardine and worn with a wide-brimmed hat. Note: The jacket has chic, new-look sleeves.

● Capucci chose gabardine for the dress and matching coat ensembles (left). Both dresses are short and neat-as-a-pin; the coats are made in the new, smart $\frac{3}{4}$ -length.



● Dress, jacket, and matching turban (below) are made in white cavalry twill. The jacket has a black fox-fur choker. The dress is self-belted. By Lanvin.



● White overblouse suit made in wool is from the Nina Ricci spring collection. The slightly wider shoulder-line is spring news. All-black accessories complete the ensemble.



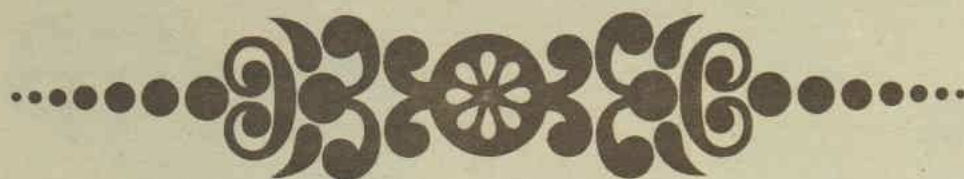
● Patou's chic, young town suit. The jacket is finished with a square black yoke to give the new, wider shoulder-line. The black kid gloves are matched to the black basin-type hat.



● Dior's chic, classic-cut, one-piece dress is made in heavy white silk and worn with a grey mink hood. A stiffened self-material, bow-trimmed belt is worn at the normal waistline.



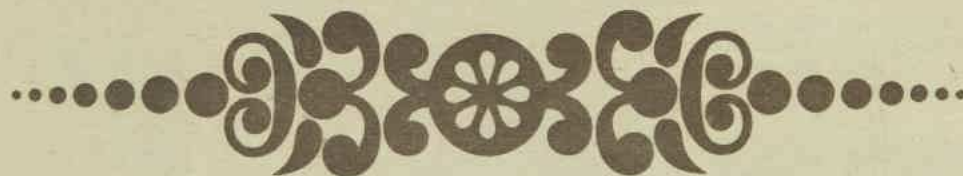
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and enclose only 16 oz. can labels.) Offer closes 30th June 1966, and is invalid in those States where it contravenes the law. Coupons cannot be redeemed at stores, and a limit of one per family applies. Don't forget to enclose your name and address either on the coupon below or on a sheet of paper.

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- ☐ New Cream of Chicken
- ☐ New Chicken and Vegetable
- ☐ New Cream of Asparagus

NAME

ADDRESS

The Census is People

(... Which is why
Confucius
always bowed)

By LESLEY RAYMOND

ON the night of Thursday, June 30, we are all going to be counted — you, me, Great Grandpa, who remembers Ned Kelly, the baby born before midnight, the drovers in the outback, the policeman on a city beat, the new settler just arrived, the tourist just leaving, the lighthouse-keeper living on a lonely island.

In short, everyone in Australia or at sea between Australian ports that night is going to be counted, because June 30 is Census Day.

A census is an exciting thing. It is so concerned with people. Confucius, the Chinese sage, is reputed to have bowed whenever he met a census-taker because he remembered that statistics mean human lives.

In the complexities of a modern census, which involves so much more than just counting people, you might think this point could be overlooked. It never is.

Australian statisticians, I have found in my researches into this year's census, seem as conscious as Confucius of the basic "humanness" of their job.

They regard their oath of secrecy, which everyone connected with the census must swear, as a solemn personal trust. They make enormous efforts to be sure that the census is complete and accurate.

"You see," said the Commonwealth Statistician, Mr. K. M. Archer, a friendly, cheerful man who heads the Bureau of Census and Statistics, "the statistics we get from the census are so important to everyone that it is essential they should be right."

The purposes for which census statistics are used are certainly varied. Govern-

ments use them in forecasting such basic needs as schools, houses, jobs, roads, railways, water supplies, and electricity.

Businessmen use them for such purposes as assessing possible markets or planning development in areas where suitable labor is available. Sociologists and demographers use them for research into such matters as family patterns or the fertility rate of the community.

Gathering and processing the facts from which these statistics are derived is a colossal task for which preparations have been going on for several years at the Census Office in Canberra.

Australia has been divided into census divisions which correspond roughly to Commonwealth electoral divisions. These in turn are divided into sub-divisions, which are divided again into collectors' districts.

There are 19,000 of these districts. For each, a different map has had to be drawn so that the thousands of collectors, who have been engaged to distribute and pick up the census forms, will know exactly the territory they must cover when they start distribution on June 24.

About 30,000 maps have had to be drawn, a job which has kept 50 people, most of them women, hard at work for 18 months.

Forms by the million

Drafting the census forms has been another major job. In all there are 57 forms. Most of them, fortunately, are concerned with the administration only. For you and me and millions of other people, the only one to worry about is the Householder's Schedule.

Six million copies of this have been printed. It is the form to be filled in by the head of the household in a private dwelling—house, flat, tent, caravan, or hollow log.

People spending the night in a hotel, hospital, or train will fill in a similar form called a Personal Slip.



CENSUS MAPS, more than 30,000 of them, have been prepared for the collectors. Here are some of the mapping staff: Mrs. Gisella Voss, Mrs. Maria Tolgyesi, Mr. W. Dubrow.

The Householder's Schedule is white and large. "But not," Mr. Archer says reassuringly, "nearly as hard as it looks."

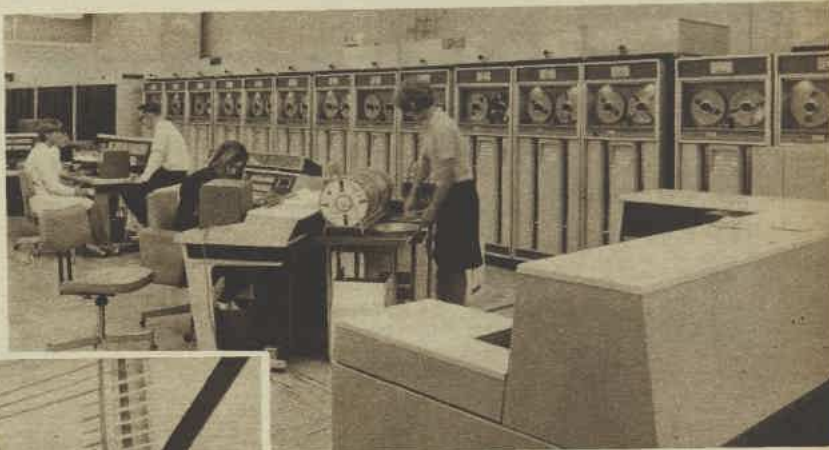
It has 33 questions, 24 of them about the people in the dwelling on census night and nine about the dwelling itself.

The Personal Slip is the same except that there are no questions about the dwelling.

Drafting the questions has been a difficult business because misunderstandings can so easily happen. Question 11, for example, has caused trouble in the past. Its purpose is to discover how long people not born in Australia have lived here.

In the 1954 census the question was headed "Length of residence in Australia." Some people went out with tape-measures and carefully measured the house, longways. So the question now is about the "period of residence in Australia."

On July 1, the day after we have all filled in our forms, the census collectors will start picking them up.



FACT-COUNTER. Part of a Canberra computer which will help to process the next census. Girl operators (on about Leaving Certificate level) qualify after ten weeks' theoretical training and six to 12 months' on-the-job training.

tapes, it will check them for errors, picking up discrepancies like one in a previous census, which gave the occupation of a girl of five as "blacksmith."

When this is done, everything will be ready for final processing on the Control Data 3600 in Canberra. This will select information from the tapes to answer sets of questions worked out by a team of experts.

The first results of the census, a field count giving numbers of people only, will probably be known by August or September. More detailed results are expected to start coming from the computers early next year, though it will probably take several years to deal with all the information.

In Sydney Cove, a "muster"

Although the processing methods of this year's census are new, the census itself is an ancient institution going back beyond recorded history. There is evidence that the ancient Persians and Egyptians counted themselves and their possessions at regular intervals.

The Romans, from whom we have taken the word "census," held regular and well-conducted population counts from 457 B.C. until the fall of the empire in 410 A.D.

Several references are made in the Bible to numberings in Israel.

The Chinese, and probably other peoples of ancient Asia, also counted their populations. Historians say that when Marco Polo visited China in the 13th century, the emperor Kublai Khan was conducting a census in Tibet.

In Australia, the first

censuses were called musters. Everyone had to go to a specified place at a specified time to stand up and be counted. Musters were held annually from 1788 until 1825.

The first door-to-door census was held in New South Wales in 1828, when the population was found to be 36,598. Other States held irregular counts, but there was no Australia-wide count until 1881, when each State conducted its own census on the same day.

The Commonwealth Bureau of Census and Statistics made its first count in 1911. Others followed in 1921, 1933, 1947, 1954, and 1961.

With the development of machines, each census produces more comprehensive statistics. But, said Mr. Archer, Confucius is still right. No matter how important the machines are, for this census and for all censuses to come, people are more important.

There are the skilled people, the statisticians who plan it all. There are the dozens of others who process the results.

There are the 18,500 or so census collectors, who must be sure no one is missed, not only the people conveniently at home but also other people harder to find, such as tramps or night workers.

Most important of all, are the people who fill in the form — the whole 11,580,000 (or whatever it proves to be) of us.

"The true success of the census," Mr. Archer said, "depends on how well the forms are filled in. We'll only get really first-class results if everyone answers the questions carefully and accurately."

So it looks as if it's over to us on Thursday, June 30.



New! Nice'n Easy hair colour so natural it invites close-ups



The closer he gets... the better you look

Now it's here! The world's favourite shampoo-in hair colour! New 'Nice 'n Easy' by Clairol. So easy, you just shampoo it in. So natural, it's the favourite of beautiful women all over the world.

Now *you* be the girl who looks even lovelier close up. Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft natural-looking colour of new 'Nice 'n Easy' by Clairol. It's easy to do. But more important, this is real Clairol colour. Which means the blonde shades are luminous, beautifully even. Reds are fresh, sparkling. Brunettes are rich and lively. 'Nice 'n Easy' lightens... or brightens... or deepens more evenly. So rich, it covers grey better than any ordinary hair colouring. And it won't wash out. Special conditioners leave your hair silky, soft and bouncy, lovely to touch.

Try it for a lift... for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair colour looks so natural it invites close-ups... so natural, the closer he gets... the better you look.



1. It's so easy! About once a month pour it on. No sectioning. No parting.



2. Work into a rich lather, wait just minutes, rinse, shampoo. You're through!



3. 'Nice 'n Easy' — beautiful, natural-looking hair colour every time. Covers grey, lightens, brightens or darkens.

New! Nice'n Easy by Clairol

The people who know more about hair colouring than anyone else in the world



COMPACT

MODEL SHOWS A NEW FACE

● See these two pictures — left and right? Same girl, different face.

There are fashions in faces as well as everything else, as a glance at our model catalogue shows.

(We keep a model catalogue in the office. We paste in it pictures of the girls with their addresses and vital statistics.)

These two shots of Sydney model Norma McIntosh show what a girl can do to achieve the fashionable look.

At right you see pretty Norma as she looked 18 months ago. At left is the new Norma.

First, there's the short-cropped hair. Then the make-up. Norma uses lots of eye make-up and two pairs of false eyelashes. Beige-toned rouge is shaded to give the hollow cheeks.

Result: The Contemporary Look.



What to do with those cut-off hem pieces

● A Townsville (Qld.) reader, Mrs. Vivien Rothwell, here suggests what to do with those strips of material cut off unfashionably long skirts. She saw, while visiting the Experiment Farm at Parramatta in Sydney, a braided rug in one of the bedrooms. "Now, there is another in Queensland," she writes. "I made it from discarded hems begged from dress shops and friends."

Mrs. Rothwell's instructions are: "Sew several strips together to make one long one. Make the strips about 1½ in. wide, turn under the raw edges and slip-stitch. Now braid three of these strips firmly together. Any material can be used, but a better finish will be achieved by using wool for at least one strand of each braid. With the wrong side of the rug toward you, sew edges of the braids together (with a strong thread) to make a circular or oval shape. Ease very slightly as you go, to prevent buckling. My rug is 5 ft. long and still growing!"



... and those ice-block sticks

ICE-BLOCK sticks, 1120 of them, went into the walls, roof, porch, and furniture of an unusual model house built by Mr. H. Cash, of Coolum Beach, on Brisbane's near north coast.

Friends and children, from Brisbane to Cairns, collected the ice-block sticks for his model house. The children had a fine old time eating the ice blocks first!

Mr. Cash did a complete job. As well as furniture, he built in amenities such as a kitchen sink, and provided a washing-machine. Outside he added a neat garden fence and a clothes hoist.



House built of ice-block sticks by Mr. H. Cash, of Coolum Beach, Qld.

Varnished over, the house has the glow of a fine timber, and it has become a prized household possession.

STRAINED RELATIONS

QUESTION: Should young-marrieds live near their families?

ANSWER: Yes — and no.

An American sociologist says the young people should get out of the immediate area, otherwise the family relationships are too tight for comfort.

But those who never see their relatives have just as many — or more — problems as those who see too many relatives.

His conclusion: Those who can't get along with their relatives mightn't be able to get along with their marriage partner, either.

FOLLOW THAT SCENT!

● In France, even children wear light perfumes. "My four children do," said Monsieur Jean Sorrel-Dejerine, export manager of a Paris firm of scent-makers, while visiting here.

Money or marriage?

★ Which would you choose? Marriage or \$125,000?

Tiffany, the girl at left, chose the money. Mind you, her choice wasn't so hard — she's only 18, she's not in love, and she only has to put off marriage for five years.

Tiffany, a London pop singer, recently signed an agreement with her manager that she would not marry or announce any future intention of marrying for five years — in return for a guaranteed income of \$125,000 in that time.

She says she feels the arrangement is "reasonable" because a married singer would have less appeal to men and boys than a single one. Her agent says that such a lot of money will be spent promoting her in Britain and America that it would be "tragic" if she married and started a family.

"We have a children's cologne, very lightly perfumed, which is used after a bath," he said.

"It is, of course, essential for women to spray their clothes with perfume every time they go out — just a few drops here and there. It will penetrate and the fragrance will eventually become part of them."

Monsieur Sorrel-Dejerine staunchly advocates perfumes and colognes for men.

"I use a cologne every morning after a shower, and even if I don't have time to refresh myself later in the day people are still aware that I am using a cologne."

"I think when it comes to perfumes, men should educate women, and vice versa."

The trend today is toward lighter perfumes rather than the warmer scents of 30 or 40 years ago.

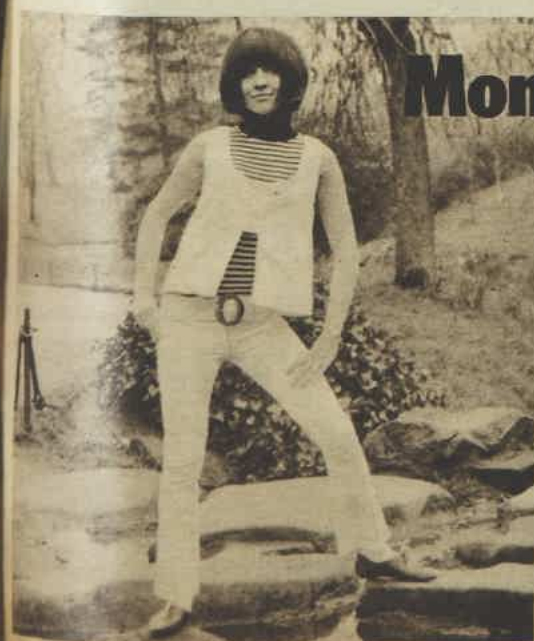


M. Sorrel-Dejerine

"This is because women are leading more outdoor lives.

"Once a man in Paris would follow a woman because the scent she wore appealed — they were heavier, stronger perfumes.

"Now it no longer happens — but perhaps it is because men today do not have the time to wander around the streets," said Monsieur Sorrel-Dejerine with just a trace of nostalgia.



BRI
NYLON



Classic raglan-sleeved cardigans from Patons Book 773

Surprise! These Sunday-best hand-knits wash like stockings: they're in Patons Easycare.

CHILDREN, bless them, aren't always little angels — which is why their mothers love Patons Easycare.

It knits into clothes with such easy-care virtues that they wash as simply as a pair of stockings. Because Easycare is all Bri-Nylon ... an easy-going yarn for on-the-go families; especially for rough-and-tumble children.



In Patons Knitting Book 773 you'll find Easycare classics for all the family, including small jackets for babes in arms.

This winter, knit your family some truly carefree clothes — knit them wash-and-wear wonders in Patons Easycare.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it



THE £500 DRESS

By
**SUZANNE
EREL**

MY godmother, half-American and half-Italian and outrageously named Simonetta, was seated at her dressing-table. Her "suite"—three rooms filled with the pretentious flowers people send to the rich — was on the top of a new building. She was over here for her annual four-day visit. I was with her for my annual supper-and-lecture. I always stayed the night when my godmother and I dined, because Simonetta grew talkative around two in the morning. And the lectures were always on her favorite subject — men.

"Sometimes I look like a fox," she said, peering critically into the glass. "I do tonight, damn it."

"Foxes aren't blond," I said, cravenly hoping we could keep the conversation on the subject of Simonetta.

"I'm not blonde, either. Heaven made me dark. Time made me grey. But blonde I shall remain." She began to brush her hair energetically upward. The fair, silvery stuff was two inches long all over her head, and it somehow managed to ripple up instead of down.

She turned a haggard, blazing face to me. She had enormous eyes, painted like an ancient Egyptian queen's.

"Well, Di?"

Although I had been expecting it, I still started guiltily.

"I've been looking at you," said Simonetta, who hadn't glanced my way since I had arrived five minutes ago, "and I guess that love affair of yours is over. But are you over it?"

"Oh, it's not over, it's only . . ."

"Di," she said, clasping on the inevitable American charm bracelet; in Simonetta's case, the Eiffel Towers were diamonds and the wheelbarrows were pearls, "your parents weren't kidding when they chose me as your godmother. So take off that 'I'm so darned happy really' look. You can't fool me."

I stared out of the window.

"Joss Stevens, isn't it?" she said. "Chunky boy with grey eyes. Looks like the school prefect. Not a bad journalist. Called me up yesterday, as a matter of fact, something for that column of his. So what happened between you?"

"I don't know. Oh, hell, yes, I do. You always get to hear everything, anyway. He found someone else. I lost him. I still mind. Horribly."

"I can see you do." She stood up, pulling her short, tight skirt round non-existent hips. My godmother was a sort of sacred monster, a queen, a fable, an oracle. She was so rich it was funny, and so hard it was a shock when you found her warm heart.

She said to me absently: "Open the champagne, honey."

Yearly suppers had given me a certain expertise, and I did this so that the open bottle just smoked.

To page 32

*"I must say you look beautiful in that dress,"
Joss said to Diana when they met in the hall.*



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In lambswool,
soft suede leather,
fleece lined.
In Rustic, Coffee,
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for warm hearted husbands
who have cold feet

Give him "Prairie"—the slippers with all the style of hand-made shoes. They're leather—they are luxurious, mould to the foot and grow old slowly and gracefully. The range starts at \$3.99—you'll find "Prairie" in all good shoe stores... they're made by Australia's biggest manufacturers of all leather slippers.



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Five styles in Brown,
Black or two-tone brown.
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Four styles in Brown,
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Other colours available.
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prairie

Prairie... the people who put style into comfortable slippers.

Part two of our serial...
the madcap chase proceeds

The Busy Body

By **DONALD E.
WESTLAKE**

WHEN the head of a gangster organisation, NICK ROVITO, commissions his right-hand man, ALOYSIUS ENGEL, to dig up the body of recently buried CHARLIE BRODY, another member of the organisation, Engel has no alternative but to obey his boss' orders. It appears Charlie has been unwittingly put to rest with a quarter of a million dollars' worth of heroin sewn into the lining of the suit in which he was buried.

But the shock comes when Engel finds the coffin empty. The search then commences for the missing body, and this leads Engel into a heap of trouble. He first visits the funeral parlor of AUGUSTUS MERRIWEATHER, the undertaker who was in charge of Charlie's burial. On the way into Merriweather's office he encounters DEPUTY INSPECTOR CALLAGHAN, who appears to recognise Engel but cannot recall where they have met. His persistent inquiries worry Engel, who is not anxious for police curiosity. Finally, he arrives at Merriweather's office only to find him dead with a knife in his chest. He then sees a tall, tragic-looking woman in black, whom he assumes to be MRS. MERRIWEATHER. She follows him out of the office and in the presence of a number of people, including Callaghan, accuses him of murdering her husband. Engel escapes with the cops in close pursuit but makes a getaway, and climbing into an empty truck returns to the funeral parlor in search of Mrs. Merriweather. But to his dismay he learns she is not the woman in black. **NOW READ ON:**

THERE was a note on his apartment door, down on Carmine Street. It was written with Chinese-red lipstick on a large sheet of paper and stuck to the door with a false fingernail. It read:

Honey, I'm back from the Coast. Where are you, baby, don't you want to see your Dolly any more? Leave a message with Roxanne's service.

Your sugar tongue,

DOLLY.

Engel blinked at the message, at the reference in its finale to an old private joke he'd once upon a time shared with Dolly, and at the golden implications beckoning to him from the lipsticked paper. He plucked the false fingernail, turned the paper over, and saw that Dolly had used one of her resumes, a listing of the clubs and theatres where she'd worked.

Dolly was what she called an exotic dancer, which is a dancer who gradually dances out of her clothing, and she was one of the fringe benefits Engel had derived when he'd made the big leap, four years ago, to Nick Rovito's right hand.

Holding Dolly's resume in one hand and the false fingernail in the other, Engel nodded to himself with cynical detachment. This, he told himself, was the way things always went. At any other time, any other time, he'd have left a message for Dolly in a minute. Resignedly, bitterly he crumpled note and nail into one hand and with the other unlocked his way into his apartment.

The phone was ringing. He dropped note and nail on the small table beside the door, picked up the phone from the end table beside the white leather sofa, and said, "I can't talk to you now, Mom, I'm working."

"I'm only your mother," she said. "So two nights in a row I cook you the kind of meal you never get, not because I'm like one of those mothers you see on television that's always interfering, eat a little chicken soup, that sort of mother, you know I'm not. But because of a special occasion, and I was proud of you yesterday beyond my wildest dreams, and I wanted to express my admiration and appreciation in the only way I can, which is cookery, the only thing I've ever done well. And now on both nights you aren't coming?"



Engel cautiously watched Margo Kane as she entered Kurt Brock's building.

"Mom, I am working. This is no lie, this is no excuse."

"Aloysius, I'm not merely your mother, you know that. I am also your confidante, your sharer of the ins and outs of the world, just like I was with your father. So come to dinner."

"I'll call you when this is over. Right now I got to make some important phone calls. If I don't I'm in trouble."

"Aloysius—"

"I'll call you when I get a minute free."

When this time she didn't have anything immediately to say, but let two or three seconds of silence elapse, Engel said, "Bye now, Mom, I'll call you," and promptly hung up.

He called Nick Rovito's office, but was told that Nick Rovito personally wasn't there. Engel identified himself and said, "Tell him it's urgent, and I'm at home, and would he call me."

"Right."

Next, he called a man named Horace Stamford, once upon a time an attorney of some reputation, but, since his disbarment, upgraded to being the man in charge of the legal end of the organisation's affairs. When he got Stamford on the line, Engel said, "I'm going to need a cover for this afternoon."

"Details," said Stamford. He prided himself on his speed, accuracy, detachment, and planning ability.

Engel gave him the details of his day's activities, not bothering to explain why he'd been doing what he'd been doing. It wasn't a part of Stamford's job to know that. He merely told him about going to the funeral parlor, about finding Merriweather dead and being identified by Callaghan and being pointed at by the woman who claimed to be Merriweather's wife but wasn't and making his escape.

Then, "Callaghan took a long time to get a fix on me," he said, "and I don't think he's really sure yet. Besides, when they find out the woman who pointed at me wasn't the dead guy's wife after all, that'll confuse them more. So all I need is a cover for this afternoon."

Engel listened as Stamford clucked to himself at the other end of the line, shuffling papers and so on. Finally Stamford said, "Races. Trotters. Freehold Raceway over in Jersey. You went with Ed Lynch, Big Tiny Moroni, and Felix Smith. You picked one winner, Toothache, in the third race, at four to one. You had ten dollars on her."

"You had lunch in the American Hotel in Freehold; steak. You went down in Moroni's new car, a Pontiac Bonneville convertible, white. The top was down. You took the Lincoln Tunnel, the New Jersey turnpike and Route 9, and retraced exactly. You'll be arriving back in the city in five or ten minutes. They'll let you off at 34th Street and Ninth Avenue and you'll take a cab downtown. Got it?"

To page 36

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1966



NEW from Kia-ora!

Delicatessen-style Franks and Baked Beans

Now Kia-ora adds 9 all beef-and-pork franks to their tender-hearted beans!

Until today, you couldn't get beef-and-pork franks in a can. In a delicatessen, yes. Along with caviare, smoked salmon and such. Now Kia-ora cans these self-same franks! Adds tender-hearted beans and a rich tomato sauce — created specially to bring out the real frank flavour. The result's delicious — and Kia-ora's generous with it! Nine franks and hundreds and hundreds of beans go into every can! Do things delicatessen-style with Kia-ora Beans and Franks. Only Kia-ora makes them all beef-and-pork to whet appetites and whip up enthusiasm at meal-times!



**Delicious new
Kia-ora
tender-hearted
beans with
delicatessen-style
all-meat franks!**

FREE!

**2 Magnetised pot holders
that stick to your cooker**

Almost like magic! Red, quilted, and heart-shaped. Send 2 Kia-ora Beans and Franks labels to P.O. Box 400, South Melbourne, and we'll send you 2 magnetised pot holders — free! Offer good while stocks last, so hurry!

This offer void where forbidden or restricted by law.

"Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark



'Huh.

Doesn't look like a Tru-Flo teat to me.

"I'd know the natural shape of a Tru-Flo teat anywhere. It gives me the natural flow of milk I'm used to. Tru-Flo teats are made of nice soft rubber. And the teat never collapses when I'm feeding. I never have colic. In fact I never have any feeding troubles with Tru-Flo. Mum always cleans the teat with salt. It gets rid of any milk film, so the teats will last as long as I'll ever need them. I've got no complaints about Tru-Flo teats. Ask your chemist about the Tru-Flo range. Then you'll know why I'm so particular when it comes to feeding."



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Remember to make sure all the family take their Anti-Bi-San tablets, too—there's a special 3-tablet treatment for children. So get some Anti-Bi-San now—and keep your whole family cold-free all the year round.

● AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS



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The gift was sent in
homage to a star ...
a short short story

FLOWERS FOR TRICIA

By DAVID K.
WHEATLEY

THE man said, "Excuse me, miss. Can you spare a moment?"
I felt tempted, for a second, to snap a reply and hurry on to the dressing-rooms. But there was something about him that wasn't quite like the others who try to haunt back-stage.

As he stood there, his eyes bright and hopeful, I wondered how he'd managed to come this far. Usually Dan was waiting at the door to stop them; so this one must have had plenty of experience. It was that thought which made me realise I was being too naive.

"Yes?" I asked shortly.
"Would you . . . er . . . could you give these flowers to Miss Lamond for me, please? I'll wait for her reply if you'll . . ."

But he turned quickly and left. The sight of Dan bearing down on him had apparently changed his mind.

It was just my luck! I didn't particularly relish the thought of seeing Tricia Lamond so soon after a performance. The state of her temper could be debatable. For a moment I almost left the flowers there, but then I remembered his face, and something made me turn toward Tricia's dressing-room.

He'd put a card in among the petals, so I read it as I walked. "Tricia — I must see you again. Meet me at the 'Blue Room,' please. — James."

I'd been to the "Blue Room," when I couldn't afford anything better, and I tried to picture Tricia Lamond sitting at one of the tables. I almost laughed.

Tricia's world was so far above that of any of the corps de ballet. She was the star of the show. The critics loved her — almost as much as she loved herself.

I reached the dressing-room that's reserved exclusively for Miss Lamond and stopped for a moment. It's always safe to check for sounds of temperament. But there was no sound to warn against an interruption, so I knocked.

Tricia Lamond looked up. She shot me a cold glance of inquiry, so I smiled politely.

"A gentleman gave these to me, Miss Lamond — for you."

Without a word she took them and read the card. Her lower lip curled in contempt, and she tossed his message into the waste-paper basket with a shrug.

That should have been enough, but still I had to ask a question.



Tricia looked up as I entered her dressing-room with the flowers the stranger had asked me to give to her.

"Will there be any reply, Miss Lamond?"

A bitter laugh answered my question. "My dear, one day you, too, may realise that someone in my position does not pay any attention to those sort of people."

I checked the impulse to tell her that this one was different. I'd never experienced the whiplash of Tricia's tongue, but I'd seen her in action. Besides, it was none of my business.

But his face stayed with me while I fought for a place and managed to change out of the frothy tutu into the drab grey I usually wore home. I remembered him as I left the theatre, and while I picked out the letters as they flashed from the neon, he was still there.

The "Blue Room" — it was madness, I'd told myself that at each corner. Already it was late, and tomorrow the rehearsals were early. But still, I reasoned, I could give him her answer and then go on home.

He didn't recognise me at first. When he did, he sprang to his feet, and his voice pleaded for my answer to be what he wanted to hear.

"You're the girl from the theatre! Did you give her the flowers? What did she say?"

I looked at that face and I knew I wouldn't tell the truth. I almost wished I had Tricia's flint eyes. Then I could send him away, and get home to bed myself. But instead, I smiled.

"Miss Lamond's so sorry, but she already has another engagement this evening."

Although he quickly masked it, the rawness of the disappointment that flashed through his eyes made me wish I hadn't come. I started to move away, but he stopped me eagerly.

"Won't you sit down? Would you like a cup of coffee?"

As I drank the coffee, he obviously

wanted to talk only of Tricia Lamond. I watched the enthusiasm that came into his eyes when he spoke of her, and I felt a pang of wistfulness. One day, perhaps, someone will speak of me like that.

"She's like an angel," he said softly.

I remembered rehearsals, with Tricia Lamond abusing the producer, threatening to walk out, screaming at one of the girls who didn't get out of her way in time. Then I looked up at his eyes and saw the shine again.

"Yes," I said. "She is an angel." "Whenever she dances — it's always perfect. She fits into the music as though she is part of it."

I thought of the arguments she'd had with the conductor, of all the alterations that had to be made to the score before it suited her dancing. Then I smiled and agreed with him.

"You know, I've always dreamed that one day I'd sit in a theatre and see her dancing to my music."

That note of confidence made me understand the difference I'd sensed. He was a composer, a man chasing the dream of Tricia dancing to his music, a dream of hopelessness.

"I'm afraid that isn't very likely," I said, and hoped I sounded kind. "Miss Lamond usually insists on the music of very well-known composers."

I watched the light as it faded from his eyes, and the dull ember that were left behind belied his attempt at a weak smile.

"Yes, I know. I found that out a long time ago — a few months after our wedding. I guess Tricia grew tired of waiting for me to make good."

I watched the despairing stoop of his shoulders as he turned and walked out into the street.

(Copyright)



Personal questions answered about superstitions

Q. Will plants die if I touch them during my period?

A. No! That's an old wives' tale! It dates back to ancient times—when lack of knowledge led people to believe that some things they touched during their period would be harmed or spoiled. Today, we know better! The menstrual flow is not poisonous nor harmful. It's not a sickness. It is, in fact, a natural, normal part of life!

Q. Is it safe to bathe during my period?

A. Of course it is. Avoiding water is just another of those age-old superstitions! Actually, it's most important to bathe, for you perspire more freely during your period. That's why so many girls prefer Tampax internal sanitary protection—for Tampax lets you bathe, shower, even swim, with complete protection!

Q. Can anyone tell if I'm having my period?

A. Not unless you give it away—by your attitude or poor grooming. Be especially careful about personal cleanliness on those days. As for telltale signs—let Tampax free you of that problem. Tampax does away with bulging pads... prevents odour from forming. Because it's worn internally, you hardly know you're wearing it. You feel confident, as on any day of the month!

Q. Can unmarried girls use Tampax?

A. Millions do! Tampax, you know, was invented by a doctor, for the benefit of all women, married or single. Doctors all over the world recognise the use of Tampax. Many nurses use it themselves... recommend it, too.

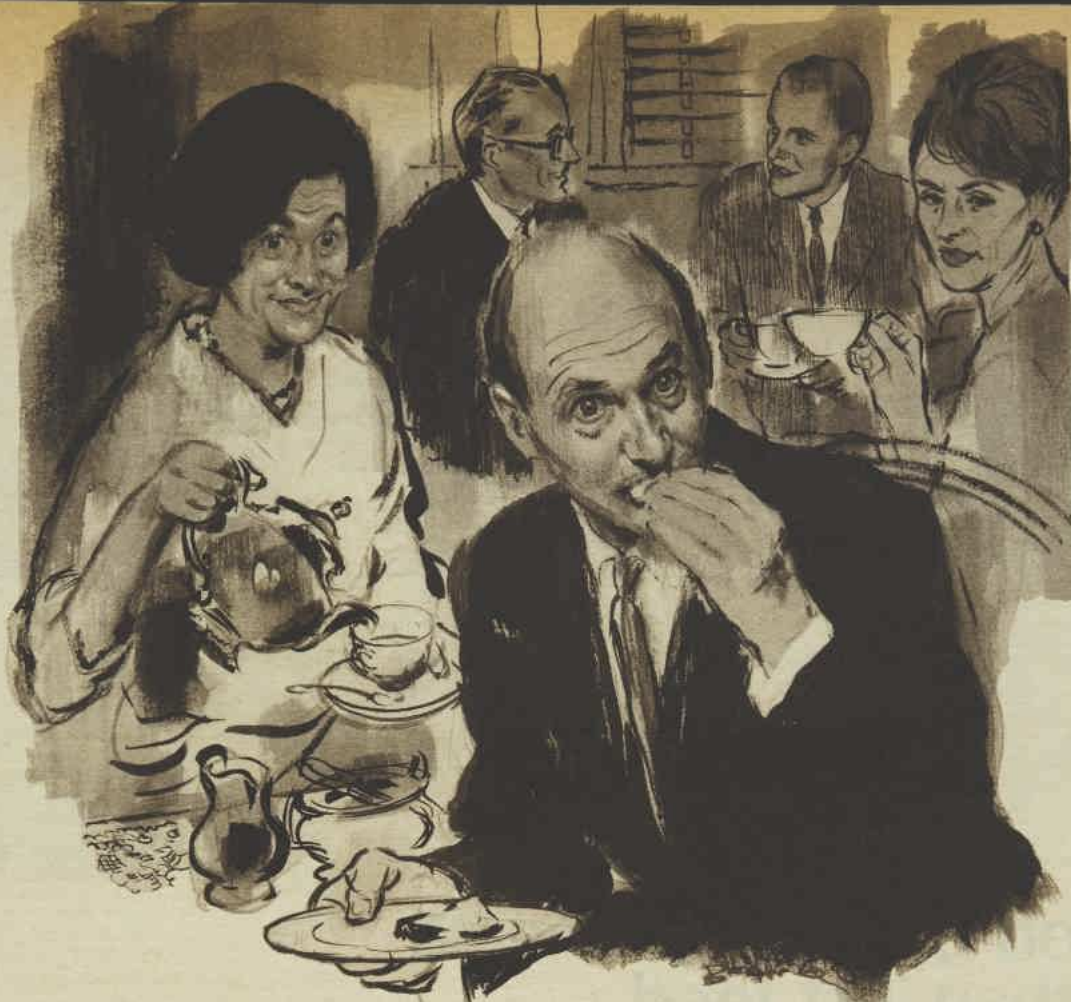
* If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name address and 7d. (6c) in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty., Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O. Sydney.

'little monster'

What to do when your child won't behave

There are days when even the most placid children become almost impossible to handle. Wise mothers suspect temporary constipation. A safe answer is Laxettes given at bedtime. Each square contains an exact dose of a mild laxative. Laxettes work gently to correct irregularity while your kiddie sleeps. Next day the constipation attack is over. Always keep Laxettes handy. Only 3/6 (35 cents). Always fresh in the air-sealed packet.

LA 11



The Cake Eaters

A short short story By WOLF MANKOWITZ

THE problem was to avoid invitations. Mrs. Ackroyd was hard to resist. "What are you doing tonight?" she would ask. And without hearing your reply she would proffer the usual invitation. Time and time again we tried to avoid it by saying we had friends coming. Mrs. Ackroyd loved friends. Bring them as well. It so happened that there was plenty of cake in the house.

We lived next door, and my wife, with the lonely desperation of the domestic woman, would occasionally seek Mrs. Ackroyd out herself.

I always knew, for when I returned in the evening looking forward to the simple marital comforts of a professional man who is about to slip into the tired routine of early middle-age, my wife would follow her cool kiss upon my cheek with a casual "Darling, the Ackroyds have asked us in tonight."

Unreasonably I would complain, "Why didn't you say we were doing something?" She looked at me with contempt. "You know that's no good. And, anyhow, Madge has baked specially. She has a friend coming."

"Do you think she'd miss us?" I asked simply. "She has so many friends."

But my wife was preparing the table for dinner, and told me we should have to hurry if we weren't to be late.

Whether the mood was induced by hurry, or whether there was something in the Ackroyds themselves to which I was allergic, the fact was that I, a normally mild and friendly man, would, after the usual greetings, sit in the chair which had almost acquired my shape through use, full of the most bitter and violent thoughts.

But, although I never gave in, I learned to sit quietly enough.

I sat through a total of several weeks punctuated by Mrs. Ackroyd's unchanging inquiry, "Coffee or tea?"

We always had tea. In would come the tray with the teaset in Sheffield plate, and the cakes.

Always my wife would gasp her admiration.

"Madge, what wonderful cakes! Did you make them yourself?"

And Madge would nod her head slowly, several times, a smile on her lips. She was certainly a fine cakemaker.

I must admit I made a little bit of a pig of myself.

Everyone else would just nibble and sip and carry on talking. But I swilled down cup after cup, and ate as many as three pastries and three slices of cake.

Though I caused my wife to blush a little, Madge was delighted, and my host amazed and envious, for he was a little man with the primmest of appetites.

I noticed the action of his face muscles as I ate. Sometimes he would reach furtively for a pastry, but suddenly the idea would sicken him, and his hand would recoil from the plate and fall away limply.

It was my wife's comment one evening after we left the Ackroyds which set me thinking.

"You can say what you like," she said, "but Madge certainly enjoys the way you tuck into those cakes, though personally I should close my door upon such a hog. Anyone can see you only go there to eat. I suppose you think she's a better cook than I am."

But I had not time to rise to the bait in her last words. I suddenly knew why my quiet domestic life had been ruined. I understood the endless invitations.

That night a plan was born.

After my last session with Madge's cakes, it was no time before we were invited again. I was greeted by my wife with the news that Madge had asked us to coffee but that she had said we were going out.

"No," I shouted. "No. We are going to Madge." I did not explain my change of heart.

So we rushed dinner and went over to the Ackroyds. The evening limped along in the usual way, I even more morose than usual.

Then Madge stood up, and with the benevolence of a fairy godmother asked: "Tea or coffee?"

The tray was brought in. The ladies helped themselves delicately to a pastry apiece.

My host hovered and recoiled about the doughnuts, a man called Morris, whom we had never met before, took a large slice of fruit cake. But Madge's eyes were aglow when she came to me.

I felt that her expression toward Morris had been slightly contemptuous—a mere flashy starter. But her attitude as she held two plates toward me bespoke pride and faith. I gazed up with a look of profound misery, and shook my head.

"I'm afraid not," I said sadly. "I'm afraid I never will again."

"You're joking," she said. "Come now, a small slice of coffee cake to begin with, or a jam doughnut. I made them myself."

"No," I said. "Never more. I was at the doctor's today to be overhauled for my life insurance, and he swears he has never met a more ulcerated stomach."

She winced. I saw her draw back as if struck in the face. My wife cried "George! You never told me!"

"My dear," I said tenderly, "I didn't want to worry you... And Madge," I added, "don't feel bad about it. The doctor said that all these rich pastries had just about put paid to my chances."

Her face hardened for a moment. Then she directed her full attention upon this man Morris.

He has become the Ackroyds' most constant visitor, while we haven't seen them except to say good morning for nearly five months.

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AT YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST

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Complete Manual, free.

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The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested menu 9–12 months

Here is a typical daily menu from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that, at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MENU No. 1
On waking	Lactogen Feed.*
Breakfast	3-4 teaspoons Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Chicken and Cereal Dinner. A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Dinner	Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Ham Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Pears. Then Lactogen Feed.*
4 p.m.	2-4 ozs. Fruit Juice.
Tea	Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Chicken Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Egg Custard and Rice. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Before bed	Lactogen Feed.*

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

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Those helpful husbands

IT was suggested by "Housewife" that it is better to have an undomesticated husband than one who has batched and has his own ideas about how things should be done. My husband was past middle age when we married, and had batched well for many years. While being ready to help me, he regarded the household as my department and the farm as his. But neighbors, who had always had Mum to cook for them, had all the fads imaginable. My own son is rather the same, living at home. Whereas the son living away has learned to be less fussy.

\$2 to "Another Housewife" (name supplied), Braidwood, N.S.W.

MY feeling is that I am very lucky in having a husband who is domesticated. As I am working to help pay for our new house, I find that without his assistance with housework, etc., we would not be able to enjoy the leisure hours we are now able to spend together. Rather than interfere, he has shown me quite a few short cuts.

\$2 to "New Housewife" (name supplied), Aspendale, Vic.

AS I was working, my husband volunteered to make up a cake mix for my birthday. Arriving home, I was greeted by a lovely chocolate cake and a worried husband. "I don't know if it will be any good," he said. "The recipe said 'Add egg and blend.' I didn't know what blend was, so I didn't put it in." Under what category would readers class him, domesticated or undomesticated?

\$2 to Mrs. B. Carter, Mareeba, Qld.

IN my opinion a woman is lucky if her husband is domesticated. Mine, for instance, loves to cook and invariably concocts many of the weekend meals. Knowing my own preference for working alone in the kitchen, I consider him and find some other activity while he is busy at sink and stove. I thoroughly enjoy being provided with a surprise meal and he says it is pleasurable relaxation to be able to do something in the house.

\$2 to "Partner" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

I ALSO have a domesticated husband who fended for himself before marriage. When we were first married he would exasperate me by washing all eating and cooking utensils under boiling water, boiling saucepans on the gas stove. He still scalds his own knife, fork, and spoon for each meal and keeps his drinking glass in the refrigerator away from germs. I'm sure I have no hope of ever changing his ways.

\$2 to "Fussy Husband" (name supplied), Hilldale, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

New life at 55

WITH aging, most of us have our chance to develop the mind. Having always loved music and having had a hankering to "do it myself," I began studying piano playing at the age of 55—there had been no opportunity earlier. Then I discovered I had a voice worth training, so at 56 I started to sing. At 67 years I started trying to play the violin, and now, at 69, am contemplating having lessons. These days it is understood that the brain can improve with years.

\$2 to "Granny" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Subconscious Beatlemania

CAN the conflict between a balding husband and a Beatle-cut son ever be peaceably solved? I have a sneaking suspicion that the husband's insistence on "short back and sides" for his 17-year-old son is the result of subconscious jealousy, not parental pride in his offspring's appearance. Perhaps other wives of wispsies think so, too.

\$2 to Mrs. P. N. Harvey, Heathcote, N.S.W.

Prefers TV football

FOR days we spoke of little else but the thrills and skills of Australian Rules football, and finally Mum decided to go to a game with us. After a particularly close and spectacular match, we asked her had she enjoyed it. "I like it better on television," she replied, "you can switch to something else."

\$2 to M. Gardner, Ascot Vale, Vic.

"Lose that hat!"

THE letter about husbands' reactions to wives' hats brought to mind my own experience. When I asked my husband his opinion of what I considered my smart and becoming new hat, he always evaded answering. One day as I was leaving for a train, and wearing the hat, my husband finally gave me his opinion. "Put your head out of the window and lose that hat," he said.

\$2 to Mrs. Cook, Mandurah, W.A.

Wearing-out process

A BRIDE-TO-BE, I've been inundated with advice on housekeeping from well-meaning friends. There seems to be a big difference of opinion of the use of household linen. One school of thought says to just to keep out two sets for each bed, and use these until they are worn out. The other suggests to use all my linen in turn, and so postpone the wearing-out stage for years. What would readers recommend from their own experience?

\$2 to "Claudette" (name supplied), East St. Kilda, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I NEVER gave much thought to dowries till I was watching television the other night.

On Project '66 they interviewed a Greek girl who was about to migrate to Australia.

She said she was coming here because we don't have dowries.

She was a pretty girl, but she said nobody would marry her in her home town. Her Dad could not raise the dowry.

In Australia she could hope to get a husband on her own merits...

And a very good thing, too.

Sometimes I grumble at the family bills — my three daughters use a lot of shampoo. But at least I don't have to think about dowries.

In this country, the bride's father is expected to turn on a party for the wedding. And he and her mother give a wedding present, of course.

If they are flush they may even run to a fridge.

DOWN WITH DOWRIES

But giving a party and a fridge — even one with two doors — is not like handing over a large portion of the family cash or real estate.

That is what Dad is required to do in parts of southern Europe.

I wonder what would happen if they introduced the dowry system in Australia. No doubt something like this:

A young bachelor goes to a barbecue. He says to a friend: "I'd like to meet that gorgeous brunette over there."

Friend replies: "I wouldn't recommend it, Jack. Her old man is flat broke — just had his TV repossessed."

"Thanks for the tip."

Instead, he goes up to a mousy little girl wearing a rather expensive wristwatch.

After a few preliminary remarks, he asks: "What line is your Dad in?"

"He has his own plumbing business."

"That's nice. And is he doing all right?"

"Yes. He's promised me a dowry of \$1000 down and another in easy payments."

"Fine! I was wondering if you'd care to come to a drive-in on Saturday night..."

However, I think our young men would rather pass up the dowry and stick to the old free choice or bags-I system.

Funny thing, in New Guinea, they have a custom the exact opposite of dowries. There, the lad who wants to marry a girl has to give her father a cash payment called a bride-price.

Now that idea might have some sense to it...

Leg glance

Short skirts and shapely legs take a man's mind off his driving, according to an English road safety expert.



Women drivers, much maligned, Take what comfort they can find, Knowing there are certain slurs Not the worst of them incur. If a woman driver sees Serried ranks of shapely knees Does the sight her pulse assail? Does her concentration fail? Not at all. The current mode Makes no hazard on the road, Not to women, who will stare Straight ahead, quite unaware Of all else except what strays In the focus of their gaze. Should a rare pedestrian Chance to be a handsome man Then milady double-takes, Gently, oh so gently, brakes.

— Dorothy Drain

Watery faux pas

RECENTLY we purchased an aquarium of tropical fish. With the multi-colored fish, ornaments, and many different types of plants, the aquarium looks especially lovely at night when the lights are turned on. After admiring it for some moments, an aunt quite seriously said, "Well, it's all very beautiful, but how on earth do you water the plants?"

\$2 to "Marjon" (name supplied), Eden Hills, S.A.

It was on her hairdresser's advice she first used...

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"Before we decide what we're going to do about you, baby, you'd better give me the run-down on the woman who got him away. Find out the kind of woman who steals your man and you find out something about yourself," she said, sipping her drink.

I described Liz as best I could. Older than me. And blonde (I wasn't), short (I wasn't), successful (I wasn't), ambitious (I wasn't). And tough—I didn't bother to add a denial to that.

"Joss is ambitious, too, I remember," said Simonetta, screwing up her eyes.

"Yes. Liz is a journalist, too. Rather a good one."

"Don't comfort yourself with that. You never lose a man because your rival's a girl in the same business. You lose him because she's in the same league. You need a certain

Continued from page 25

kind of confidence with ambitious men."

"Oh, Simonetta!" I said, exasperated. "You've always been a knockout to look at, and clever as a fox—and rolling in dollars and lire, and you've had those husbands. You've always said it's the Italian in you that makes you understand men. Just being seen with you must give them great slabs of confidence. It simply wouldn't work for me. Joss went because he fancied another girl. All right. I'll have to lump it and forget him."

"But you haven't, baby. It shows."

It was true. Six and a half weeks ago Joss and I had met for the last

time, and then only for a ridiculous half-hour, sitting in his car in a square. He'd been sorry for me. There we'd sat, talking constrainedly, while his car radio played. Since then I'd thought of nothing else.

It was like being ill. To be exact, like being in a vacuum. No love any more. I was suspended. Only half there. The pops that had been hitting it when I had last seen Joss were already out-of-date. There was just one melancholy number left that I kept hearing on the radio. "I can't take it, Love, it hurts, it hurts when you're not there." Every time I heard it, I was back in that car again.

The telephone rang and Simon-

etta picked it up and said: "Tell him I'm just coming down."

Dragging myself from my thoughts, I was surprised. On my annual visit, Simonetta and I always dined alone.

"I've some bad news. Bad for me, anyway," she said, ruffling up my hair. "I have to go out tonight. Jacky de Courcel's come for me already. It's an Embassy thing. So we'll have to fix another date. Day after tomorrow? Sorry, baby."

"It doesn't really matter." I was very disappointed.

"No, it doesn't," agreed Simonetta. "Anyway, I want you to do something for me." She took a card from the dressing-table. "I want you to go to this thing for

me tonight. Some friends of mine, the Rockinghams, are giving a party. I said you'd go."

I was offended as well as disappointed. Someone else was sorry for me.

"It's not necessary to play my fairy godmother," I said acidly.

Simonetta, winding a chain of saffles round one shoulder like a cowboy wearing a lasso, said sharply: "Don't talk like a fool. I'm acquainted with the fact that you can take care of yourself. It's your trouble. I said you'd represent me at this thing because they're old friends and they were pleased and touched when I said you'd go."

"Anyway, your ex-boyfriend may be covering it for his column. He told me so. Give you a chance to take another look." And she laughed.

"But I don't want to see Jim again—" I felt quite cold. How heartless Simonetta was! Had I said her heart was warm?

"Nonsense! Do you good to go to a party," she said, still unfeling. "Why not wear one of my dresses? You know my clothes amuse you. There's one I bought the other day, it's in the cupboard on the right. You're sure to have fun in that one. And you look very pretty when you're done up" She gave a grimace at my navy-blue linen dress.

"Do as I tell you," she added, patting my face; but it was a pat on the verge of a slap.

"I'll probably drop soup down it. And your clothes are so expensive."

"Yeah, aren't they. This one cost five hundred pounds. That'll scare you! If you enjoy yourself in it you can keep it!"

When Simonetta had gone I was left balancing, so to speak, in a penthouse in the sky. I had half a

FROM THE BIBLE

● **Never pay back evil for evil. If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him a drink. Do not let evil conquer you, but use good to defeat evil.**

— Romans 12:17, 20. (New English Bible)

bottle of champagne, an invitation to a party where Joss might—or might not—appear, and a five-hundred-pound dress. It sounds a promising situation, but it wasn't.

For the feeling which had wrapped me thickly round since I'd lost Joss was still there. Practical and reasonably cheerful, I was not quite alive. Seeing Joss couldn't dispel that; it could only make it worse.

I sighed and went over to Simonetta's cupboard. Then I unzipped my desecrated navy linen and pulled five hundred pounds over my head.

It was an exquisite dress. When I looked in the mirror I had a feeling, subtle and unmistakable, of grandeur. I felt armored as I moved across the room.

The taxi set me down at one of those huge old houses with pillars on either side of the front door. A young man who looked like a shepherd welcomed me, taking my card and announcing in ringing tones: "Miss Diana Waring. Representing Madame Simonetta de Fourville."

Golly! I thought. Mr. and Mrs. Rockingham both welcomed me cordially. Mrs. Rockingham said: "We just love Simonetta. It's so kind of you . . ." as if she meant it.

"Tony will look after you. Tony, introduce her to Mike!" called Mr. Rockingham. Tony bounded up beside me, his hair over his eyes. He took me through a crowd of people and introduced me in a gabble to a man by the fireplace: "Michael Young, Miss Diana Waring, she's Simonetta's . . ." He turned away to his duty post by the front door.

I felt as if I'd been washed up by a wave. "How do you do?" said my companion rather slowly.

He was tall and elegant, rather older than Joss, with smooth, black hair and heavy eyebrows. His face

To page 33

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THE £500 DRESS

was impressive, serious, and olive-skinned. He asked coolly if I would accompany him to supper, and we threaded our way through the crowd, the splendid dress making me walk like a queen.

Through double doors was a further room set with tables, gleaming beneath splendid candelabra. We found a table in the corner.

"Do you know my godmother well?" I said, feeling it necessary to sound social.

"Yes. Very well."

"I wouldn't have thought you

"Wouldn't have thought I was the sort of man to be friendly with Simonetta," he finished accurately. "True. They're more her style." He glanced at a tapestry on the wall opposite me. A bevy of dukes, worked in blue and yellow needlework, faded but still pleased with themselves, were cluttered on a flight of palace steps.

"Nothing wrong with them. Some are quite dishy," I said lightly. One of the younger dukes looked like Joss. Where was Joss? Not here, thank heavens!

MICHAEL YOUNG didn't reply, but went on eating. Really! I thought. Was it to make meaningless conversation with this circus man that I'd put on the £500 dress and come to a party at which I risked being hurt by seeing my ex-love? Better to have stayed safely in the penthouse.

"I suppose you travel a lot, too," he said. "I know Simonetta's always on the move. Which countries do you prefer, Miss Waring?"

I was just about to explain indignantly that I went abroad for two weeks, if I could afford it, once a year. And then I got it. This man thought I was a younger Simonetta. It was the dress' armor and disguise working.

And, for a second, I imagined that I was that woman he thought me, a junior version of my fascinating godmother, entertained and entertaining, welcomed and warmed by affection and money, wearing dresses spun in dollars and pounds.

"Well... Simonetta and I both like Italy. She's got some family there, of course. Only it is so frightful in Venice when it rains!" I said. "Simonetta's quite pathological about bad weather."

"Perhaps that's because she gets rheumatism," he said baldly.

At my startled face, he gave his unwilling smile. "I see you don't understand the reference. I am Simonetta's doctor. Her doctor when she's here. Not the one in New York or Rome, of course."

While we were eating our dessert, I found myself beginning to like him. It must be the way he looked; it certainly wasn't his charm.

When we'd finished supper, Michael Young suggested we went into the other room for coffee. Here, a Jamaican group began to play the tempting music of steel strings.

"Shall we?" I said, liking the music.

"I don't dance, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I'm sure you do. Let's try!"

"No, I'm sorry. In any case." He glanced, as doctors always do sooner or later, at his watch.

I was piqued. I said: "Don't tell me you have to work, Doctor Young. It's absurd! I can't imagine why you come to a party if you're going to hurry off so soon."

He looked surprised, but said reasonably: "Parties are not in my line, but Mrs. Rockingham was also a patient of mine — your godmother is the reason I know the Rockinghams. Mr. Rockingham particularly asked me to come tonight as they're leaving this country in a few days."

Now you understand why I'm here. And if you'll forgive me—"

And then, suddenly, not knowing what I was doing, I put out my hand and gripped his. It was the instinctive movement that someone in pain makes to a doctor. I didn't mean to. I didn't think. I just knew that I felt sick and freezing cold, and I clutched Doctor Young's hand as if I were drowning. For over by the door was Joss.

Earlier this evening I'd nerved myself to see him again. Then I'd been sure that I would escape and it was going to be all right. I'd even begun to enjoy myself with Michael Young. Now, the sight of Joss, absent from my mind for a whole hour, was a double shock. My

heart thudded, and I found I was suddenly trembling.

"You're not well," Michael Young said sharply. "It's very hot in here. I'll take you into the garden." Shielding me against the dancers, he carefully steered me straight across the room to Joss.

"Why! Look who's here!" cried Joss. "Liz, what do you know, it's Di! Lovely to see you! What are you doing here?" He was as embarrassed as hell. I'd seen that look six weeks ago. I couldn't reply.

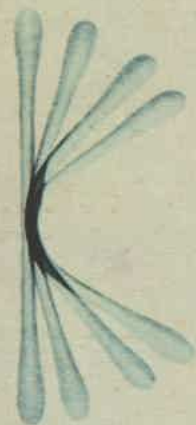
"We have to meet someone, we'll be back later. Excuse us, please," Michael Young said brusquely. He guided me out, then through a door into a paved courtyard.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Johnson's flexible Cotton Buds.



They're inexpensive* and convenient.



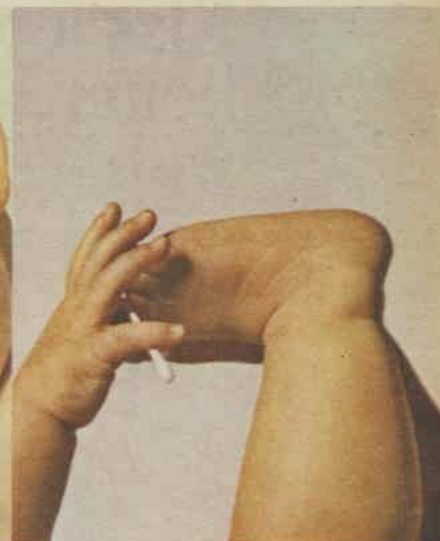
They can clean up lipstick.



Remove nail polish.



They can clean a baby's nose.



Or between his toes.



Apply perfume.



They were invented for babies.



But grown-ups like them, too.
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

* 25c for 50. 45c for 100 Johnson-Johnson

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting May 25

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ May 25 favors love and romance and good aspects help to bolster finances and job conditions. There could be profit and reward from short trips.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Treat affairs of the heart carefully for at least six weeks. There could be good news about family or loved ones, and scope to make money and expand business, 26th-29th.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ It's your get-up-and-go cycle; what's more, your ruling star gives you an assist, and Mars makes for enthusiasm. A good week for fruitful achievement.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ You'll have to be on the alert when travelling for at least a couple of months, but this week is a progressive one and favors important writings.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ There could be happy emphasis on family affairs. It's a good time for real estate and to buy that dream allotment. Also new plans and ideas are benefited.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ For a few months there's quite a bit of tension, especially for those in the September 1 and 2 birthday bracket. However, there are good stars, especially helping new ventures.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ If you have any lucky money, invest in shares — speculation is favored — or try the lottery before May 29. Marriage stars are propitious.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ A good week to improve and consolidate career, status, or public relations. Some wish could eventuate, and powerful friends could advance you.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ Romance is still under smiling stars, and marriage and partnership are boosted. It's a good time for legal contracts, or to begin a career, or for self-promotion.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Your guiding star is in a good position and could help many improve their work conditions as well as help permanent romances. Lottery favored May 27.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ Before May 29 marriage and married folk enjoy fortunate influences when finance comes happily into the picture. May 27 is excellent for romance.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ If you are looking for a good time to get engaged or married, May 28-29 is ideal. Contracts and partnerships can then be made under happy auguries.

THE £500 DRESS

Continued from page 33

Away from Joss, the sickness waned. Michael Young took me over to a settee, covered with beach cushions, and we sat down. I still gave a shudder now and again, but I had begun to feel better.

"You're still cold. Take my coat. Now do as I say," he said. He took it off and put it round my shoulders. I pulled it round me and was quiet.

Out of the shadows, Michael Young said: "It was seeing that man again, wasn't it? It upset you."

"Yes, I'm sorry I made a fool of myself," I said in a low voice, "but I really did feel sick."

"My dear child, don't apologise. You had a shock. That's why you feel cold."

"I'm all right now."

"Stay here for a little longer. I'll drive you home." He hadn't asked me a single question. I was grateful.

We sat watching the dancers through the windows, and at last he said: "Let's go, shall we? I'll see you on the front steps in a moment or two."

He left me in the hall, having said a word to the Rockinghams, who were already bidding goodbye to early leavers. I was just going toward them when the drawing-room door swung open and Joss came out. He was looking for me, and he was alone.

"Di! There you are!" He lounged toward me. "That Liz character's on to a story already, interviewing some industrial tycoon. Not for me, brother!" He gave a genuine, boyish laugh. The embarrassed look had gone and he gave the smile I'd never been able to resist.

"Di, I must say you look super. Liz says that dress of yours is by Whatsit, the new designer. What's been happening? Come into a fortune?" His look was caressing.

AND, as I stood with Joss' look round me as Doctor Young's coat had been, I knew that he liked the armor I wore. It attracted him.

He put his hand on my shoulder and added: "I've meant to ring you. I'm awful. I'm hopeless, aren't I? But call me, poppet. Be sure to call me in the morning. OK?"

"Mike's waiting for you, dear!" called Mrs. Rockingham. I went over to thank her and say good night.

All the time I'd been with Joss, I hadn't said a word.

Michael Young drove me to my godmother's apartment. The car was warm, and I stopped feeling shivery. He came up in the lift with me and followed me into the suite.

"Not a sign of Simonetta," I said. "Shall we have some coffee?"

"No, thank you. I only wanted to see you safely home."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

I stood facing Michael rather awkwardly. He looked down at me, and I saw an extraordinary expression that I'd never seen before, never once caught on Joss' handsome self-indulgent face, a thoughtful, penetrating look — even tender. He said: "Good night then, Diana."

"Michael—"

"Yes?" His hand was on the door. I could see myself in the handsome mirror on the wall, the splendid white dress, clinging and draped. I was still in disguise.

"I only wanted to say something. Tell you something," I said. "You were wrong about me. I mean, I'm not rich like my godmother..."

HE gave his involuntary smile.

"It occurred to me that the character I had dined with was scarcely likely to be quite so upset over a boyfriend as you were," he said. "Simonetta's kind grow a little shell of toughness. It's sometimes useful."

"Oh, I know," I said earnestly. "That's what I mean. I'm not like that. But perhaps I should—"

"Indeed, you shouldn't," he said, and then he bent down and kissed me. The kiss didn't last. It was over almost at once. But the second that his mouth touched mine, and I felt two warm hands, one on either side of my face, the vacuum and the unreality, the pop tune, and Joss' smile, everything evaporated. It was like waking up.

"Diana," he said, very thoughtfully. "I'll ring you tomorrow morning."

All I could do was gulp and nod.

Simonetta, in black chiffon and false eyelashes, was drinking unsweetened lemon juice. She groaned when she saw me.

"Up and dressed already? You're a reproach, honey. Surely you don't have to go to work yet?"

"I'm afraid I do. But we are seeing each other again, aren't we?"

"Of course, of course. Tomorrow," she said. "Meantime, in just two words, Diana—what happened?"

"You want to know how it went with Joss?" I said, sitting on her bed. "Well—it went."

"Ah!" She looked at me for a second. "Curd. How was that?"

I told her briefly, deliberately not saying much about Michael.

"It's always a good idea at the end of a love affair to have another look at the man you've been hankering after," she pronounced. "By the way," casually, "wasn't that Mike Young who called you up just now? They put it through to me first."

She burst out laughing. "I caught you out, didn't I? Mike Young, eh? Not bad! By the way, I told you you could keep the dress if you had a good time in it. Want it, baby?"

She grinned at me, a forty-year-old teenager. And that moment all kinds of wild suspicions rushed sparkling through my head. Why had that dress fitted me so perfectly when Simonetta was so thin? What chance had brought Joss and Mike Young together?

But Simonetta merely returned my look with her own — bright, sardonic, and impenetrable.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1966

Kiss it better with a **BAND-AID** BRAND strip

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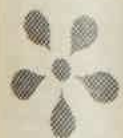
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BAND-AID Brand Strips are flesh-coloured to hide as they heal. Air vents all over let healing air through, keep skin from wrinkling. SUPER-STICK sticks at a touch — keeps the bandage put.

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IT'S NO PROBLEM



to paint the lounge and keep in touch with Grandma at the same time. Visit her by telephone, let the children join in and make it a family call. It's so easy — even a 50-mile telephone call costs so little — and it's cheaper still after 6 p.m. All the details are in your telephone directory.

TAKE YOUR TRIPS BY TELEPHONE

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 1, 1966

Page 35

"Good." Stamford hung up. So did Engel, and the phone immediately rang. He picked it up and said, "Nick?"

But it was his mother's voice that said, "We got cut off, Aloysius. And now I been getting a busy signal."

"We didn't get cut off," he told her. "I hung up. And I'm going to do it again. And you do it, too. I'll talk to you when I get a chance, right now I'm waiting for a call from Nick Rovito."

"Aloysius—"
"Hang up or I move to California."
"Oh!"

This was on old threat, but a seldom-used one, reserved for final emergencies when all else had failed. Engel hated California, would rather have lived in Sing Sing, and desired nothing of California other than that it stay peacefully where it was, on that other coast, three thousand miles away.

While waiting for the call from Nick Rovito, Engel went on into the bedroom and

Continued from page 26

changed his clothes, since the rushing around he'd had to do had left him feeling a bit rumpled.

He dispensed himself a drink, then prowled the apartment and waited for the phone to ring. The ice tinkled in the glass he held, and anyone seeing him would have said, "Rising young executive in some sort of interesting business." Which would have been perfectly accurate.

Engel was on his second drink before the phone rang. He picked up the receiver.

It was Nick Rovito. "I got your message, kid. How's tricks?"

"Bad, Nick."

"No suit?"

"No suit, and complications. The undertaker needs an undertaker."

"Mortician. He likes you should call him mortician."

"Mortician, undertaker, he could use either one."

THE BUSY BODY

"Am I following you, Engel?"

"Yes. Also, there's a woman involved, I don't know who she is. Tall, slender, good-looking in an icy way, played me and a whole bunch of cops for suckers and then cut out."

"Don't give me no details," Nick Rovito said. "All I want is results, or instead, a general picture about how results are on the way."

"It's getting complicated, Nick."

"Then make it simple. The simple thing is, Nick Rovito wants the suit."

"I know, Nick."

"It ain't the profit, it's the principle, Nick Rovito don't get robbed."

Engel knew that when Nick Rovito started talking about himself in the third person it meant his pride was hurt, his back was up, and his mind was set. So all he said was,

"I'll get it, Nick, I'll get the suit."

"Good," said Nick Rovito. Click, said the phone.

Engel hung up. "The suit," he muttered to himself. He looked around the room, as though to find it somewhere here, maybe hanging on the back of a chair or draped over a bar stool. "Where the hell," he said aloud, "am I going to find that damn suit?" When he got no answer, he drained his glass and turned toward the bar to make himself another drink.

Halfway there he was detoured by the sound of the doorbell ringing: a chimed quote from "L'Apres-midi d'un faune." Frowning, Engel set the empty glass down on the bar, went out to the foyer, and opened the door.

Standing there was the mystery woman, all in black. "Mr. Engel?" she said, and smiled prettily. "May I come

in? I believe I owe you an explanation."

Was she twenty? Was she thirty-five? More or less or in between? There was no way to tell. Again, was she insane, or was she merely mindless, or some combination of the two? And again, as yet there was no way to tell.

Engel closed the door after she'd stepped into the apartment, and followed her into the living-room, which she admired by turning around in a smiling circle and saying, "What an interesting place! How fascinating! How original!"

If there was one thing life had taught Engel, it was wait and see. Don't ask, don't assume, don't jump the gun, don't try to hurry the world along, just wait and see. If Madame X here intended to give him an explanation, fine; she'd do it at her own speed and in her own way, and in the meantime Engel would have an unusually fine opportunity to practise Wait and etc. So, coming into the living-room after her, he merely said, "You want a drink?"

"Scotch sour?"

"Scotch sour. Right."

A SCOTCH sour was unfortunately not one of the drinks he could dial on his electric dispenser, so, as he went around behind the bar, he snaked out the drink guide he'd brought home one time from the liquor store, leafed through it hurriedly, while keeping it hidden under the bar, and said, "Sit down, why don't you? I'll just be a minute."

Engel made himself a fresh scotch and water and carried the two drinks over to where she stood by a side table. "Scotch sour," said Engel.

"Ah!" She spun round like a high-school girl, all smiles and dimples, but the hand with which she took the drink was pale white and so slender as to be almost bony. "Thank you," she said, and raised the glass, and over it batted at him eyes that belonged to no high-schooler. And the voice? Husky one instant, lilting the next, always interesting.

"We'll sit," suggested Engel, and motioned at the sofa.

"Fine," she said, and moved at once to a Victorian chair with wooden arms and a seat covered in purple bur-lap. "Now we can talk."

"Good," Engel settled himself on the sofa.

"What I can't understand," she said, smiling brightly at him, "is how one man can be so eclectic."

Engel couldn't understand it, either, since he didn't know the word, so he said, "How did you find me?"

"Oh," she said, offhand, airily waving the hand with the glass in it, "I heard that policeman say your name, and I asked around, and here I am."

"Asked around where?" "Police Headquarters, of course." She sipped at her drink, giving him the eyes again over the rim of the glass. "I've just come from there."

Engel automatically glanced toward the front door. If his sense of timing was right, there'd be cops at that door within about half an hour now. Callaghan and company would be slowed down by their imprisonment in the alley, and further slowed down by the confusion of identities back at the grief parlor, but sooner or later they'd get themselves organized and on the move, and when that happened a couple of their foot soldiers would stop by here just to check.

Come from there? He said it aloud: "Come from there? Police Headquarters?"

"Well, of course." She lowered the glass from her

lips, and smiled at him. "I couldn't leave everything all mixed up, could I?"

"Oh, no," he said, "I course not. You couldn't do that."

All at once the smile shrank from her face, and her expression became troubled. "Isn't there," she said, a new vibrato trembling in her voice, "isn't there enough sadness and worry and confusion in the world already?"

"I'd say so," he said.

"So, as soon as I'm covered," she said, the smile lessening but still slightly present, "and realized what I'd done, I went straight to Police Headquarters. They didn't know a thing about it yet, and they had a terrible time finding all those policemen who were chasing you, but I did explain things and they won't chase you any more after this. They promised me."

"They promised you."

"Yes." The smile flashed on again, like a searchlight being switched on, and she said, "The police are really very sweet, when you get to know them."

"I wouldn't know."

"Of course," she said, "they couldn't understand why you'd run away like that if you hadn't done anything wrong, but I understood it right away."

"You did."

"Well, of course. All at once someone accuses you of something perfectly dreadful, and a whole army of policemen start running at you. I'd have run away myself."

"But you explained it," said Engel. "You went to the cops and explained it so they won't chase me."

"Well, I thought I should. I thought it was my duty."

She sipped, eyed, smiled, said, "You make a really fine scotch sour."

"I wish," Engel told her, "I kind of wish you'd explain it to me. What you explained to the cops."

"Well, that's why I'm here. You see, when my—Oh, May I have another of these first?"

"Sure. Sure." Engel got to his feet, took the empty glass from her outstretched hand, and went back over behind the bar. He'd left the drink guide open, and now he began again to assemble the drink.

The mystery woman came over, undulating slowly across the room like something seen through water, and hitched herself gracefully on to one of the purple-topped bar stools. "You're really a very interesting man," she said. "And I can't tell you how sorry I am if I caused you any inconvenience."

"No, that's all right. As long as it all comes out right in the end."

"I just can't believe you're a gangster. Oh! Was that a terrible thing to say?"

Engel looked up from his preparations. "Is that what they told you at Police Headquarters?"

She had both elbows propped on the bar, forearms vertical and fingers entwined, delicate chin resting on her grouped hands, lips smiling again and eyes being . . . provocative. "They told me you were a desperate character," she said. "They told me you were in the Mafia and Cosa Nostra and the Syndicate and I don't know what all."

She laughed, a tinkly sound. "I don't think you're a gangster at all. I think you're charming. I've never told you my name, have I?"

"No, you haven't."

"Margo," she said. "Margo Kane."

"Engel," he said, in his turn. "Al—uh, Al Engel."

"Yes, I know. How do you do?" She extended a hand.

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T4121

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ: built-in germ-fighting action!



A tribute to my father

LIKE many young people, I grew up without realising my father's true worth until a small incident brought it home to me.

I was one of nine children and, like many parents of large families, my mother and father knew a constant struggle to balance the budget and give their children a happy home life and sound education.

My father was always kind, gentle, and loving toward us, and in all my childhood there is no memory of him having spoken a harsh word.

But it didn't take me or my sisters long to realise that these qualities don't make for "success" in life.

A man like Dad, lacking in push and drive, could never hope to climb the ladder to wealth and comfort, and to us critical teenagers symbols of success were necessary — car, lovely home, the works.

I can remember my father, bent with worry, searching the Positions Vacant columns after poor health and the growing need to educate the children had forced him to leave his job on a sheep station. My mother was expecting the ninth addition to our family.

The move to the city, renting an old home, establishing his children at schools took its toll. Never once did we hear him complain, although we knew it had been a wrench for him to leave the only work he knew.

Now I am married, and it was just prior to the birth of my second baby that the incident occurred that made me ashamed of my teenage views.

A warm smile, a kind word

After much worry and many temporary jobs, my father took a job in a city hospital as wardman. Then my husband's grandmother was taken there.

My husband and I visited her, and in her ward were four or five other women, each old and dying.

I saw Dad come into that ward, and he had a warm smile and kind word for each. I watched him clasp my husband's grandmother's hand, and saw the corresponding pleasure on her face.

She and two of the others in that ward have since died, but by being his own kind self Dad brought them a little comfort before their deaths.

So, Dad, I salute you. You may never know what it is to drive your own car or relax in your own home or go on a world trip—but you haven't failed. You have succeeded where hundreds of men have failed. You have succeeded as a human being.

(The Queensland reader who submitted this wishes to remain anonymous.)

FAMILY AFFAIRS

How to buy without money

The secret is swopping. It won't make you rich, but it will put mushrooms in your stew

I'VE always known, of course, that love is more important than money. But money is nice, too—not money itself, but the things it buys.

What I have in mind is not mink, but lesser luxuries — fresh flowers in winter, elegant fabrics, pictures, mushrooms in my stew.

When Eric and I married he was a student with three years of study ahead. Flowers and mushrooms were out.

It was only later — with Adam in the playpen, Beth at school, and no money in the bank—I began to dream.

We had enough money to live on, but not enough to give life style and freedom. Our furniture was strictly Early Junk Shop and Late Auction. Our clothes looked like hand-me-downs, which they were.

Our social life, since even visits to friends involved a baby-sitter, was negligible.

Part-time job?

By the time our third child was born I had decided that I must, somehow, raise our lives above the bread-and-butter level.

"I wonder," I ventured one evening, "if I couldn't get a part-time job. Perhaps we could find a nice grandmotherly type to come in in the afternoons."

"The little ones take such long naps, and Beth's not

back from school till 3.30. They'd hardly miss me."

Eric put down his paper emphatically. "Well, I'd miss you. I don't want a nice grandmotherly type to kiss me when I come home, thank you. A job? What's the idea? Seems to me you've got everything you need right here — three kids who adore you, a husband who's sort of attached to you, and a roof that leaks only occasionally in very heavy rains."

By FREDELLE
MAYNARD

"Be serious. I know we've got the essentials. But it'd be nice for a change to have some not-so-essentials. I want Beth to learn ballet."

"I think it's time you had a really good suit. And — this may sound silly — I'd like something beautiful for the house."

Eric nodded: "I know. If you have two loaves of bread, sell one loaf and buy a lily. Trouble is, I just don't think we've got a loaf."

Suddenly I found myself tantalised by Eric's bread-for-lilies proverb. What if I tried, not to sell whatever domestic skills I had, but to trade them — and for lilies?

My first experiment in barter came when I ran into Ellen Dale at the supermarket. Since Ellen and her husband, Roger, are full-time

professional craftsmen (she is a weaver, he an accomplished silversmith), I wasn't surprised to see that her cart was empty except for two unimaginative food packages. She gestured ruefully. "Now there's a menu I'll bet you never served!"

The remark stuck in my mind. I had often dreamed of getting some of Ellen's hand-loomed woollens.

A little afraid of being ridiculous, I stopped by the Dales' studio. "Would you consider swopping? Two yards of this fabric and I'll pay you in pastry?"

To my delight, they were enthusiastic. I could have any material I choose. In return they would gratefully accept any home cooking.

They set what they considered a fair price on their cloth. (I've found that, in swopping, people are inclined to be generous.)

The wool was paid for by the time Eric proudly wore his new jacket to work.

The arrangement is now in its second year. Ellen and Roger claim they've never been so well fed, and I now have such a collection of woollens and silver that I've been able to swop a sterling pin for a ceramic platter.

The first venture in barter has led to a whole new way of life. Sometimes the exchange is a simple tit-for-tat, like my baby-sitting agreement with a neighbor.

One evening a week I take

my mending to her house while she and her husband go to a movie. She gives me one evening in return.

I've tutored a child who had reading trouble in return for a course in ballet lessons for my daughter.

I've traded houseplants, small shrubs, and perennials for the carpentering services of a neighbor.

I've swopped preserves for pottery and typing service for a thoroughbred pup.

I've bartered my way to leisure — an extra pair of hands to help sweep, scrub, polish, and mop.

Almost as a lark, I put an ad in the local paper. "You clean and I'll cook. Mother of three will provide good meals in return for help with house."

Big response

The response was amazing. Applicants ranged from a professional charwoman to a university student. We chose the student as most likely to fit in with our household.

In return for dinner with us, and a lunch which she takes to school, our student takes over the children from 4.30 to 6 o'clock, picks up and puts away, or irons or cleans, then helps with the dishes and leaves us grateful and orderly every night.

Thus I have improved the way we live, discovering the great satisfaction of doing things I enjoy doing and being rewarded for them.

To you and your family—Here's good health!

BACKACHE

When your body calls for help!



RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, MUSCLE AND JOINT PAINS.

Feel well again! Feel free from crippling pain! Thousands have proved there's no need to suffer simply because of sluggish kidneys. You can prove it too! De Witt's Pills stimulate your kidneys and flush out trouble-causing impurities. Special ingredients bring relief, help you move freely again and face life with a smile. A safe antiseptic corrects simple bladder infections, too.

Try De Witt's Pills for your trouble NOW! Enjoy a life free from rheumatism, backache, joint or muscle pains. Remember — within 24 hours of taking De Witt's you will see unmistakable evidence they are working on your kidneys.

De Witt's Pills



Down goes DeWitt's Antacid Powder... away goes indigestion, heartburn, flatulence! You too can forget digestive troubles when you take DeWitt's—always dependable. DeWitt's Antacid Powder has a triple action!

★ Firstly excess acid is quickly neutralised
★ Secondly, a protective layer is spread over the inflamed stomach lining.

★ Thirdly, an important ingredient—aluminum hydroxide gives prolonged relief. Wonderful relief—settled stomach—enjoy eating without 'suffering afterwards', thanks to the seven carefully balanced ingredients in DeWitt's Antacid Powder. Suits all ages.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN HANDY TABLET FORM

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER



*'Of course I used it
in New York'*



*'Everyone colors their hair with
Polycolor overseas—and now we're all
doing it here. (There's never been
anything like it!)*

so easy Polycolor colors, conditions and cleans — a complete beauty treatment in minutes. No messy liquid — Polycolor's Cream won't drip or run — won't stain your scalp.



so sure Polycolor gives even coverage all over — glorious conditioned color that lasts a month or more — fades out gradually, evenly. Blends in greying hair — no retouching is necessary.

so many colors With Polycolor you can choose from 20 shades to enliven your natural color, darken your present color or create highlights or fashionable tones. No other cream shampoo gives such a choice!



INTERNATIONALLY SENSATIONAL POLY COLOR CREAM SHAMPOO Pastel HAIR COLOR \$1.05 (10/6)

POLYHINT for those with grey hair . . .
Pauline Reynolds (Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor) says: Grey hair's no problem with Polycolor. If you've just a sprink-

ling of grey, use Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel to blend the grey hairs in with your own natural color. If you're predominantly grey, Polycolor Permanent Cream

Hair Color in the black and red box is for you—it's a permanent hair color in a range of completely natural shades to bring back an exciting, youthful look. You can use

Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel to extend the period between permanent coloring treatments by blending-in the regrowth without color build-up. If you have any hair problems

or would like advice on hair beauty in general, write me, enclosing a hair sample if possible, care of:
Poly Hair Cosmetics, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 1, 1966

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● It's on again! Someone is now suggesting that we all must stop calling teenagers teenagers and think up some other name to call them by. It always astonishes me that people think they can alter things or attitudes by altering the names for them.

TAKE the word migrant, for instance, a perfectly good English word dating back to 1672 (I didn't know that, I looked it up) that accurately describes the people to whom it's applied.

After the migration scheme had been running for a few years "migrant" was suddenly discovered to be an unpleasant word, and somebody thought up the rather prissy and patronising title New Australian.

Now that that word has been current for a few years it has gathered about it some unpleasant associations (there are some migrants of poor character, and there are some Australians with an unpleasant attitude to people born elsewhere, and these are the things which give rise to the bad associations), and from time to time people agitate for a new name to be found for people who migrate from their birthplace to Australia.

What happens if a new name is found? Obviously all the old ideas and the old attitudes, good and bad, move over *holus-bolus* and take over the new name, so that nobody's any better off than when he started.

The same thing has happened with old people. Sorry, senior citizens. I hope I live to be an old woman — old, old, old. But I DON'T want to be a senior citizen. Since people have such a passion for tacking on feminine endings they'll probably have gone a step further by then, and they'll try to turn me into a senior citizeness.

"Middle-aged" is another term nobody seems to like to apply to anyone but an enemy. Personally I've got no objection to it.

If I double my present age the answer adds up to a figure that would represent a very ripe old age, so it's difficult to escape the conclusion that the present must be round the middle.

OK, so I'm middle-aged and I don't care, but I do hate the coy substitutes for the word: the mature woman, the older woman (older than WHO, for heaven's sake), the not-so-young.

Should people object to being "people"?

THE expert on adolescent affairs who is currently objecting to use of the word teenager says, "The danger in such a word as teenager is that it is a collective term and groups young people under the one heading."

If people start objecting to collective terms, communication's going to become very difficult. For instance, parents should object to being called parents—that's a collective term. We all should object to the terms men and women, voters, taxpayers (well, we do object, don't we?), listeners, readers, viewers.

Come to think of it, people should even object to being called people. People is very definitely a collective term, and some people are highly unpleasant, not to say dangerous and criminal.

So why should everyone be lumped together under a collective term that has so many unpleasant associations, and that . . . yah, it's too silly!

Teenagers, if they object to the term—I'm sure they don't—can take comfort from the fact that teenagery, by its very nature, is a short-term thing. Soon they can stop being teenagers. But poor old us, we have to go on being people for ever and ever.

A smile a day for the White House

I LOVED the newspaper account of the activities of the National Laugh Party of America. The party has petitioned President Johnson to employ a court jester at the White House in order to ease international tensions.

They also want to have a jester in attendance on Capitol Hill, Washington, to tell a joke or two each day in both Houses of Congress immediately after the opening prayers.

It might be very difficult to hit on the right sort of joke to amuse everybody on both sides of the House, but

no more difficult, I suppose, than the court jester's job in other centuries.

He had to be funny all the time. He had to be funny to order at a moment's notice, whenever his king felt like being amused, and he had to be careful what he was funny about, because if he went too far he was quite likely to lose his life instead of just his job.

The National Laugh Party of America is the brainchild of Mr. George Q. Lewis, who also dreamed up the idea, in 1943, of having a National Laugh Week. Laugh Week for 1966 has just ended. It included displays of a hundred

years of American humor and a joke-telling contest. Mr. Lewis is also head of the National Laugh Foundation. They have a lobbyist in Washington to bring the foundation's opinions to the notice of congressmen. Lobbyist is comedy writer Jim Atkins, who says sadly, "Laughmaking is commonly ignored when culture is discussed."

The Laugh Party's big objective in the next year is to get their candidate elected Governor of New York State.

Their candidate is 36-year-old salesman Kenny Burke, described as "the world's funniest unknown comic." Good luck to him. It seems rather a sad thing to be!

Forget those sticky spillable cough syrups!



Pholcogel, the unique non-spill jelly is here!

When coughs come round this winter, use new Pholcogel: the quick-acting cough suppressant in a tube. Squeeze the tube, and out comes a good-tasting jelly that stops coughs in next to no time. Knock the tube over, and out comes nothing at all . . . new Pholcogel can't spill. Kids love the raspberry flavour too. Ask your chemist for new Pholcogel. It costs just 96 cents.

Pholcogel
Non-spill cough suppressant

REGD. TRADE MARK

PP4 314

Modern plastic tube with self-standing top.

For such a thin hand, it was very warm. "How do you do?"

"Fine, thank you."

Engel released her hand and went back to the drink.

"Fine, that is," she went on, "all things considered. My bereavement and all."

Engel set the completed drink up on the bar in front of her. "Bereavement? What bereavement?"

"Well, that's actually part of what I was going to tell you. It's all part of the same thing." Long, pale fingers closed around the glass, lifted it to scarlet lips. "Mmmm. You do have the touch."

Engel was making a fresh drink for himself now, a much simpler process. "You've had a bereavement?" he said, trying to get her back on the subject.

"Yes." A wistful, sad, forlorn

Continued from page 36

look came into her eyes. She tapped the long nails of her left hand on the bar just once, in a ripple, as though expressing the finish of something. "My husband," she said. "He died quite suddenly yesterday."

"Oh. I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yes. It was quite a shock. So sudden, so terrible, and so unnecessary."

"Unnecessary?"

"Yes. He was hardly an old man. Fifty-two. He should have had years and years of life ahead of—I'm sorry, I'll be all right in a minute."

A small white lace handkerchief had appeared in her hand and tears in the corners of her eyes.

She touched them away, shook her head slightly as though upset with herself for having thus given in to emotion, and took a strong swallow of her scotch sour. "It's such a terrible thing," she said.

Engel was calculating. The husband had been fifty-two, and he by now doubted the wife could be more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. He said, "What was it, a heart attack?"

"No. An accident. One of those stupid . . . Well, there's no point going over and over it, it's happened and there's an end to it."

"You said," Engel reminded her, "that I'd killed him. That's how you sicked the cops on me."

"I don't know what came over

me when I did that," she said, and looked lost and bewildered. She touched the back of her hand to her brow.

"I had come to see Mr. Merriweather," she said, as though recounting something sad that had happened long, long ago in the dim past, "to talk about the details of the funeral. Of course, my mind was full of thoughts about my husband and how stupidly unnecessary his death had been—a kind of murder, in a way, murder by Fate, by Destiny, what you will—we never know what life has in store for us around the next corner."

"Merriweather," Engel suggested. "You'd come to see him about the funeral."

"Yes. And then, seeing him lying there actually murdered, not by Fate but by some person, I suppose I just snapped."

"You snapped," said Engel.

"That must have been it," she was saying. "You were there, and I got all confused with Destiny, and poor Mr. Merriweather mixed with my husband, and just everything all confused."

"I'll say."

"I passed out—well, you know that—but when I came to I believe I was no longer in my right mind. It seemed to me somehow that I was my husband's murderer. I can still remember what I was thinking and how possible and natural and right it seemed at the time. Murray had been murdered, and in my mind's eye I saw the face of his murderer, and it was you."

"Just because I happened to be there," said Engel.

"Yes. It was just another accident." A shadow crossed her face at the words, but then she shook her head and went on: "As soon as I regained consciousness, I tottered away to seek help, and when I saw you standing there by the door . . . I said what I did." Confusion shone in her face now and embarrassment. "I'm sorry."

Engel said, "You explained this to the police."

"Oh, yes. They were angry at first, but finally they said they understood how it could have happened."

"You talked to Deputy-Inspector Callaghan?"

"Not in person, no. On the telephone. He was still on his way to Headquarters when I left."

"Excuse me one second," Engel said. "I got to make a phone call."

"Certainly."

Engel came out from behind the bar, crossed the room to the phone and dialled Horace Stamford again.

WHEN Stamford came on, Engel identified himself and said, "The machine we talked about before. Has it started operating yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Then cancel."

Stamford asked no questions. Accuracy was his forte, not knowledge. "Will do," he said.

Engel hung up. "Business," he said.

"Gangster business, I suppose. She looked at him appraisingly, a friendly smile on her lips. "It's hard for me to think of you—"

She was interrupted by the sound of the fawn's afternoon chime. Her eyes widened, and she said, "I can't be found here!"

"What? Why?"

"Murray's sisters! They'll try to break the will, anyway, I know the will, bringing up a lot of ancient history, trying to smear me, tell lies about me, insinuations, you know the kind of thing." The fawn announced his afternoon again, making her rush: "If I'm found here, the day after Murray died, in the apartment of a strange bachelor—"

"In back," Engel told her. "Hide in the bedroom. Or the office back there, the little room with the soundproofing, that'd be best."

"Oh, bless you! You're so kind."

Once Engel could no longer see or hear her, he headed for the front door. On the way it occurred to him this could very well be Dolly, and if it was and she was insistent it could lead to complications he didn't much care to think about. Thinking about them, anyway, he opened the door.

It wasn't Dolly, but it might better have been Dolly. Even Dolly would have been better than Deputy-Inspector Callaghan.

"OK, mug," said Deputy-Inspector Callaghan, "let's you and me talk."

"Sure," said Engel. "Come in."

But Callaghan was already in, crossing the foyer toward the inner room. Engel shut the door and followed him, saying, "I was just about to leave, you know that? I was on my way down to see you."

Callaghan turned on Engel's fish-eye that made Nick Rovito's look

To page 44

Infraphil deep heat soothes away pain



Deep-penetrating infra-red heat. That's the secret of Infraphil's superb therapeutic action. A series of concentric rings on the lens direct its healing, soothing rays deep down below the skin into the muscle tissue. Blood vessels dilate and stimulate the circulation, bringing genuine relief where it's needed most. That's why Philips new Infraphil is invaluable in the treatment of rheumatism, lumbago, aches and pains, bruises, strains, boils, chilblains and other complaints. Infraphil really gets deep down to the seat of the trouble. At only \$16.80 (£8.8.0), it's the finest, most convenient source of infra-red healing you can have.



Other treatments may give only temporary relief because they only penetrate surface tissues.

Only genuine Infraphil rays penetrate into muscle tissue, stimulate blood flow, promote deep healing.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1966

Collectors' Corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers some readers' inquiries about their unusual antiques.



• Ornamental vase

I OWN a pair of bronze vases which came originally from England. I would like to know their history. There appears to be a carving of Queen Victoria on the front and on the handle is an outline of what I think may be one of her ministers. — Mrs. Olive M. Whelan, Matamoras, N.Z.

Your vases (one of which is shown above) are late-Victorian over-shaped ornaments and date about 1890. The decoration is typical of the period. The mask heads are purely ornamental and do not depict any one person.

TWENTY years ago I received a small silver casket as a present. It is 2½ in. by 1½ in. and stands about 1½ in. high on four small feet. The workmanship is truly lovely. The lid has a design of scrolls and flowers around a woman holding a basket in her arms. A small girl hangs on her skirt while a youth sits on a seat decked with flowers. The work stands out in relief. What intrigues me most are the number of hallmarks on the casket. On the base are what appear to be the initials "L.L." cut into the metal, a circle, a lion with the letter "P" and an oval shield with the letter "F," and a leopard's head.

When the hinged lid of the box is open there are also marks around the rim. An "F" in a circle with what could be "VP" or "VR," the figures 930, a small key, a shield with lion rampant and R8 over a 2 are all clearly defined.

Perhaps you may be able to identify the casket for me. — J. Webb, Wangan Hills, W.A.

Your small silver casket, of Continental design, was made in Holland. The letter "F," which appears in an oval shield, indicates that the box was imported into England — "F" standing for foreign. Before the box could be resold in England it had to be re-assayed at the Goldsmith's Hall, London. This was to make sure that the box was of sterling quality silver. It was then stamped with the London hallmarks.

You do not indicate the type of letter "P" or the shape of the shield. If the "P" is in an oblong shield, with the corners of the upper section being cut off and the lower section of the shield being inverted, then the box was hallmarked in London in 1910. If the "P" is in a shield with a rounded base, then the casket would have been produced in 1890.

I OWN a lovely jug, cup, and saucer, all of the same make and design. The china is very fine and light, with fluted sides and a handle in the form of a twisted rope. The brand is marked on the bottom — "Belleek" over a scroll and the words "C. Fermanach, Ireland." — Mrs. M. Parsons, Killybegs, N.S.W.

The Irish Belleek jug, cup, and saucer you describe were made after 1891. The mark described was used up to 1930. I cannot be more exact.

TWO pieces of china have been given to me. The cup and saucer, both unmarked, are of blue-and-white pattern. The second item, a tobacco jar of greenish-brown glass, is barrel-shaped. It was used by my grandmother's great-aunt, who always smoked a pipe. — Mrs. Isabel Ticehurst, Cairns, Qld.

Your attractive porcelain cup and saucer is an interesting example of Caughley and dates about 1780-5. The Caughley or Falopian works near Broseley, Shropshire, was founded by Thomas Turner in 1775. Blue-and-white underglaze decoration, in emulation of the famous Dr. Wall Worcester production and those of oriental wares, was often used. Coalport's John Rose took over the works in 1799. The jar is mid-Victorian.

THIS pair of potpourri bowls have been in my family's possession for at least three generations. Could you please tell me when and where they were made? They are white porcelain and feature what appears to be hand-painted gold decoration on them. — Gordon Oxenham, Griffith, N.S.W.

These fine porcelain "potpourri" vases (one of which is shown at right) were made at the Worcester works. They bear the standard printed mark which was used from 1876-1891. The registered number which occurs on your examples as well is a design registration number which is found on wares dating from 1884, commencing with "Rd No. 1" (registered in January, 1884). "Rd No. 101230" was recorded in 1888.



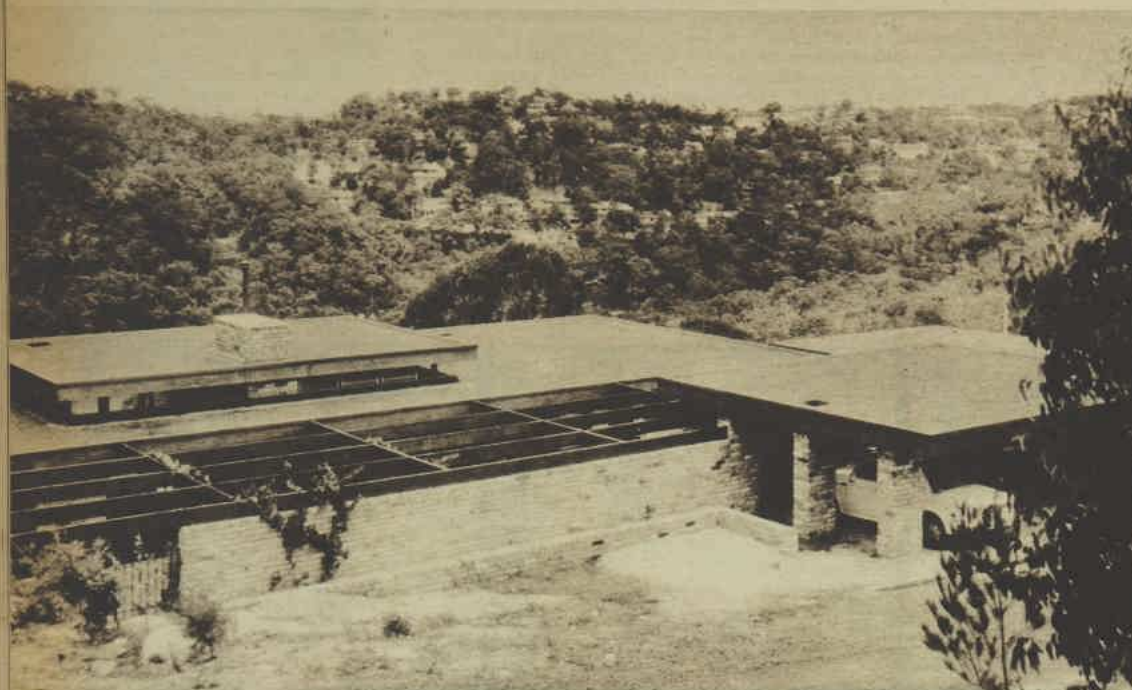
• Worcester porcelain



This feeling could only be Johnson's

The world's best talc gives you the world's best feeling: Johnson's. Best for baby, best for you. Johnson & Johnson

OPEN PLAN—CLOSED FACE

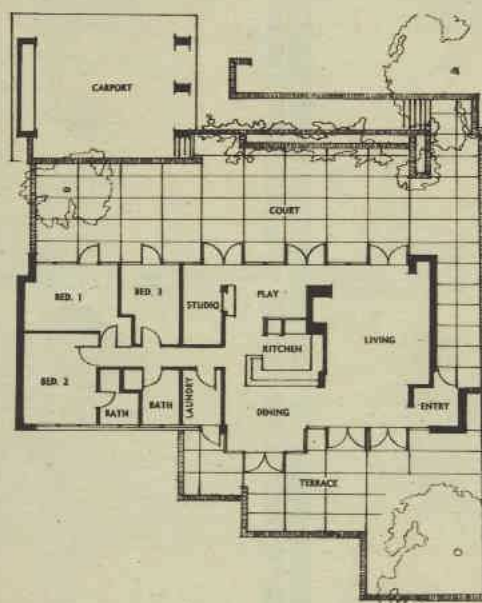


FRONT EXTERIOR of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Riddell's house at Castle Cove, N.S.W., shows how roof-high courtyard wall gives complete privacy. Roof has gravel surface.



SOUTH END of living-room (above) and dining section enjoy lovely bush and water views. Timber-framed clerestory gives extra light, heightens inner ceiling. Handmade Indian rugs are warm contrast to sandstock brick wall and the colored concrete floor.

SUN MOTIF above fireplace (right), made from scrap metal by Mrs. Riddell's brother-in-law, dominates northern end of living-room wall. Mrs. Riddell's mother spun yarn for sailors' socks during World War II on the spinning-wheel.



● Behind the high wall which screens it from the street, living flows smoothly from indoors to outdoors in this sandstock brick house designed by architect Bruce Rickard for Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Riddell, of Castle Cove, N.S.W.

THIS 15-square house is essentially simple in concept—flat-roofed, rectangular, and built mainly of unpainted sandstock bricks and natural timbers.

A bedroom wing, with three bedrooms and two bathrooms, takes up part of the rectangle. The remainder of the house, comprising a kitchen surrounded by sitting-room, dining-room, and other functional areas, is virtually one large space.

To increase the feeling of flowing space, walls of glass doors open this living area to the outdoors, on the south to a terrace and a delightful view of bush and an arm of Middle Harbor, on the north to a sunny courtyard.

The living area has no conventional windows. Light comes from the glass doors and from a clerestory.

"I feel very free in this house," said Mrs. Riddell. "I can walk through the entire living area without opening or closing a door, and I never feel shut in because I can step straight out to garden or courtyard."

This courtyard, measuring 60ft. by 16ft. and screened from the street by a high wall, utilises an area most

people turn into an exposed and often unusable front garden.

"We use the courtyard constantly," said Mrs. Riddell, "for sunbaking, for informal meals, and entertaining. It's also a safe play area for the children. The eldest of the three is only five. Their bedrooms also open on to it so they can fetch their toys without tramping through the house."

A redwood pergola throws decorative bars of shadow along the courtyard's flagged paving. A recently planted ornamental grapevine will provide summer shade.

Mr. and Mrs. Riddell have also planted a white wisteria on the outer side of the screen wall to provide a soft contrast to the bricks and to the iron entrance gates.

Inside the house the main brick walls are unpainted.

"At first I thought I'd dislike bare bricks inside," said Mrs. Riddell. "Now I love their warm reds and pinks. They're childproof, too."

Because of its open design, the house is cool in summer. It is also warm in winter. A large, open fireplace, built into one wall of the sitting-room section behind the central kitchen, warms the whole living area.

"We're never short of fuel," said Mrs. Riddell. "We gather wood from the bush below the house."

Timber, mainly redwood, is used extensively, particularly for built-in storage units.

The redwood walls dividing the kitchen from the dining and play areas are fully utilised for storage. For example, the refrigerator is set into the kitchen side of one wall, and on the other side is a built-in buffet unit.

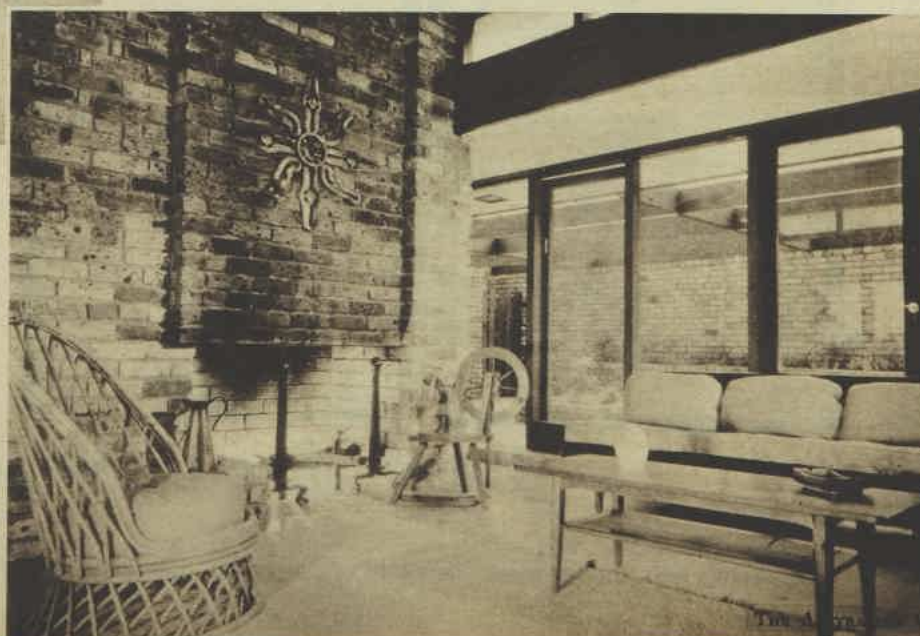
Built-in bookshelves in the living area provide attractive display space for books and pottery.

The architect has given special attention to artificial lighting. There is not one exposed light. Strip lights in the kitchen are concealed beneath cupboards and shelves. Outside lights are hidden in glass-covered recesses in the broad eaves.

In the living area, globe set in box-like sections of the built-in shelves throw a soft light just where it is needed—above chairs and writing desk, for example.

Bedroom lights are in similar box sections in the shelves above the beds.

— ENNIS HONEY





INFORMAL AREA (below) between kitchen (behind timber wall) and courtyard is ideal for coffee breaks or children's indoor play. Concrete floor is suitable for wheeled toys, which can be stored in niche behind table. Entry to bedrooms is at left of bookshelf above painting.

COURTYARD, sheltered by brick walls, fronts living-room, kitchen, children's rooms, is a winter suntrap. Ornamental grapevine will cover redwood pergola for summer shade. Cane stools on flagging (done by Mr. Riddell) are Chinese. Lights are set into broad eaves.

● HOUSE of the WEEK

COLORFUL bedspreads (right) made by Mrs. Riddell, toys and painted chairs blend with warm tones of bricks and redwood in children's bedroom, which has direct access to safe courtyard play area. Box section in built-in bookshelves conceals light. Mrs. Riddell's sister made applique wall-hanging near door.



CENTRAL KITCHEN (left) receives ample daylight from clerestory and artificial light from fluorescent strips above working surfaces. Mrs. Riddell can see over redwood walls, which are also storage units. Other kitchen cupboards are Tasmanian blackwood.

Pictures by staff photographers Barry Cullen and Ron Berg.

almost pleasant. "I know," he said. "I'm sure of that. That's why I came over, to save you the trouble."

"No trouble, Inspector. You want a drink?"

"Not on duty." He sighed and took his hat off and tossed it on the sofa, where it couldn't have looked more out of place. "All right," he said. "Let's start the song and dance."

"What song and dance is that?"

"Where you tell me it's all a case of mistaken identity, I must have got you mixed up with some other guy, you weren't near any funeral parlors at all today. Then you come up with the alibi you worked up for yourself, two or three guys you talked to on the phone before I got here."

Engel took great pleasure in being able to say, "If you mean when you and all those other cops chased me out of Merriweather's grief parlor today, that's what I wanted to come down and talk to you about."

Continued from page 40

Callaghan's jaw very obligingly dropped three feet. "You admit it?"

"Well, sure I admit it. And I admit I don't know how I got away, either. I ran down that alley and through that door and out the other side, and I was halfway down the next block before I realised you weren't chasing me any more."

Callaghan's jaw climbed back up and arranged itself into a smug smile. He was obviously pleased to see that Engel was going to do at least some lying; it restored Callaghan's faith in human nature. He said, "So. You didn't bar that door at the end of the alley, eh?"

"Bar the door? What with?"

"And you didn't knock a lot of full oil drums down in the way of the door, either, is that it?"

"Oil drums? I thought I heard something fall down

behind me, but I didn't look back to see what it was."

"Of course not. And you didn't back a truck into the other end of the alley, either, have I got that straight?"

"Back a truck? What truck? Where did I get a truck from?"

Callaghan nodded. "For a minute there," he said, "I thought one of us had gone crazy. But it's all right, you're talking straight again."

"I'll always talk straight to you, Inspector."

"Yeah? Then maybe you'll tell me how come you ran."

"Because you chased me," Engel said. "Anybody'd run, they see a hundred cops chasing them."

"Not if you had a clear conscience."

"That's afterward," Engel told him. "Afterward is when you say to yourself, 'What the hell, I didn't do anything.' But right at the time, all those cops chasing you, a

woman says you bumped off her husband, all you do is run."

"And I'll tell you why," Callaghan said. "Because you didn't know who that woman was, that's why. You didn't know if she was the wife of somebody you killed or not. You've done at least one killing recently, maybe more, and you let me know it when you ran away."

"Then why didn't I keep on running?"

Callaghan gave him a crooked smile. "Mind if I use your phone? To help answer the question."

"Go ahead."

"Thanks," Callaghan made the word heavily ironic. He went over to the phone, dialled, identified himself, asked for someone named Percy, and when Percy came on the wire said, "Who talked to that Kane woman? Ask him did she ask any questions about Engel, where

he lived, who he was, anything like that. Right, I'll hold on."

Engel went over to the chair where the Kane woman had first sat. So far as he could see he was in the clear with the law, unless Callaghan wanted to make something out of the Merriweather murder, but if he did he surely would have mentioned something about it now. So Engel, incurious, just sat and waited.

CALLAGHAN, after a moderately long silence, said, "Yeah? She did? That's fine." He grinned crookedly over the phone, said so long, hung up, and turned to Engel. "Now I'll answer your question," he said. "You stopped running, and you decided not to set up an alibi for yourself, because the Kane woman came here and told you she'd been to Headquarters to tell her story and get you off the hook."

"She did?" "Yes, she did. She got your address from one of our boys at Headquarters, because she said she wanted to send you a letter and apologise. But she didn't send you a letter, she came here in person, straight from headquarters."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yeah, that's a fact." Callaghan pointed toward the bar. "She had a drink while she was here, there's the glass. She probably left just before I got here."

"Fancy that."

Callaghan said, "That's the trouble with you punks, you all think you're smart, smarter than anybody, and all the same you're nothing but stupid. Stupid."

Callaghan pointed a knobby finger at Engel. "You were stupid today," he said. "You let me know there was something to look for. You let me know you've done at least one killing recently. Now I start looking. You think I won't find what I'm looking for?"

"That's what I think, all

right," said Engel. "I don't kill people, I'm not the type. I got spooked today, that's all, just the way anybody would in a situation like that."

"I'll get the goods on you, Engel, don't you think I won't. I'll remember that business about the alley a long, long time."

"Why not set me up for the Merriweather killing?" Engel asked him, pushing the subject because he wanted to know why Callaghan hadn't mentioned it.

Callaghan said, "I wish I could, but the timing's off. We know to the minute when Merriweather was killed, and it was before you were even inside the front door. I'm your alibi on that killing."

"What do you mean, you know to the minute when he was killed?"

"What do you care for?" Engel cared because the Merriweather killing was, he was convinced, connected somehow with the missing Charlie Brody and his missing suit, but what he said was, "It's a provocative statement, that's all. You say you know to the minute when he was killed, and it was when you and I were out front, so it's a provocative statement. I've got a natural curiosity about how come you know to the minute when he was killed."

Callaghan said, "He was talking on the phone. He said, 'There's someone at the door, I'll call you back.' Then he broke the connection. The party he was talking to had something to say to him right away, and dialled his number again, and got a busy signal. The reason for that is, when he was stabbed he knocked the phone off his desk and the receiver came off the hook."

"So he was killed between the time he hung up and the time the fellow he was talking to finished dialling again and got the busy signal, which is about a minute, and this fellow knows what time that minute was because he was late for an appointment and looking at his watch the same time he was dialling."

To page 48

**now
spray
your oven
clean**
**in just a few
easy minutes!**



**NO HARD WORK
NON-CAUSTIC
NO GLOVES**



PATENT PENDING

easier! faster! efficient!



Spray "easy to see" foam on warm oven.



Leave 5-10 minutes, for grease to dissolve.



Wipe out with damp cloth.

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far quicker & easier than anything you have ever used

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HS16

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• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"DONNA." — This smart frock is available either in short- or three-quarter-sleeve style in gold and charcoal or red and charcoal tweed wool frocking.

SHORT SLEEVE:
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$13.35 (£6/13/6); 36 and 38in. bust, \$13.55 (£6/15/6).

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents (6/-) extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 52. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



The 1 lb. automatic wash.

Consider how pointless it all is.

In response to your requests for automatic washers that will hold more clothes, we have been making them bigger and bigger.

The cost of running them has been rising too.

So now, you can get a washer that will hold twelve pounds of clothes and wash them beautifully. But it uses so much water, hot-water, time and electricity, that you have to wash anything under about six pounds in the handbasin or laundry tub.



(While your big, expensive washer looks on and laughs at you.)

Well, at General Electric, we have made the large washing machine laugh on the other side of its face. We invented a system that lets you wash 1 lb. of clothes in a 12 lb. automatic without wasting water, hot-water, time, electricity or anything.

It is a special low-water cycle on the dial, and a small basket which you fit inside the big basket whenever you have a small load. We call it Mini-Wash.

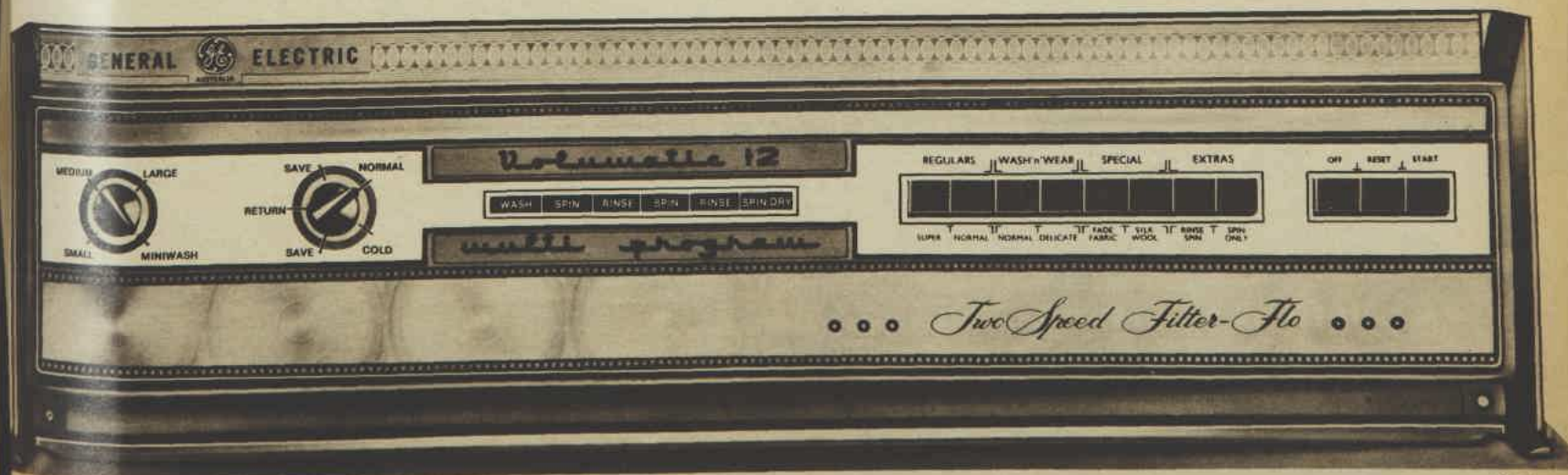
It is a 1 lb. automatic wash.

You will find Mini-Wash on the new General Electric automatics on display at your appliance store. If your present washer is standing-by and laughing at you every time you hand-wash a small load, why don't you trade it in on a new G.E.?



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Progress is our most important product.





Sue Murray,
Home Economist of the
Australian Dried Fruits
Association.

SUE MURRAY'S

pork capricorn

A very easy "special occasion"
dish, that will make guests talk
about your cooking in the most
flattering way.

Here's what you need

1 lb. boned pork (cheaper cut)
1 small green pepper
1 small red pepper
1 medium onion
1 medium sized carrot
fat or oil for frying
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white vinegar
cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock
3 tablespoons soya sauce
3 tablespoons cornflour
1 cup Raisins
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup pineapple pieces
1 frypan

Here's what you do

Step 1 Cut the pork into 1" cubes.

Step 2 Chop the peppers into neat lengths and thinly slice the onion. Finely cut the carrot into thin strips about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " long.

Step 3 Quickly fry the pork in fat until evenly browned. Reduce heat and remove excess fat from pan.

Step 4 To the pork add the prepared pepper, onion, carrot and the vinegar and sugar. Pour in the stock and simmer pork until tender.

Step 5 Dissolve the cornflour in a little cold water and add to thicken pork mixture.

Step 6 Lastly add the soya sauce, Raisins and pineapple pieces. Simmer for 5 minutes and keep hot for serving.

Note: All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup, and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.



PREHISTORIC TREES

By ALLAN SEALE

GINKGO, the maidenhair tree, dates back to the paleozoic era. It turns a glorious butter-yellow in autumn, and local councils are using it increasingly for street plantings.



ONE of our most interesting trees is the Ginkgo biloba or, as it is sometimes known, the maidenhair tree.

Not only is the ginkgo a beautiful foliage tree but is a direct link back into an era of prehistoric plant life.

Through the ages, plants have gradually evolved from primitive, single-

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celled organisms that multiplied by simple cell division, to the highly developed plants of this age, with male and female flowers or flower parts to produce seed for their regeneration.

The mosses and ferns represent an intermediate stage between the primitive and highly developed plants. These have no flowers, but reproduce their kind from spore bodies.

Plant fossils indicate that flowering ferns existed in the first geological era, and apparently were a major component of the vegetation forming the coal seams.

Most of these prehistoric plants have long since disappeared from our planet, except a few ancient links such as the cycad palms and the ginkgo.

Nurserymen usually catalogue ginkgo under conifers, as they are closely related to this family.

The conifers embrace pines, cypress, and junipers. Botanically they belong to a less advanced class than most other trees and shrubs, as they produce only naked seed. Unlike higher plants, their flowers are primitive, without the usual pistil and stigma (ovary) enclosing the ovary.

The ginkgo is still more primitive as the embryo seed is developed and may even fall to the ground before it is fertilised.

The common name, maidenhair tree, aptly describes the ginkgo, as its foliage resembles a giant leaflet of maidenhair fern, fan-shaped, crimped and thickened at the edges, and partly divided by a cleft in the margin.

Ginkgos are deciduous. Spring and summer growth is a silky green, turning delightful butter-yellow in autumn.

They are at their best in cool to temperate climates, and adapt to a wide range of soils, succeeding even in badly drained, sedge areas and in smoky industrial centres where many other plants do not survive.

Growth is slow. Their ultimate height depends on climate and conditions. One in France is over 100ft. high, but it is also well over a hundred years old. Another in Sydney Botanic Gardens is only half this height at a similar age, but an average growth rate would be about a foot each year.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

For a time the ginkgo was known as salisburia, but the present name, of Chinese origin, was readopted when records confirmed that this was the original one. There are no native stands of ginkgo left in the world today. All known trees are cultivated.

They have been used extensively in Eastern countries, particularly Japan. Most of the large, established trees used to landscape the Tokyo Olympic Games site were ginkgos. These were 15 to 30ft. high when transplanted in traditional Japanese style complete with straw and paper wrappings left on trunks and limbs.

A fanned shape

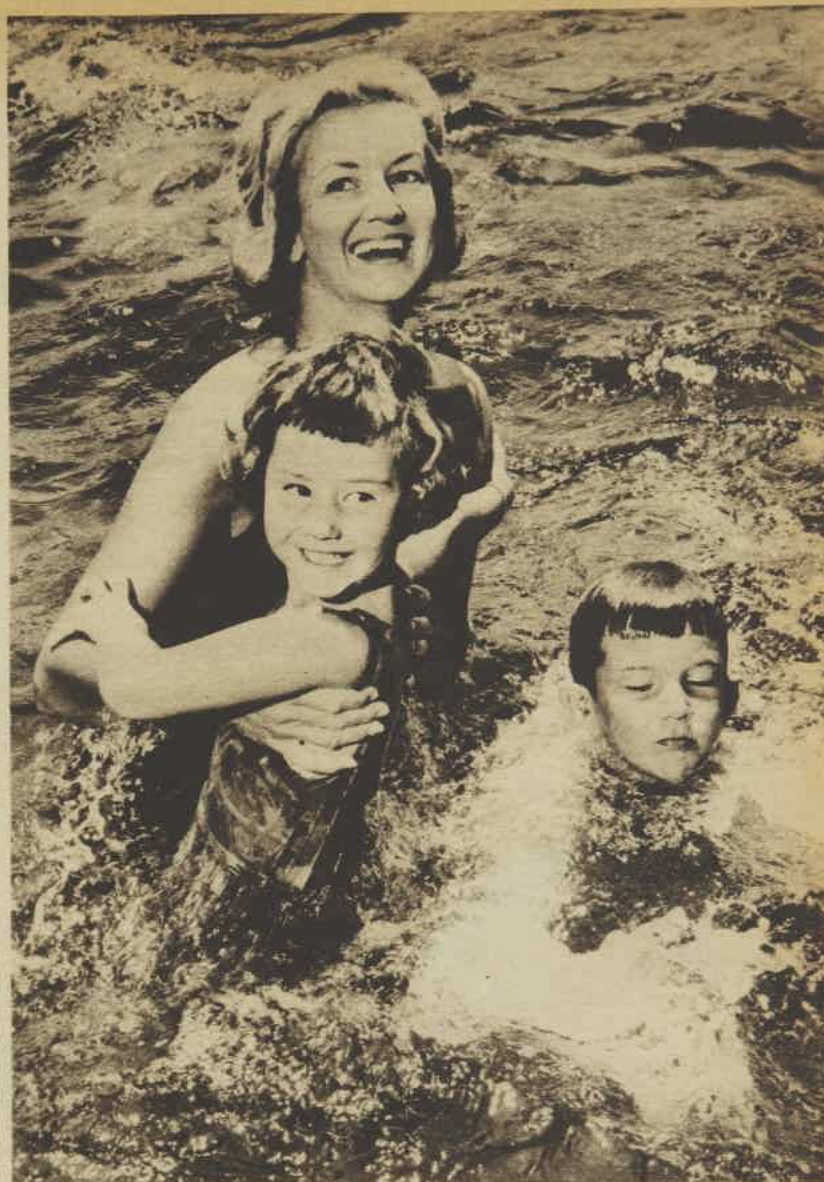
For the first 10 to 15 years the ginkgo makes an upright or conical growth. Mature trees are inclined to develop a broader or fanned shape.

The dawn redwood (*Metasequoia glyptostroboides*) is another ancient tree, but is of a later era than the ginkgo. As the name suggests, it is the forerunner of the giant redwoods (*sequoias*) of California.

This tree, identified and named from a fossil as late as 1945, was believed to have been extinct for about 2000 years. Then a year or two later, a forester discovered it growing in western China. Now it has found its way into Australian gardens.

The dawn redwood's foliage is soft and fernlike, rich green in spring and summer, turning to a coppery-salmon in autumn, and deciduous in winter. Unlike the ginkgo, its growth is rapid.

Although it appears a hardy, adaptable tree, it seems to grow best in moist soils, with a preference for temperate to cool areas. Growth is inclined to be more robust on the least shaded sides.



Pretty young mother Mrs. Marcia Frazer of Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W., is brimming with vitality, enjoys every moment of her busy life. Read about her All-Bran energy plan here!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more:

"Now it's fun keeping up with the children!"

A Full Life. Meet Marcia Frazer, a vital young housewife who fits about 25 hours' gay living into every day. Besides looking after her two small children, Mrs. Frazer loves to play tennis and swim, and despite her crowded day looks forward to entertaining in her lovely home. What is the source of all her energy? Marcia says it's her All-Bran! breakfast plan.

Her Energy Plan. "Now that I eat All-Bran, nothing seems to tire me. I always have plenty of energy," says Marcia. Yet 5 years ago she was feeling tired and listless, everything seemed to be too much trouble. "A friend suggested I try All-Bran," she recalls, "and in a week I felt absolutely wonderful . . . it was unbeliev-

able! Naturally I've kept on eating All-Bran, and have felt marvellously fit ever since. Just half a cup of crisp All-Bran each morning with some stewed fruit, or sprinkled over another Kellogg's cereal, that's my energy plan!"

How All-Bran for Breakfast helps You! All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's the safe natural way to maintain regularity. A crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital "bulk" your system must have to function properly.

When you enjoy All-Bran for breakfast you're helping to make sure of a balanced diet, helping yourself to new energy and vitality. Try it for yourself—prove how All-Bran can help you (like Marcia), enjoy life more.



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by far the nicest way to stay regular

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K984

"Who was he talking to?"
Callaghan frowned. "You ask a lot of questions. Get the habit from talking to cops?"

"You don't have to tell me," Engel said. "I was just curious, that's all, just making conversation."

"It was a fellow named Brock, Kurt Brock. Merriweather's assistant. Merriweather fired him yesterday, or laid him off, I couldn't get it straight which, and Brock was talking to him about coming back to work for him. When Merriweather hung up, Brock thought he was just giving him the brush-off, and he had a date to get to, so that's why he called back right away."

"Giving himself and me alibis," Engel said.

Callaghan said, "Sharp, aren't you? We checked that, and he's

Continued from page 44

alibied from the other end. His landlady knows he was there, and knows when he left. She's one of those landladies knows everything happens on the block."

Engel said, "So I'm in the clear." "I could make trouble for you if I wanted," Callaghan told him. "Malicious mischief, maybe, or obstructing a policeman in the performance of his duty. You committed about thirty-seven misdemeanors this afternoon, whether you know it or not. But I don't want you on any misdemeanor, that's the easy way out."

"Get you a fine, maybe thirty days in the Tombs if I'm lucky. You can shrug that off as just the price for a good story you can tell around the bars. No, what I want

you on is a felony, a big felony. Something that'll stick, and something that'll get you out of circulation for good. Something like murder one, say, that ought to do the trick."

"Sure," said Engel. "You have a lot of fun." He smiled, free and easy, because he knew for once he was clear and clean and safe. Callaghan would be looking for murders Engel had performed, and murder was just about the only felony Engel hadn't performed recently, so there wouldn't be anything out there for Callaghan to find but a wild goose and he was welcome to it.

"I'll be seeing you again," Callaghan said. "Don't leave town, in

the meantime, you may be a witness in the Merriweather case."

On that note Deputy-Inspector Callaghan left, taking his surly disposition with him. Engel shut the hall door after him and then went back through the living-room and deeper into the apartment. In the bedroom he said, softly, "All right, Mrs. Kane, it's safe now. He's gone."

There wasn't any answer.

Engel frowned. He looked in the soundproof room and it was empty. He looked in the bedroom cupboard and under the bedroom bed. He called, "Mrs. Kane? Mrs. Kane?" "Well, I'll be damned," he said to himself. "She's gone again."

How many Kurt Brocks could

there be? According to Engel's phone directories, one in Manhattan, none in Queens, two in Brooklyn, none in The Bronx. Total: three.

The Manhattan Kurt Brock was nearest, so Engel went to see him first. He wanted to talk to the Kurt Brock who'd been fired by Merriweather, because he wanted to know how long ago this firing had taken place. If Brock had been laid off before Charlie Brody's body was found at the grief parlor, nothing was to be said. If he wasn't laid off until more recently than that, there was a good chance he might know something Engel could use.

Kurt Brock number one lived at West 24th Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. The south side of that block was one long apartment building. Brock lived across a street from this monstrosity, in one of a row of identical elderly tenement buildings four storeys high, all converted to one- and two-room apartments.

The one Brock lived in had a thick iron fence across the front boundary. Engel pushed open the gate in this, crossed the slate path to the front door, and was about to step inside when a voice above him called, "Kurt! Kurt, did you remember the liquor store?"

Engel stepped back a pace and looked up. An amiable heavy-set middle-aged woman was looking down at him from a second-storey window. When she saw his face she stopped smiling, looked baffled for a second, and then said, "Oh, I'm sorry, thought you were Kurt."

"Kurt Brock?"

"Yes, that's right."

"He's the one I came to see. Isn't he home now?"

"He's gone to the supermarket. Down at the corner. He'll be back soon, why don't you sit down and wait?"

"Thank you."

He waited ten minutes, and the gate was pushed open by a tall slender young man with his arms full of grocery-store sacks. He was about Engel's height and slenderness, but looked to be half a dozen years younger, probably in his early twenties. He had black hair, deep piercing Mediterranean eyes, prominent cheekbones, sallow skin. All in all, vaguely decadent good looks as though he might have once upon a time been a gigolo.

ABOVE Engel's head the woman called, "Kurt! Did you remember the liquor store?"

"Right here." He waved a small brown paper-bag held in his right hand.

When he smiled up at the woman in the window his face softened, he looked much more pleasant and much less cynically worldly wise.

"There's a man here to see you," the woman called, presumably pointing down at the top of Engel's head.

The smile vanished at once, and Kurt Brock's face took on such a guarded, wary quality it was almost as though steel plates had been erected all around it. He came forward walking catlike, ready to leap in any direction, the armful of grocery sacks unfortunately spoiling the effect. "You wanted to see me."

"You're the Kurt Brock who worked for Augustus Merriweather?" Engel had begun the sentence as a question, midway through had thought better of it, and had finished it as a direct statement.

Brock's weariness lessened, replaced by feigned weariness. "You from the police again, I suppose?"

Engel made a head-and-hand motion that might have meant yes.

"I've already made a statement twice," Brock said. "Once on the phone, and once to two patrolmen who came around."

"Red tape," Engel explained, knowing it was an explanation that would satisfy anybody about anything official.

It satisfied Brock, who sighed, shrugged behind the grocery sacks, and said, "Very well. Come along upstairs."

"I'll carry one of those for you."

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Good things
come double,
like double-layer
KLEENEX* toilet tissue.

Double layers of softness. Double layers of absorbency. Double layers of flower-fresh pastel colours and pure white.



The only toilet tissue that's soft like Kleenex tissues

*Registered trade mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

Hints for the home

These hints for knitting, sewing, washing, cleaning, and other domestic jobs have been sent in by readers. Each wins \$2 prize.

VINEGAR is useful on washing day. A small amount of white vinegar in the rinsing water will remove any odor synthetic materials may have; ordinary brown vinegar (1 teaspoon to 1 pint) added when faded cottons are rinsed will brighten them. — Mrs. G. Austin, c/o Ellery Pde., Seaford, N.S.W.

To make shoulder pads which dry as quickly as the dress, use discarded nylon stockings. Cut off foot of each stocking, fold into 4in. or 5in. square, and place on 7in. square of material. Fold diagonally, stitch all round, and neaten edges with pinking shears. — R. Evans, Cross St., South Strathfield, N.S.W.

If you have slightly less knitting wool than the amount recommended in your pattern, you may be able to make it do by: 1. Slipping first stitch in every row (this saves an appreciable amount over whole garment). 2. Checking carefully the sleeve length in long-sleeved jumper or cardigan. Too long a cuff is a nuisance to wear as well as waste of wool. — Mrs. J. Cole, Caddens Rd., Orchard Hills, via Penrith, N.S.W.

Prevent a mattress from slipping by placing two pieces of foam rubber between bed wire and mattress — one at the bottom and the other at the top. It holds the mattress really firm. — Mrs. Z. McDonald, 27 Ormond Rd., Elwood S3, Vic.

Remove grease stains from table linen or clothing by rubbing them with dry cornflour. Do not wet the material. Roll up overnight. In the morning shake off cornflour and wash article in hot, soapy water. — Mrs. T. Scott, 599 Brunswick St., New Farm, Qld.

Use a bottle-brush instead of a dishcloth when washing electric or hand mix-beaters. It is easier and more effective. — Mrs. A. Winfield, Parkerville, W.A.

Cups and saucers stained by tea can be cleaned with laundry bleach. Use the bleach undiluted, in a glass or plastic bowl, and swab the article carefully, then rinse thoroughly. — Mrs. W. Lengren, Blackall Rd., Woombye, Qld.

You will have no trouble getting the fire going if, each morning, when cleaning and resetting the fireplace, you keep a few pieces of the charcoal and sprinkle them with kerosene. — Mrs. E. Wells, 32 Illawarra Rd., North Balwyn E9, Vic.

To clean crystal or cut-glass, rather a few drops of any good shampoo and rub over the article. Rinse well, then dry with a lint-free cloth or towel. This method is especially effective in removing the residue from crystal vases. — Miss L. M. Bensley, 7 Keevin St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

I attached seven dozen curtain rings to my new medium-weight curtains with the zig-zag attachment on my sewing machine, sewing them on the same way as buttons (without needle breaks). The job was done in a quarter of the usual time. — Mrs. D. J. Tipler, 9 Burong St., Mt. Eliza, Vic.

When washing woollens add a few drops of olive oil to the water. The oil helps stains to come out more easily, it softens the wool and replaces some of the natural oils lost by many washings. — Jenny Machin, "Kalora," Warra, Qld.

A stick of child's modelling clay will hold a plate or small ornament on a shelf. Roll clay into a soft ball, press it on the shelf or at back of cupboard, then press the plate into it. The clay will hold the plate perfectly firm. — Mrs. H. Ewart Gale, 12 Mawson St., Nailsworth, S.A.

APPLE FRITTERS
Six tablespoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 egg, pinch salt, approximately 5 tablespoons tepid water, 2 large cooking apples, little castor sugar, oil for frying.
Separate egg. Mix sifted flour and salt gradually with water. Beat in egg-yolk and oil until batter is smooth. Leave to stand at room temperature 2 hours. Peel, core, and slice apples, toss slices in sugar. Whisk egg-white until stiff and fold into batter, which should be consistency of thick cream. Dip prepared apple slices into batter, fry in deep, hot oil until golden. Drain and toss in sugar. Serve hot.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. E. Keane, 323 Waterworks Rd., Ashgrove, Qld.

Apple fritters win prize

Apple slices, tossed in sugar, coated with a feather-light batter, and fried, make the economical and delicious dessert that wins the \$10 prize.

CHERRY SQUARES
Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ cups self-raising flour.

Topping: One cup glace cherries, 2 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup coconut.

Pastry: Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Beat in egg-yolks. Sift flour and work into creamed mixture. Press into lightly greased lamington tin.

Topping: Chop cherries and spread over pastry. Beat egg-whites until stiff, adding sugar gradually. Beat until sugar dissolves. Fold in coconut and vanilla, spread over cherries.

Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes; cool in tin. Cut into squares to serve.

Consolation prize of \$2 to D. Robinson, 43 Banks Rd., Earlwood, N.S.W.

CITRUS CREAM DESSERT

Half cup cold water, 1½ teaspoons gelatine, 2 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup orange juice, 2 to 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, extra ¼ cup sugar.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve over moderate heat; cool. Beat egg-yolk, gradually beating in 1-3rd cup sugar. Beat until thick and lemon-colored. Stir in fruit juices and softened gelatine. Chill until slightly thickened.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in extra sugar. Continue beating until stiff. Fold into citrus mixture; chill until set. Serve topped with whipped cream.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. V. Robin, 15 Lindsay St., Griffith, A.C.T.



"Is there a hair tint that looks really natural?"

"I want a hair tint that conditions — as well as colours?"

"What about a hair tint that lasts at least 6 weeks?"

"Can a brown mouse go blonde? — discreetly?"

"And will it cover my grey hairs — effectively?"

"Yes!" Cyclax Creme Coleur does all this — and more!

Creme Coleur changes your hair colour naturally! Lightens or darkens. Colours grey — completely. And looks as natural as your own colour!

Creme Coleur colours your hair discreetly. At the same time creamy conditioners coax back bounce and beauty...leave your hair soft, glossy, marvellously manageable!

Is it simple to use? Easy as washing your hair!

Creme Coleur is a cream hair tint you just shampoo on: it won't drip, run or stain your skin. And it lasts as long as 6 weeks!

More? Creme Coleur performs all these wonders in twelve shimmering new shades — from glossy black through deep and fair browns and reds to a delicate ashy bleach. Only \$1.50 or 15/-

AT SELECTED STORES AND PHARMACIES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Cyclax



Things to make from ice-cream cans

● Directions for making the articles illustrated in color on pages 8 and 9.



SEWING BOX AND PINCUSHION

Materials required: ½yd. black and white check gingham, cottonwool for padding, red rose, strong adhesive glue.

Cut from the gingham one 21in. x 7in. strip, a circle with a 9in. diameter, one 42in. x 3in. strip. On the inside, apply glue to the top and bottom of the 21in. length, and one 7in. end. Roll round tin, pressing lin. under tin, and lin. inside tin. Turn under the other 7in. end and slip-stitch.

Make a small slit in the side of the lid so it will fit over the material.

Turn under ½in. round the circle, and hem. Put a little glue on the top of the lid and place cottonwool on this, pressing into a rounded shape. Apply glue to the inside of the hem of the circle; place this circle over the top of the cottonwool.

Press this hem round the edge of the lid, making tucks where needed, and making sure that there is enough padding to make a firm cushion.

Join the two 3in. ends of the 42in. strip, and hem one edge. Gather the raw edge to fit round the side of the lid. Turn under ½in. and pin round the side of the lid, ½in. from the base, making sure that none of the gathering can be seen. Stitch the gathering to the pincushion in small neat stitches.

Stitch rose to the top of the pincushion.



ICE BUCKET

Materials required: Two bundles of straw raffia (sold in ½lb. bundles), strong adhesive glue, 1 small bunch of artificial grapes and leaf.

Separate raffia into neat strands. Using a few strands at a time, plait into ½in. thicknesses. Sew each end neatly with raffia so plaiting does not come undone. Make another plait and sew it to

the first one, weaving raffia together so ends do not show.

Repeat until work measures 150in.

Make another plait, ½in. wide and 18in. long, for the handle. Glue lin. of each end on opposite outer sides of tin. Using remaining raffia, and starting at tin base, glue successive wide raffia strands round tin till its surface is completely covered. Make sure that the raffia covering the handle bases is very tight.

Then starting at the base of the tin, glue on 3in. of the raffia plaiting (angling it upward); continue to wind successive layers, making sure the first raw edges are covered and quite secure.

At the top of the tin, cut off the excess and tuck lin. underneath the plaiting. Stitch securely. Stitch the plaiting to the handle.

Arrange bunch of grapes and leaf on the front of the tin and sew in place.



ROLLER TIDY

Materials required: 21in. x 7in. pink flocked nylon, 42in. x 5in. pink voile, ½yd. of soft taffeta, 1½yds. of 1in.-wide pink velvet ribbon, pale pink paint, strong adhesive glue.

Paint tin pink. When dry, apply glue to the inside of the 21in.-wide nylon, at the top and bottom, and one 7in. end.

Roll round tin, turning lin. under the tin and pressing down, and lin. inside the tin, pressing down in same way. Turn the other 7in. end under and slip-stitch.

Cut the ½yd. taffeta into a circle with an 18in. diameter. Gather the edge to fit the rim of the tin. Place this inside the tin for the lining; turn lin. under.

Pin the lining to the nylon on the inside of the tin, and slip-stitch together round the rim. Sew the two ends of the 42in. voile together. Fold in half and iron flat.

Gather the voile to fit round the tin. Place this round the tin, lin. from the top, and tack into place. Pin the velvet ribbon round the tin to cover the gathering of the voile, making sure the velvet is very tight and the ribbon ends hanging evenly.

Slip-stitch the top of the velvet to the voile. Tie velvet in a bow, and trim ends.



FIRST-AID TIN

Materials required: Small square of red felt, white paint, black knob, strong adhesive glue.

Make a small hole in the tin-lid. Paint tin and lid white. Cut a cross out of red felt. When dry, glue cross to tin. Insert knob in lid.

NURSERY TIDY

Materials required: 41in. length of white edging lace (suitable to thread ribbon through), 51in. length of narrow pink ribbon, pale pink paint, 4 nursery transfers, strong adhesive glue.

Paint inside and outside of tin. When dry, apply transfers 3in. apart. Cut lace in half, and cut ribbon into one 20½in. length and one 30½in. length. Thread 20½in. ribbon length through one piece of lace and stitch at each end.

On the inside of lace, apply glue and roll lace round tin base, pressing into place.

Thread the 30½in. ribbon length through second piece of lace, leaving an even amount of ribbon hanging at either end. Apply glue and press round top of tin in the same way as before.

Tie ribbon in a bow and trim ends.

SOLDIER'S HAT AND DRUM



Materials required: 5yds. of red-and-blue twined cord, pale blue paint (if possible, use blue ice-cream tin), 6in. x 3in. piece of cardboard, black paint, red paint, adhesive glue, sticky tape.

Tin Hat: Make a small hole on opposite sides of tin. Paint tin red. For the peak, cut a "crescent moon" from the cardboard and paint black. Cut a 32in. length from the blue-and-red cord. When tin is dry, tie cord round top of tin and knot it, leaving ends hanging.

Glue hanging ends of cord to tin, forming a V, and turn ½in. to inside of tin; secure with sticky tape. For chin-strap, cut another ½yd. from cord; cut in half. Double knot each end and pull through holes in side of tin, leaving knot on inside. Curve cardboard peak to shape of tin, and sticky tape in place, 2in. up from base.



CANISTER

Materials required: 21in.-long, 5in.-wide decorative cotton edging (or use stick-on plastic), red paint, black knob, strong adhesive glue.

On the inside, apply glue to top and bottom and one 5in. end of material. Roll round the tin, pressing the material into place. Turn under ½in. at the other 5in. end. Slip-stitch or glue this to cover the raw edge. Make a small hole in the tin-lid; paint the lid and insert the knob.



Tin Drum: If blue ice-cream tin is not available, paint tin blue. When dry, stick a strip of sticky tape ½in. from base, round bottom of tin. Paint this ½in. red (for the base of drum). Paint the lid of the tin red. Cut 1yd. from the cord. When lid is dry, glue ½in. of each end of the cord to the inside of the lid, for the drum support.

Gently pull the sticky tape off the drum; this leaves a straight red line. Take the remaining cord and tie round top of tin, under lid, leaving ends hanging evenly.

With the tin on its side, mark six points round base of tin, and alternating six points round top, under lid. Glue the hanging ends on the tin, zig-zagging from point to point.

Cut off excess cord, and sticky tape down.

THE BUSY BODY

Continued from page 48

"Would you? Thanks."

They went into the building and up the stairs, Brock leading the way, Engel following, each carrying a sack of groceries. Brock also carried the smaller package from the liquor store, and stopped at the door to the second floor front apartment in order to deliver it.

Brock led the way up one more flight, fumbled with his key, and let Engel into a small neat room that somehow didn't look like a place where anyone lived. It had more the appearance of an anteroom or dressing-room; a place where one came to rest and prepare for something to be done outside.

Brock said, "Do you mind if I put these things away while we talk? I have some perishables."

"Go ahead," Engel put his grocery sack on the table, flexed his arms, and said, "As I get it, you were on the phone to Merriweather just before he was killed."

"Yes," Brock opened the refrigerator door and started putting things away.

"At least, that's what the police say. I know when I tried to call him back the line was busy."

"Because the phone was knocked off the hook when he was killed, I know," Engel lit a cigarette, thinking carefully. Brock had assumed he was a cop, and that was good because it meant he'd answer questions. But now the problem was to ask the questions a cop might reasonably ask and still get the answers Engel wanted. "You were calling about your job, is that it?"

"Yes. Getting it back, yes."

"I don't have that part straight. You quit your job, you were laid off, you were fired, what was it?"

Brock finished putting his groceries away and shut the refrigerator door. "I was fired," he said. He grinned sheepishly, and shrugged. "I suppose I deserved it," he said.

"You were fired when?"

Brock said, "Fired yesterday. Why don't you sit down, Mr. —?"

"Engel." Then Engel said, more to himself than Brock, "Fired yesterday..."

Which meant Brock was still an employee when Charlie Brody had come under Merriweather's care. Engel said, "What were you fired for?"

Brock smiled again, that boyish pleasant grin. "Incompetence," he said, "sheer incompetence. Plus being too often late for work and not taking a sufficiently wholehearted interest in my profession." The smile broadened, became positively collegiate. "Somehow," he said, "I never could see myself being a mortician the rest of my life."

Nor could Engel. He said, "How did you go to work for him in the first place?"

"I was a chauffeur for a while. I worked for some people on Long Island, until He shrugged casually.

"That's all past, a long story and not related. When I needed another job, I thought I would still drive. I almost went to work for a taxi-cab company, but then I answered an ad. and it turned out to be Mr. Merriweather, looking for someone to drive the hearse."

"Is that what you did, drive the hearse?"

"At first. But Mr. Merriweather took an interest in me, and so I suppose did Mrs. Merriweather. At any rate, he was training me to be his assistant, eventually perhaps

his partner. So I would be doing general work for just about everything that to do in a funeral home."

"And then he fired you?" Brock again combined a smile and shrug. "The less I learned about the business he said, 'the less I was enthralled by it. On the other hand, I wasn't at all ready to leave that employment, which is why I phoned him to see if he'd calmed down and would take me back.'"

"Had he?"

"I didn't have a chance to find out."

All things considered, Engel was willing to guess there was more to the story than Brock had told, and his further guess was that the rest of the story had to do somehow with Merriweather.

Had Engel been doing a little extracurricular work there? Or Mrs. Merriweather had tried too hard to be helpful to Brock with her husband with or without Brock's request that she do so? It was something like that, anyway, and Engel was pleased with himself for figuring it out.

On the other hand, it was getting him any closer to Charlie Brody, and that damn blue suit, so he said, "I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Brock, I don't know a thing about the undertaker business, and now with Mr. Merriweather murdered I've got to do some learning."

"I've got to know the routine, the methods, what Merriweather's normal work was like, you see what I mean?" Engel, saying all this could barely keep a smile of pleasure from spoiling the whole effect. It was just that he was working with his own memory of interviews with cops in order to try to sound like a cop himself, and he was sure he was doing just fine.

"Yes, getting it back, yes."

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THE BUSY BODY

"Yes, that would be another man, Mr. Brody."

"Brody."

"Yes. Heart attack. I think he was a salesman of some kind."

Engel settled more comfortably in the chair, and said, "Fine. Tell me about him."

"Well, it was the widow who called. Some business associate of her husband's had recommended Merriweather, I think. I went out with the pickup car, made the initial arrangements with the widow and met with the doctor, and the pickup team with me put the client in the travel box."

"Travel box," said Engel.

"That's what we call it. Looks pretty much like a regular casket, but with handles coming out of each end."

"Sure," said Engel.

"Nothing special about the Brody case," he said. "Well, one thing. There'd been an accident of some sort, he was burned rather badly about the head, so there wouldn't be any viewing."

"All right, we brought Brody back and put him in the icebox overnight. In the morning the widow came in—with some friends of her husband's, I think—and they selected the casket, worked out the arrangements. I remember it struck me it was a surprisingly big funeral they were setting up for a little salesman, whatever he was."

"Then what?"

"Then we embalmed him, of course. Or actually we did it the night before."

"Embalmed."

"Yes. We drain the blood out of him, and put the embalming fluid in."

"Oh," said Engel.

HE lit a cigarette and it tasted like a barn in summer.

"That's all done the night before," said Brock. "When we get the client. Then we wait till the next morning for the restoration."

"That's when Brody's wife came."

"Well, that's what's happening upstairs. Downstairs, usually, there's the restoration. Cosmetics, you know, this and that, we make the client look as though he's sleeping. Sew the lips shut, use make-up for any little deformities, any little problems—Of course, with Brody we didn't do all that, because there wasn't a viewing."

"Then we arrange the client in his casket. Well, no, first he goes back in the icebox till the viewing, or the wake, whatever you want to call it. Then we arrange him in the casket and bring him upstairs for the viewing. With Brody there was a wake, but no viewing. Closed casket. He got a pretty big crowd, anyway, a lot more than I expected. I can't figure out what he sold, to get that kind of crowd at his wake."

"Who does that part?" Engel asked. "Putting him in the casket, getting him ready for the viewing."

"Well, either Mr. Merriweather or me. Sometimes I'd do the whole job on a client myself, sometimes he would, most times one of us would do one thing and one would do another."

"What about Brody? As an example, I mean."

"Well, I went and got him, had the first discussion with the widow. Then Mr. Merriweather had the second discussion with the widow. I did the embalming and he arranged the client in the casket and set up the casket in the viewing-room."

So Merriweather was still the last one to see Brody dead. Unless...

Engel said, "Is there anybody else around when you're doing all this? People drop in to watch or anything?"

"Oh, no," Brock gave the collegiate smile again. "It isn't the sort of operation to draw a crowd," he said. "Besides, it's illegal to have anyone present at the embalming, against the law. Oh, I think members of the family could be there, but they never are."

It was a dead end. Engel got to

his feet and said, "Well, thanks. You've been a big help."

Brock walked Engel to the door, smiled one last time, and shut the door as Engel walked away down the hall to the stairs.

Going down the stairs, it seemed to Engel he was wasting his time, going at this whole thing the wrong way. Instead of starting with Merriweather and going through Brock to... well, to wherever, instead of doing that he should start at the other end, with Charlie Brody himself. He should talk to Brody's wife, and he should talk to Brody's immediate boss, Fred Harwell, and he should talk to anybody else who might have known about the heroin in Brody's suit.

Even if Merriweather's murder were connected with Charlie Brody's disappearance—and though he still believed it was, because otherwise the coincidence was just too pat, he nevertheless realised coincidence does happen sometimes and he could yet be wrong—but even if there were a connection, he was still going at things the wrong way.

Thinking these things, he came out to the street, looked right and left, and went off to the right, toward Tenth Avenue, which was closer. There he stood, on the corner, waiting for a cab.

It took a few minutes, Tenth Avenue being a bit off the beaten path. He stood there, gradually

getting impatient, and finally decided to walk down to Ninth. He'd taken half a dozen paces from the corner when a white open Mercedes-Benz 190SL rolled by with Margo Kane the mystery woman at the wheel. She had replaced her black gown with white stretch pants and a bulky orange sweater and she was looking so hard for a parking space along the kerb that she didn't notice Engel at all.

She got out of the car, tripped across the street on dancing feet, and went into Brock's building.

Engel stood on the sidewalk, looking toward the doorway into which she had disappeared. "Oh, ho," he said. Not that he knew what this new development meant, if anything, not that he could immediately connect it up with the

To page 52

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Do you really think I look 23?"

When in Australia, do as the Romans do!



New! Tagliarini Soup

New! Minestrone Soup

Serve two NEW soups from Campbell's with the real Italian touch!

Back home in Rome, Mamma made her own. Now she buys Campbell's Minestrone-Parmesan. The chefs at Campbell's put as many vegetables in it as she would herself. Then they add the great Italian favourite — Parmesan cheese. Stirring and simmering it the way Mamma would — if she had all the time in the world to make it good!

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(Say Tag-lee-ar-reen-ee)

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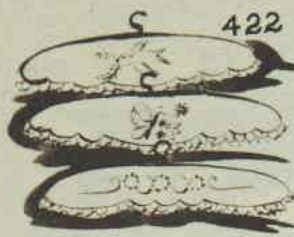
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THE BUSY BODY

Continued from page 51

disappearance of Charlie Brody, but just that it was interesting.

There was another note from Dolly, printed with lipstick on another resume and attached with another false fingernail:

Honey? Where are you? Don't you want to see me? Don't you remember?

DOLLY.
Engel remembered. He looked at the note sadly, shook his head, and went into the apartment. He made himself a scotch and water without the water, sat down by the telephone, and started making his calls.

First to Archie Freihofer, who ran the girl part of the organisation. When he got hold of Archie, Engel identified himself and said, "I want to see Brody's wife."

"What, Bobbi?"

"That's it, Bobbi."

"Al, I'm sorry. We decided, all things considered, the little lady oughta have a few days to herself before she comes back on active duty. It'll be the first of the week before she starts to work, and then to be truthful with you there's a waiting list as long as your arm. A lot of the boys have chosen to decide, it seems to me, to make a really beautiful gesture of affection and respect for Charlie Brody and at the same time see to it a little extra cash against emergencies goes into the little lady's stocking."

There was no interrupting Archie once he got talking. The only thing to do was wait till he decided to take a breath. Engel quickly threw some words into the breach, "No, Archie, that isn't what I want. I'm talking about business. I want to talk to Mrs. Brody," Engel said.

ARCHIE said, "Al, she's using her professional name again. Bobbi Bounds."

"Whatever name she's using, I want to talk to her. Official business. You can check with Nick Rovito."

"You want to go see her, or you want her to come see you?"

"I'll go see her. Is she living at the same place where she lived with Brody?"

"No, she's moved in with a couple of other girls, you know how they are, they like to be with friends that understand the situation."

"What about the apartment?"

"The old one? Charlie's? I wouldn't know."

"Give me her phone number, Archie. Maybe we can save time, I can meet her at the old apartment."

"Hang on, I'll look it up."

Engel hung on. Archie gave him the number, and Engel thanked him and broke the connection. Then he dialled the number Archie had just given him.

It was answered on the third ring by a female voice harsh with suspicion: "Yeah?"

"Is Bobbi there?"

"Who's calling?"

"Al Engel. I'm calling for Nick Rovito on urgent business connected with her late husband."

"Hang on."

Again he hung on, and the next voice he heard belonged to Bobbi Bounds saying, "Mr. Engel?"

"I rode in the car with you yesterday," Engel reminded her. "Up front."

"Yes, sure, I know who you are."

He said, "Has everything

been cleared out of the apartment yet?"

"No, not yet. Charlie's stuff is still all there."

"I want to meet you this afternoon. Are you free?"

"Sure, I guess so."

Engel looked at his watch and it was four-thirty. "Six o'clock," he said.

"Is there something wrong, Mr. Engel?"

"Not exactly. A little problem we got to get straightened out, that's all."

"I'll be there."

"Fine."

Next, Fred Harwell, who was in his office. Engel said, "Fred, has Nick told you the latest development?"

"Which latest development is that?"

"About Charlie Brody's suit."

"The last I heard about that was at the meeting when Nick told you go do it up. About which, Al, you know you could do me a big favor if you'd talk to Nick about that, how it was really my fault about not remembering the suit."

"Fred, I—"

"Wait a second, Al, this is important. Because nobody remembered that suit, Al, just me, nobody. You're closer to him than anybody. Al. If you could just put in a good word for me, explain about how—"

"Right," Engel said. "I'll talk to him."

"You will?"

"I will. If you'll shut—"

"What?"

"I said shut up, Fred."

Engel really didn't believe the silence that followed, and it stretched for maybe ten seconds before he understood that Fred had shut up. When he got that straight he said, "I want to ask you about Charlie, Fred, because we don't have the suit yet, and we don't have the suit yet because we buried an empty coffin yesterday."

"We bur—Oh, I'm sorry."

"Yeah. Now, Nick's given me the job of finding out where the suit is now, which means find out where the body is now, which means find out who took him, and how they took him, and who they took him. But mostly who. I found out how, because the undertaker was bumped off today and—"

"Bump—! Oops, sorry. I'll keep quiet."

"Yeah. The way I figure it, the undertaker was in on the snatch, and whoever did it with him killed him to keep him from talking, or something like that. So that's how it was done, but that still leaves who and why. Now, you knew Charlie Brody, so maybe you can tell me who'd steal his dead body and why."

"OK. So how would I know—I mean, why would anybody want to steal a dead body? Except the heroin, maybe."

"You'd have to know the heroin was in the suit, and you'd have to know the suit was on the body. Who'd know both of those things?"

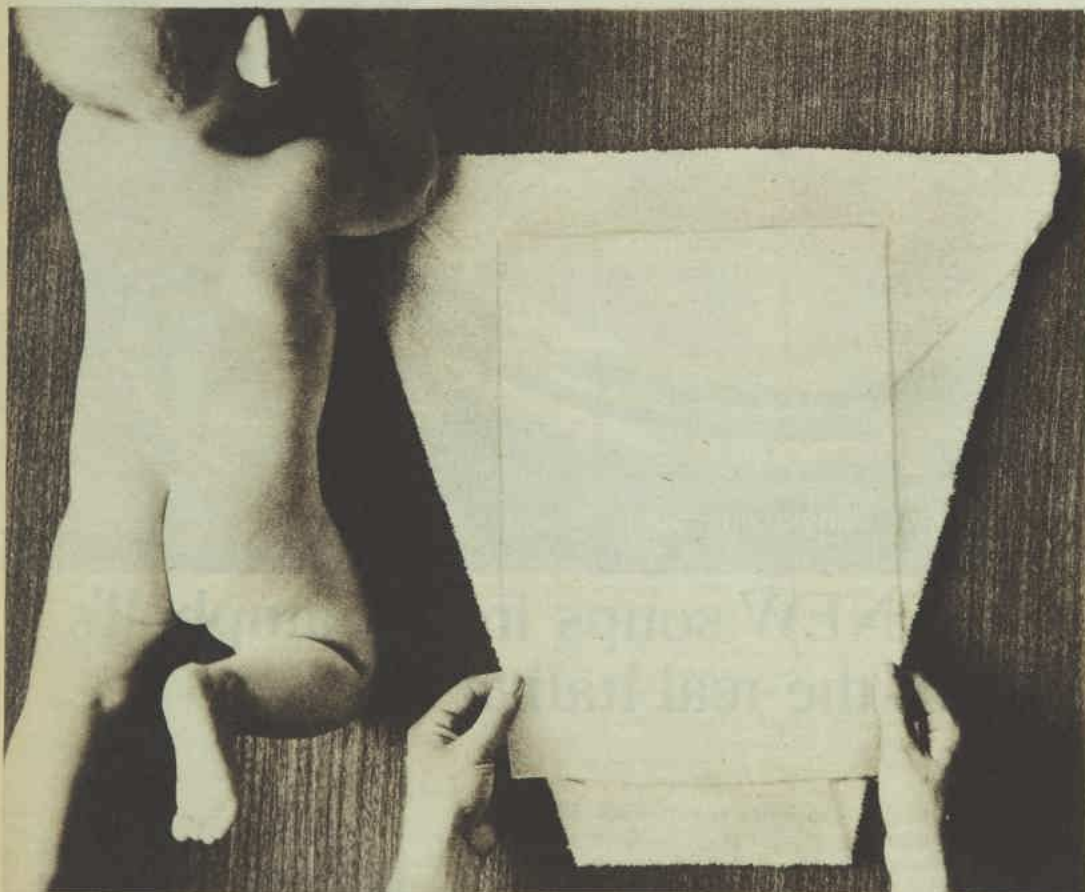
"I really don't know, Al. I guess the wife knew he was wearing the suit—im't she the one gave it to the undertaker?"

"It wouldn't have been her," said Engel. "She wouldn't have to steal the body to get the suit back. All she'd have to do was bury him in some other suit."

"Well," said Fred, "there's no reason to take the whole body if all you want's the suit. I mean, what are you going to do with the body later? After you get the snow out of the suit?"

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For about (1 cent)
a nappy change,
see how Chix* Liners
cut nappy washing time in ½!



See! The liner gets soiled—not the nappy! Changing is quicker, less fuss. Washing is cut by half. No messy rinsing necessary. No stains to remove. Chix* Liners are soft, medicated fabric—not paper—comfortable and non-chafing both dry and wet. Just put a Chix* Nappy Liner inside regular nappy and take the fuss out of change-time! 50 liners for 59 cents.

CHIX* DISPOSABLE
NAPPY LINERS
Johnson & Johnson

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● The jump-suit illustrated below can be worn with or without the sweater. I have chosen it for a reader because it is smart and warm for at-home wear.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I would like a pattern for a one-piece pants-suit I could wear with or without a blouse or sweater. I want it to be casual and warm as well as the latest in fashion. My size is 14."

The design you asked about is shown below. American designers call it a jump-suit. It is all-in-one, has a zipper and button tab closing at the centre front. Underneath the illustration are full details and how to order.

"I have a cream wool Chanel suit trimmed

with navy and rose braid. Last year I wore the suit with a navy blouse and navy accessories. Could you give me another idea for the accessories? I don't wear hats."

My choice would be a rose-pink silk blouse, creamy gloves, and a matching bag with gold chain handle. Add two-toned shoes in beige and black or beige and brown.

"I am hoping you can help me with a problem. I want to buy a pattern for a maternity nightgown in size 38-inch bust."

Our pattern department includes a design for a very attractive maternity night-

gown in three lengths—full, knee, and above-knee. The design has a high square yoke with a button-and-loop closing. It can be made sleeveless or with long full sleeves finished with band cuffs. The gown is available in sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price 58c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I am moving from Victoria to the north coast of Queensland, where I will be living for several years. I don't know what type of clothes I will need.

At present, my wardrobe consists of tailored clothes, mainly suits. I feel these tailored styles will be unsuitable for the hot north. Will I have

to change my type of dressing, which is basically tailored?"

No, you don't need to change your style to match your new environment. Still wear tailored clothes, but for Queensland's hotter climate they should be made in cool materials and pretty colors. A sleeveless shift that skims the figure would be a good design choice. Any fashion that is tight or over-trimmed is unsuitable to wear in hot weather.

"I have a red chiffon evening frock made over red satin. What color should I choose for the evening shoes?"

Buy white satin shoes and have them dyed the same red as your evening dress.

"My complexion is dark and I have hazel eyes and auburn hair. My usual basic color is green, but I would like a change."

Switch to off-white and combine it with pink, orange, and dark red.

Dress Sense

By
Betty Keep



6376.—Ankle-length jump-suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6376. Price 75c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

LULUBELLE



"My parents don't understand me . . . I hope!"

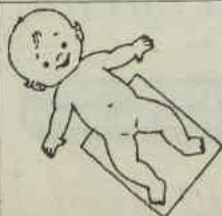


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(no panty needed!)

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Also available — work-saving Chix Nappy LINERS



Easy to use. Lie Chix Disposable Nappy lengthwise. Fold up bottom ends of nappy between baby's legs and pin corners together at sides.

Each nappy has three layers. A soft fabric, medicated to check nappy rash. Then a super-absorbent layer. Next — a polythene water-proof backing.

Johnson & Johnson





Continued from page 52

Engel said, "You know, I been thinking something like that. Maybe whoever swiped Charlie didn't have anything to do with the heroin in the suit, maybe he didn't even know it was there."

"That makes a lot more sense," said Fred.

"Nothing makes sense," Engel told him. "Maybe I'll call you back."

"You won't forget to talk to Nick."

"I won't forget," Engel promised and hung up and forgot.

His drink was gone, so he went over and made another and stayed leaning against the bar, trying to figure things out.

Why steal a dead body?

Not to experiment on, they didn't do that kind of thing any more. People gave themselves to science in their wills and like that. And not to get the heroin in the suit the dead body was wearing, either—which was the mistaken assumption Engel'd been making all along—because it would be simpler just to take the suit.

No, whoever had stolen Charlie Brody had done it because he wanted Charlie Brody. Or at least Charlie Brody's body.

Why would anybody want Charlie Brody's body?

Engel looked in his glass and saw to his surprise that somehow or other it had become empty again. He corrected that, and while

he was doing so the phone rang. He went over, carrying the fresh drink, picked up the receiver, and said, "Hello."

"Aloysius, I'm sorry to disturb you and I won't keep you long, and I wouldn't have called at all if it wasn't important, you know I wouldn't."

"What?"

"I know you can't come to dinner tonight, Aloysius," she said, "but what I want to know is, can you come tomorrow night? I have to know before I go to the store. I wouldn't bother you—"

"The answer is no," said Engel and hung up. He stood there a minute or two, next to the phone, and contemplated the fact that

sooner or later he was going to have to be unkind to his mother. There was no getting around it.

The phone rang. A young female voice said, "Hello, Mr. Engel? Well, this is Mrs. Kane again. I've been thinking she said, 'about all the inconvenience I caused you today, and my conscience is bothering me something awful.'"

"Think nothing of it," Engel told her.

"No, really, I mean it. If you aren't doing anything, I'd like to buy you a dinner tonight, May I?"

"You don't need to," Engel said. "We're square."

"No, I insist. It's the least I can do. What time should I pick you up?"

Engel was getting glimmering. He said, "Well, I have an appointment at six, I ought to be back by seven, then I'll have to change."

"This isn't crowding your evening too much, is it? We can make it just as late as you like."

"Eight," Engel said.

"You're sure of that? That's not rushing you too much?"

"No, that's fine."

"It really does have to be tonight, or not for days and days. Tomorrow night is poor Murray's wake, and then the next day is the funeral and all, and I probably won't eat a thing all day after that. So, if it isn't too much, tonight's the best for me."

"It's fine with me, too."

ENGEL hung up and grinned, because for one of the few times all day he knew what was going on. Mrs. Kane had gone to see Brock, who told her about the policeman who'd just been there to see him. Engel had given her the right name, which Brock must have mentioned, and Mrs. Kane immediately had known who it was and that it wasn't a cop. So now she wanted to know what Engel was up to, and hoped to find out on dinner.

Because of Brock? Sure, because of Brock and the inheritance expected from her husband. She and Brock probably had a thing going, maybe for a long time now, maybe brand-new, and she wanted to know if Engel was going to cause any trouble.

Then Engel once more said, "Oh, ho," because another thought had come to him. Maybe Brock had been fired because Merriweather had caught him fooling around with Mrs. Kane, with one of the customers. That made sense, and the timing was right on it. Brock and the widow off in a corner behind some flowers for a little slap and tickle, Merriweather happens by, he's shocked, he's outraged, he blames Brock for the whole thing and fires him on the spot.

All of which was, Engel admitted himself, brilliant deduction on his part and not a damn bit of help in finding Charlie Brody.

"Oh, Charlie," Engel said aloud, the words full of weariness, "where the hell are you? Where are you, Charlie, where the hell have you got to?"

Where Charlie Brody resided in death was anybody's guess at the moment, but where he had resided in life was both known and normal. He and his missus had shared an apartment on Manhattan's West Side, on 71st Street.

His apartment looked like any other apartment in the area, respectable if somewhat seedy, predictable and staid.

Bobbie Bounds, the former Mrs. Brody, sat here quietly weeping. When Engel came in she said, in a small voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Engel, but I just can't help it. This place is so full of memories."

"I won't take long, Mrs. Brody," Engel promised. "I'd just like to take a quick look through Charlie's papers or whatever."

"He kept a little desk in the bedroom," she said. "You're welcome to look. I haven't touched a thing yet, I just didn't have the heart."

"I'll be as quick as I can."

He went through the desk and the pockets of the clothing in the cupboard, and gradually searched the whole room, and still found nothing.

Back in the living-room, the widow had stopped her weeping and was sitting now with a soft and



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Neutrogena thoroughly cleans your skin without disturbing Nature's wonderful acid cloak, and the balance of natural skin oils, which guard against blemishes, dryness and dullness.

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NTG 13A

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THE BUSY BODY

assigned stillness. Engel told her, "There's a couple of things I'd like to talk to you about. Why don't we go out and have a drink? Better to talk in a bar."

"Thank you, Mr. Engel. You're a very kind man."

Mrs. Brody switched off all the lights and carefully locked the door after them. They went to a Chinese restaurant-plus-bar, sat at a table, ordered only drinks, to the disgust of the scrutable Oriental who served them.

Then Mrs. Brody said, "I hope you found what you were looking for, Mr. Engel."

"Well, I'm not sure. Every little bit helps, you know."

"Oh, yes, of course." He reflected that neither of them knew what he was talking about, and on that reflection allowed the silence to stretch between them. The problem was, what sort of question could he ask her? She didn't know her husband's body was missing, and Engel didn't have the heart to give her the news. Also, there was no reason to tell her. But what could she know about why it might be taken, or by whom?

FOLLOWING an obscure line of thought, he said, "Did your husband belong to any, uh, groups, Mrs. Brody? You know, fraternal organisations and like that?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Charlie wasn't a joiner. He was very proud of that, not being a joiner."

"What about religion?" Engel asked her. "What religion was he?"

"Well, I'm not sure," she said. "He was brought up some sort of Protestant, I guess Methodist. But he wasn't actively in the church at all. I mean, for instance, we had a civil ceremony. In Las Vegas, in one of the marriage chapels there. It was really very beautiful."

She looked as though she were going to start crying again in a second, but instead she dipped her nose into her drink.

Engel said, "He never joined any kind of religious group?"

"No. Not a one. He wasn't a joiner, you know?"

Engel knew. But he'd been hoping, he'd been hoping. He kept the conversation going as best he could, but he was stuck and he knew it. He only stayed for the one drink, and then took a cab back downtown to get ready for dinner with Mrs. Kane.

Life was just one damn widow after another.

Another note: Are you going to phone me, or aren't you? If you don't want to see me any more, just say so. I can take a hint.

It wasn't signed, but it was on a resume again, in lipstick again, and attached to the door with a false fingernail again, so Engel had a pretty good idea who it was from.

"Life is cruel," he said aloud. He took the note down and went into the apartment.

It was ten after seven, and he spent the next forty-five minutes showering, changing, and generally getting ready for his evening with Mrs. Kane. After all, he told himself, she was at the funeral parlor today, and she knows Kurt Brock, and Kurt Brock was the next to the last one to see Charlie Brody, so I can look at it like I'm still working. There could be some connection between Margo Kane and Charlie Brody's body.

She arrived punctually at eight, coming in smiling and effervescent, wearing now a forest-green knit dress in which she looked almost—but not quite—too thin to be interesting. Her lipstick and nail polish were a less violent shade than before, and her raven-black hair hung in soft folds now around her face.

She came in saying, "I would have insisted on meeting you again if only to see your apartment once more. It's just the most fascinating place I've ever been in."

Engel felt his hackles beginning to rise. He didn't know exactly why, but he had the feeling there was somehow a touch of mockery in her references to his apartment. He said, "I'm ready to go if you are. Or," belatedly, "do you want a drink first?"

She seemed surprised, whether by his tone or his offer he couldn't tell. "We don't have to," she said. "We could have a drink at the restaurant."

"OK. Fine."

They didn't speak again until they were down in her car.

She glanced at Engel and said, "You seem somehow withdrawn tonight. As though you had a rough day."

"Yeah, that's what I did all right. I had a rough day."

"Gangster business?"

The phrase was meant to make him laugh, and he did. "Gangster business," he said.

"I'm looking for something that belongs to my boss."

"Something stolen?"

"Lost, strayed, or stolen. I'll tell you when I find it."

"Was that why you were at the funeral parlor today? Looking for it there?"

Engel decided not to give her any sort of specific answer. A simple lie—that he'd been there to pay the Brody bill, for instance—would have ended the matter there and then, but he knew she meant to pump him for his reason for seeing Kurt Brock and it amused him to play it dumb but cosy, make her work for her misinformation. So he said, "Not really. I have all kinds of gangster business."

"Oh, then it was gangster business that brought you there?"

"I wouldn't say that. Listen, it's too nice a night to talk about funeral parlors."

"Of course," she said, but she couldn't hide the disappointment in her voice.

Mrs. Kane tried no longer on the drive to get information out of Engel. They talked casually, comfortably, about the weather and the city and the driving and

other impersonal subjects, and when the silences came between topics they let them come without worrying about them. Engel said, "Where are we going?"

"A little place I know. Not much farther."

They left the Parkway at the Long Ridge Road exit, and drove north a few miles farther before at last she turned off the road and into the parking lot next to a one-time barn now converted into a restaurant called The Turkey Run.

Inside, The Turkey Run was determinedly rustic. Over a scotch sour, Mrs. Kane became moody. "Murray and I used to come here so often," she said. "It's hard to believe we'll never come here again. All that's behind me now."

"It must have been a shock," Engel said, because you had to say something in response to a line like that.

"And so—so silly," she said. "So unnecessary."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

SHE smiled at him, a little crookedly, and rested her hand on his forearm. "You're sweet," she said. "And yes I do. I've had no one to talk to, no one. I've had to keep it all bottled up inside."

"That's no good," Engel said. He found himself thinking how different this one would be from Dolly, and forced his mind away at once from such conjectures. That was pretty low of him, he thought, all things considered.

"Murray was a garment manufacturer," she said. "In negligees."

"Uh-huh."

"Evening Mist Negligees? You don't know the brand name?"

Engel shook his head. "Sorry."

"Well, of course, women would be more likely to know it."

"Sure."

"That's how I met him. I was a model, and we met at a style show. At first I thought—well, the things people say about the garment business are all true, but—but Murray was different. So sweet, so attentive, so sincere. We were married in seven weeks, and I never regretted it, not for a minute. Of course, there was the age difference, but that didn't bother us. How could it? We were in love."

Engel said, "Uh huh," and pulled at his drink.

Mrs. Kane also worked a bit at her scotch sour. "We had an apartment in town," she said, "and a place in the country. Not far from here, near Hunting Ridge. That's how I happened to know this restaurant, we used to come here so often, so often. And then, of course, Murray had his business, in a loft on West 37th Street. That's where it happened."

"Mm hmm?"

She closed her eyes. "I can

To page 56

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makes dry hair soft, shining, manageable

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Page 55

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD

SO YOU TALKED YOUR HUSBAND INTO BUYING YOU A NEW FUR COAT.



DIDN'T HE SAY WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR OLD ONE?



OH YES,

SO I SHOWED HIM MY MOTH COLLECTION.



just see him there, the big fluorescent light on over his head, he bent over his desk, the rest of the loft dark and silent, the bolts of cloth stacked up everywhere."

Abruptly again she opened her eyes. "The way the Fire Department reconstructed it," she said, "some of the wiring had become frayed and dangerous. It was such an old building. All at once there was a short-circuit, a fire. All that delicate flimsy cloth, bolt after bolt of it, the fire just swept through it. Of course, the sprinklers went on, but they weren't enough. The rest of the building survived, but the interior of the loft was burned to a crisp."

Engel reached out and took her hand, and found it cold. "If you don't want to—"

"But I do, I do. Murray was cut off, you see, from both doors. Be-

Continued from page 55

ing in his own little cubicle, separated from the rest of the floor, it protected him a little, but not enough. In that heat, in all that flame—"

Engel said, "Easy. Easy."

She stopped, held her breath, then let it out in a long sigh. "That's over," she said. "I'm sorry I used you this—"

"Think nothing of it."

"You're very sweet, and I am sorry, but I had to say it. I had to talk about it just once. Now it's done, and I'll never speak of it again." She smiled bravely and picked up her drink. "To the future," she said.

"To the future."

The drive back to the city was

as pleasant as the drive up. She drove Engel to his door, and as they shook hands in the car and thanked one another for a lovely evening, it seemed to Engel for one fleet second she expected him to kiss her, but he put the idea down to too much night air and too much scotch. She did say, "May I come again to see your apartment? All of it this time."

"Whenever you want," he said.

"I'll call you."

He got out of the car, and she waved and drove away.

He unlocked the door and went into his apartment and the lights were on. While he was still reacting to that, two of the boys came walking into view, their hands

suspiciously close to their jacket lapels. Engel recognised them as organisation muscle, but he didn't recognise the expression on their faces and couldn't figure out what they were doing here like this.

Then one of them said, "Nick Rovito wants to see you, Engel."

"Yeah," said the other one. "He wants to see you in a hurry."

Engel looked from one of them to the other. Was this any way to get a message from Nick Rovito? Did this make any sense?

There was only one way a scene like this did make sense, and that way was something Engel didn't even want to think about.

"Come on, Engel," said the first one, moving closer and taking Engel

by the elbow. "Let's us go for a little ride."

Engel had seen that Chevrolet before. But the last time he'd seen it driving the damn thing, and the time he was put in the back seat to play passenger. One of the men got in with him, his jacket staying warily near his jacket light. The other one got behind the wheel.

The boy at the wheel was named Gittel and the one next to him in back was called Fox. They were good professional muscle, constantly on loan to Pittsburgh, Seattle or Detroit, and Engel had known them both for years.

Gittel started the car again, through clenched teeth. "What we're done with Engel, I'm going round a little bit with that son of a bitch."

"Shut up," said Fox conversationally.

Gittel, starting the car again, through clenched teeth. "What we're done with Engel, I'm going round a little bit with that son of a bitch."

"He couldn't do any better for me, either," said Engel. "It isn't his fault."

"Shut up," Fox offered, "or I'll break your head."

Gittel had the car going again. He pulled it cautiously away from the kerb, and headed uptown, first.

Engel said to Fox, "Can I tell him he oughta shift gears?"

"That's it," said Gittel. "That's all I can take." He pulled the car to the kerb again, barely two blocks from Engel's apartment.

FOX said, "Hey! You outta your mind? We're supposed to take him to Nick Rovito first. Besides, you call this a safe place?"

Gittel got out of the car, opened the back door next to Engel, and said, "Out, you son of a bitch."

Engel got out, slowly, looking for a chance.

Gittel shoved the car keys into his hand. "You're so smart," he said, "you drive the damn thing."

Engel looked at the keys. Behind him, Fox was saying, "Gittel, that ain't the way it's done! The man don't drive the car!"

"Shut up," Gittel told him, "you get it." To Engel he said, "Get behind the wheel. We'll both be in the back seat, and you oughta know better than try something funny."

"Not anyway till I see Nick," Engel said. "Where you supposed to take me?"

"The mission."

"Right."

They all got back in the car. Engel behind the wheel this time, and once more headed north. Engel by this time was somewhat used to the car, and all the way up he only stalled it twice.

The mission was on East 101st Street. What safer place could there be in a slum for the neighborhood narcotics pedlar than the hot-stand counter at a mission? Customers didn't even have to go home to

To page 57

Bread and Butter ideas were never so exciting

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN.



See how interesting bread and butter becomes when you dress it up a little. It can be both tempting and satisfying—especially when you're generous with the butter. No substitute can match butter for flavour or nutrition. Butter makes food taste twice as nice! Try these exciting ideas...

INSTANT SANDWICH

Cut a French loaf almost through at 1½" intervals. Arrange slices of Aust. cheese in cuts. Garnish and serve with butter curls for guests to cut and butter their choice.

SUPER SANDWICH SALAD BOWL

Place torn lettuce and endive in salad bowl. Tuck in Sandwich Cones, Asparagus Snacks and brown and white bread sandwiches with your own choice of fillings.

Sandwich Cones: Roll trimmed white bread slices with rolling pin. Butter slices, shape into cones, secure with toothpick, bake in hot oven 10-15 mins. Fill with mixture of 4 ozs. grated Aust. cheese, ½ cup chopped cooked corned beef and 1 dspn. mayonnaise. Garnish with olive slices.

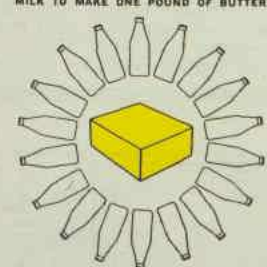
Asparagus Snacks: Hollow centres of 2 small French bread sticks. Butter inside thoroughly. Fill with asparagus spears. Chill. Cut into lengths to serve.

BARBECUED CHEESE BREAD

Slice round cottage loaf across. Blend 4 ozs. butter with 2 ozs. grated Aust. Parmesan cheese. Spread on each slice and reform loaf. Cut into 4, wrap in foil and bake in hot oven for 40-50 minutes.

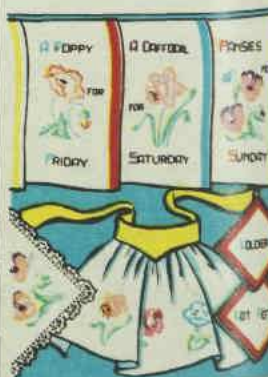
SEAFOOD SAVOURY WHEEL
Arrange prawns and oysters on large rounds of buttered brown bread. Cut into wedges, garnish with parsley.

IT TAKES THE CREAM FROM 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

OUR TRANSFER



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THE BUSY BODY

"You will never mention my name again," Nick Rovito said. "I will never mention yours. I wanted you brought here, you greedy little punk, because I wanted to say goodbye. Goodbye."

"You got to tell me what you think I did," Engel said. "I been a help to you, for four years. I rate a fair shake from you now."

Nick Rovito stepped back, frowning, squinting. "You never give up," he said. "Or is there more than one thing I could have you on and you don't know which it is? Is that it?"

"I never did anything to you, Nick," Engel said. "Not once."

The second slap was harder than the first, because it was backhand.

"I told you never to mention my name again."

Engel sucked blood from the corner of his mouth. "I been square with you," he said.

"Tell me one thing," Nick Rovito said. "Did you find the suit? Did you find it and keep it to yourself? That's the kind of thing you'd do, isn't it?"

Engel said, "One of us is crazy," and that earned him the closed fist. He moved his head enough to catch it on the cheekbone instead of the nose.

Fox said, "Nick, please don't mark him. We still got to transport him."

To page 58

THE BOYFRIEND



"To avoid a big argument about who's paying the bill — you take it!"

about up. And since the mission had a dormitory upstairs like any other mission the customers didn't have to go home after they shot up, either.

Engel parked across the street from this mission now, and he and Gittel and Fox got out of the car. They crossed the rubbish-strewn street, Engel in the middle, and went into the mission.

At the far end of the room, near the organ, was a battered brown door with gold lettering on it, seemingly done by the same shaky hand that had identified the front windows in red. The lettering announced:

OFFICE
Knock Before
Entering

Gittel pushed this door open and entered without knocking. Engel followed him and Fox brought up the rear. Their passage through the meeting room had caused no stir of interest or curiosity, the clientele of missions not normally being of the nosy-parker type.

The office they now entered was a cramped and sloppy room full of second-hand office furniture. A flabby, scabby, sloppy type in white religious collar, black clerical suit, and red alcoholic nose sat at the desk, adding up numbers on a sheet of yellow paper, doing his work with a thick, blunt stub of pencil. This fool's name was Clabber, and he liked to be called Reverend.

Not Engel nor either of the other two called him Reverend or anything else at the moment. He looked up from his figuring, bleary-eyed, and watched them pass through, across his cluttered sanctuary and through the door on the other side into a room painted black.

ALL black. Walls and ceiling, black paint on soundproofing. Floor, black linoleum. A black wooden kitchen table and four black kitchen chairs stood in the middle of the room under a ceiling fixture with three bare twenty-five-watt bulbs in it.

Nick Rovito was sitting at the table, and so was another guy, a humble, hangdog, fiftyish loser with a worried face and bad posture. He looked up at Engel and then quickly away again. He looked like the kind of natural loser who runs a business, goes bankrupt, sets fire to the store for the insurance, and manages only to burn himself up.

Nick Rovito pointed at Engel.

"Is that him?"

"Yuh."

"Look at him. Be sure."

The little guy looked at Engel, his eyes pleading as though he and not Engel were the one on the spot. Looking at him, thinking of business and fires, Engel wondered if Murray Kane could possibly have looked like this, but the answer had to be no. Something like this attached to a woman like Margo Kane? Impossible.

Also irrelevant. There were more immediate things to think about, like Nick Rovito saying, "Look at him. Look at his face. Is it him or are you wasting my time?"

"It's him."

"All right."

Engel said, "What is this, Nick?"

Nick Rovito got up from his seat at the table, came around, and slapped Engel across the face. "I treated you," he said, "like my own son. Better."

"I don't rate this," Engel told him. He knew he was in deeper trouble than he'd ever been in his life before, and he didn't know why, but he had sense enough to keep his head and try for the reasonable approach. Nick Rovito's slap had stung, but that was nothing.

Nick Rovito was saying to the little guy, "All right, that's all. Go home. Tell your friends it's taken care of, and other than that keep your trap shut."

The little guy seemed to get down from the chair. He scuttled toward the door, blinking, licking his lips, not looking at Engel or anyone.

When he was gone, Engel said, "I don't know what your grievance is, Nick. And I never saw that guy before in my life."



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Continued from page 57

THE BUSY BODY

Nick Rovito stepped back again, massaging his knuckles. "You're right. I shouldn't lose my temper with him."

Engel said, "Just tell me what you think I did. I deserve that much."

"Why waste your time, you punk? You don't convince me, so drop it."

"All I ask is tell me in words what I did."

Nick Rovito shook his head. "You just keep trying," he said. "That's one of the things I always liked about you, how you just kept trying. You want me to say it in words? Even though that guy Whatsisname, Rose, that guy Rose was here, you still think there's a chance I mean something else, something you can weasel out of. All right, punk, you want it in words, I'll say it in words."

Engel waited, listening harder than he'd ever listened before in his life.

"You used my name," Nick

Rovito said. "You used your connection with me. You went to businessmen, legitimate businessmen like this guy Rose, and you held them up. 'I'm Al Engel,' you said. 'I work with Nick Rovito, and you know who he is. You pay up to me, or I see to it you start getting trouble. Union trouble. Racket trouble. Cop trouble. All sorts trouble.' That's what you told them, you rotten greedy swine. You worked your own racket inside the organisation."

Engel shook his head. "I never," he said. He knew how serious a thing that was, to use the threat of the organisation for personal advantage. There was nothing you could do more serious than that except try to overthrow Nick Rovito himself. An organisation can't survive if the members are all trying to be boss, and it can't survive if the members are all out for them-

selves all the time. So what he was being charged with was enough to make the sweat break out on his forehead and his hands start trembling at his sides.

Nick Rovito said, "I didn't bring you here to listen to you lie."

Engel said, "I wouldn't do such a thing, Ni—I wouldn't. I never saw that guy Rose before in my life."

Nick Rovito shook his head. "Then why would he say it? Why would he accuse you? Why would he identify you? If you never saw him before, if he doesn't know you, why should he take the chance?"

"I don't know. All I know is I never been less than a hundred percent with you, and you'll know that some day."

Fox laughed, and Gittel motioned like he was playing a violin.

Engel said, "I'm loyal to

the end. Callaghan's watching me, he'll want to know where I am. He'll make things hot."

Nick Rovito grinned and shook his head. "Not if you're a killer. Cops don't waste time at all trying to find out who bumped off a killer. And as of tonight you're a killer."

"I am?"

"You went out with a gun tonight, and you killed a punk name of Willy Menchik. Over in Jersey, as he came out of the Bowlorama. You shot him, and then you dropped the gun when you ran away. The cops have it by now, and they'll find your fingerprints all over it."

More and more Engel was convinced he was dreaming. "My prints?"

"You might call me a string saver," Nick Rovito said. "I never throw anything away. Like the gun you used on Connelly?"

"You kept it?"

"A nice set of prints, kept fresh in cold storage. By morning Callaghan will be looking for you with a warrant on murder one. By tomorrow night he'll find you, rubbed out. No witnesses, no questions, no evidence. No need to waste time and money on a trial for you. He'll wash his hands and go think about something else."

Nick Rovito gave him a mock salute. "Goodbye, you punk."

Gittel and Fox closed in, getting him by the arms just above the elbow, squeezing hard, in a grip he'd used himself more times than he could count. They took him out of the black room and through the office with its blinking fool and through the main meeting-room and out to the street and across to the car.

THE hubcaps were all gone. So was the radio antenna. So was the glass from the tail-lights. The glove compartment had been rifled and the rear seat had been slashed with a knife.

Gittel looked this way and that along the quiet street. "Those kids," he said. "They got no respect for nothing." To Engel he said, "You drive again."

Fox said, "Are you crazy?"

"Engel won't try nothing. Will you, Engel?"

Engel would, but he said, "Not me. I know you guys."

They all got into the car again, Engel behind the wheel and the other two in the back. Fox let Engel know he had his gun out and ready for anything, and Gittel again told Fox there was nothing to worry about. Engel asked where to now and Gittel said, "Triborough Bridge. Up to a Hundred Twenny-fifth Street."

"Right."

Engel bided his time. He concentrated a lot of his

attention on the car, shifting constantly back and forth, pushing the car up town practically by physical strength. He also, in order to keep Gittel and Fox unsuspecting, talked away to the two in the back seat, subtly leading himself open to suggestion and bribes. But he didn't expect any of this to do him any immediate good. What he had to do, somewhere along the line, was purely and simply get away from these two.

The tollbooths for the Triborough Bridge were right in the middle of the bridge. Engel contemplated simply getting out of the car there and walking away, doubting that Gittel and Fox would dare shoot him next to the tollbooths, but the problem was there was nowhere to run away to.

After the bridge they directed him on to the Grand Central Parkway. "Take it to the Long Island Expressway," Gittel told him, "then take the Expressway east." Which meant out on the island, out away from New York.

Grand Central Parkway was landscaped on both sides with a central mall. Now, a little after one o'clock in the morning, there wasn't much traffic moving in either direction. Engel waited, biding his time. He stayed in the farthest left lane of the three, driving at about forty miles an hour. He waited, driving along, talking to the two guys in the back seat, and finally the conditions were just right. There was no traffic near him in any lane. The road was straight.

He put the gear shift in neutral, opened the door, and rolled out on to the mall. As he left he heard somebody say, "Hey!"

It was quite a sensation hitting turf at forty miles an hour. Engel had rolled himself into a ball as he was leaving the car, and now he just went tumbling forward, end over end, until he gradually lost momentum and opened out flat on his back in the middle of the greenery.

He sat up, with difficulty, finding himself dizzy and a little nauseous. Ahead of him and still pulling away, down now to about twenty miles an hour but far from stopped, the black Chevy was still moving along. It had drifted over to the centre lane, but was still going pretty straight.

Engel could imagine Gittel and Fox in the back seat, both scrambling to get up front, to climb over the seat, each getting in the other's way, the both of them shouting and jumping.

While Engel waited time, he seemed to have muscle aches in about thirty different places — staggered over the mall, across the eastbound lanes of traffic, over the fence on the other side to the metal fence there, climbed the fence, attained one of the little dim streets of Queens, and ran for his life.

To be concluded

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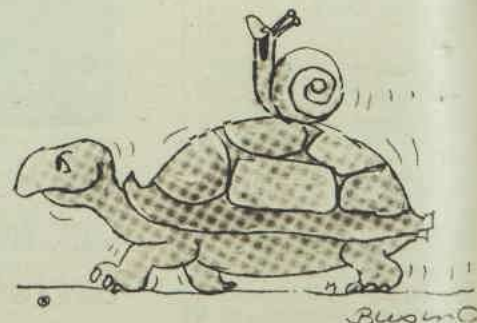
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"WHEEEEEEE!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1966

This wig-business has gone to the boys' heads

● Boys in Paris have the problem of girls who like males with long hair and employers who don't. They have found the answer in wigs — in every shape and form — designed by Molinairo. For about \$20 a young man can have a hairstyle to match the time, place, and whim of his girlfriend. Hair-raising, isn't it?



JEAN PIERRE, a young Frenchman, is prematurely bald and even wears a postiche to work, to make him look younger.



SIDE WHISKERS are stuck on by Jean Pierre for parties, semi-formal occasions.



FOR DANCING the Frug and Monkiss at the Palladium, he has really long hair.



MOST GIRLS seem to prefer him in this Beatle wig, which he wears quite often.



BLOND WIG and leather coat and scarf transform him into a way-out surfie.

UP TO THE KNEES IN FASHION

● Mod gear gets the gaiters treatment (right) in the latest fashion trend from London. The old-fashioned gaiters are being worn over chunky pumps for casual wear, and, made in satin, with formal outfits, too. They come in many colors, as well as tartans, checks, and op-art.



Higher education defended

I'VE heard it said that I am mad for doing Senior and not going to work at Junior level. Well, I would like to give my opinion on this subject.

I think a person who has the ability should go on to higher studies and so contribute to the advancement of the community. Those who leave school at Junior level or without gaining their Junior, but who have the ability for higher studies, later will be the very people who complain of the great difference between the rich and the poor.

So I say to those who have the ability, complete your high-school education. —Barbara Britt, Mitchelton, Qld.

JUST what is wrong with going to school? I am a 16-year-old girl in the fifth form. I've discovered that many people, when they find I am still at school, regard me as something queer.

Not all people do this, I admit, but it is not encouraging when some do, and encouragement is what I need.

It is not easy to go to school — outings are restricted, money is short, and so on. As one gets older, these things are annoying.

So, please, anyone reading this, do not look down on those of my age who are striving for a higher education. Things are bad enough without that. We're normal human beings and we have feelings. —Colette McInerney, Rockdale, N.S.W.

Downtrodden

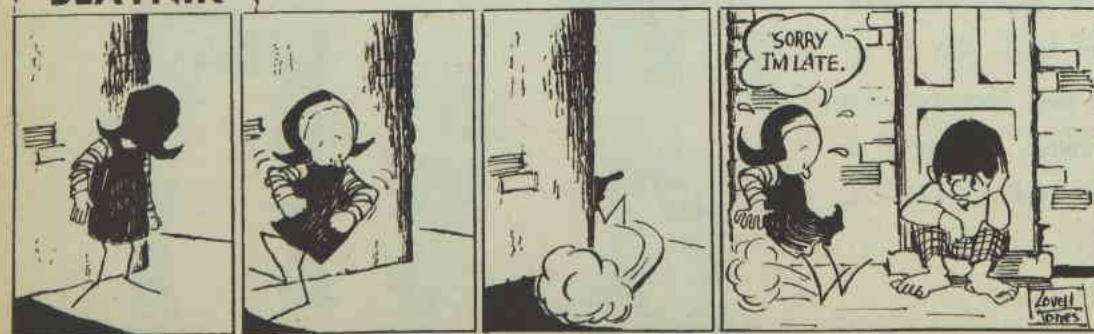
MUCH is said about trainee nurses, and I would like to say that I'm sick of people treating us the way they do.

Just stop and think: where would the world be without nurses? Doctors are looked upon with great respect because of their knowledge. Today nurses are expected to know almost as much as doctors. But they do not receive a university degree for their hard work.

We are at the beck and call of all eight hours or more a day. Still, we must smile happily despite — bad backs from lifting patients weighing up to 20 stone, tired and aching feet, cold conditions in winter (cardigans are prohibited in the wards), violent and temperamental patients, and sometimes sickness at home.

Other students receive travelling concessions, but not nurses. Why not? —M. E. Turner, Waitara, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



Not "square"

THE first thing most teenagers think of when the words "square dancing" are mentioned is squaresville and that it's strictly for the birds.

I also thought this, until about a year ago I was prompted by a friend to go along and just see what this square dancing was really like.

After that first visit I have never looked back and have been enjoying these nights ever since. I often go two and three times a week.

Admittedly there are older ones who go, but we need them to keep the club running, organising weekends away for us, barbecues, and fancy dress nights.

If you have nothing to do one night and want to have a terrific time and meet a lot of very friendly people, I would most certainly suggest square dancing. —"Square Forever," Tingalpa, Qld.

United front

RECENTLY I heard an angry argument between a long-haired mod boy and a scornful adult critic of teenage conformism.

The critic argued that although teenagers claim that one of their greatest struggles is to escape conformism, they nearly all follow similar idols and cultivate similar tastes in clothes, speech, music, dances, and other fads. And so they end up conforming.

This makes the teenager very much open to criticism for self-contradiction, and causes many arguments like the one I heard.

However, the fact is that we kids do not wish to escape from conformism with each other — the idea is to be a non-conformist in relation to ADULTS.

Most of us try to be like each other to a certain extent, in order to be identified as a class separate from the adult world, for in this way we have the strength to fight against it.

Many of us may be unaware of it, but we are practically adults ourselves. Therefore, we have the urge for independence.

We feel too old to be told, like children, what to do, and we want to show further independence by being different from adults. —Eve Jones, Clayton, Vic.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Dance dangers

LIKE most other teenagers I eagerly awaited the arrival of new dance trends and tried them.

But with drastic results! I injured my back while frugging, strained my arms while doing the monkey, and got a terrible headache from doing the mod's nod.

Now I take care and just watch my friends happily dancing and dream of the day when I can do the latest dance without injuring myself. —"Gone Wild," Rosherville Beach, N.S.W.

Same old story

IN our religious instruction lesson the other day, the minister read us an extract from a book. It was about young people, and it went on to say that they dress very unbecomingly, behave disgracefully, and, in summing up, that their whole way of life was not approved of.

We were asked when we thought this had been written. Naturally, we answered, "About 1965," and were shocked to learn that it had been written sometime during the 19th century.

As advice to other young people, do not take too much notice of older people's groans about the modern generation. It seems to have been going on for years. Our parents' parents probably complained about them, and they are just carrying on tradition by complaining about us.

It is not that we are so bad, it is just that we are so different from what they were like, and they cannot accept the fact that times have changed.

When we are older we will probably act the same way about the new generation that will then exist — even though we now say we will not. —J. H. Leonard, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Smarten up!

I WOULD like to ask all high-school students who complain about their drab uniform how hard have they tried to change it?

A group of fifth-year pupils from our school got together and designed what we believed to be a "sensible," though fashionable,

uniform. Having next decided on the material, we went straight to our headmaster (of whom most of us were afraid).

We could not have received a nicer welcome, or a readier agreement to our suggestions. If other girls really want a change of uniform, I advise them to try for it as we did. —N. Maunder, Gunnedah, N.S.W.

Distorted image

IT is my belief that the present confused state of today's teenagers is due to the emphasis placed on them by society.

Our whole way of life is focused on the teenager — illustrated by the fact that any manufacturer who does not cater for the teenage market where he can is soon out of business.

This over-emphasis gives many of us a distorted image of our importance, leading to confusion and trouble.

Who is to blame? The caveman, or his successor who developed the wheel and started progress? What can be done? Nothing. —"Confusion," Ivanhoe, Vic.

A demi-square

AMONG the numerous groups such as mods, surfies, and rockers, into which teenagers divide themselves, there is one ostracised unit which seems to carry the stigma of all time. I refer, of course, to the squares.

Being on the edge of this infamous group, I now call myself an individualist, to prevent adverse comment. But as a demi-square, I (contrary to usual expectations) do not wear spectacles or have mousy hair, or even wear long skirts in dull colors.

I dress to suit my own style and coloring. Although my preference is classical music (natural enough, since I have studied the piano for nine years), I am still able to appreciate the Beatles, and in dancing am not restricted to the old-time waltz.

I do not talk with an affected accent or hold interminable philosophical discussions, since, according to popular opinion, the square is not conversant with the world of today.

So, as a demi-square (or an individualist), I hope I

have destroyed some of the ancient suspicions that plague the existence of the squares. —Helena Stone, Hill End, Qld.

Teenage ideals

THE main trouble with people today is that they get themselves into a nice, secure little rut, and forget how to care for anyone or anything which does not benefit them directly.

Although adults apparently do not realise this, teenagers, for a few years at least, have high ideals, and are prepared to defend them and to fight any injustice that comes along.

Everyone has an obligation to defend ideals that he believes in sincerely, and yet, instead of doing this, adults shake their heads knowingly at idealistic teenagers, and say "You'll learn."

Who can judge who has right and wrong ideals? As long as we are willing to back them actively all the way, we care. And if more people in Australia really did care, and would forget their trivial problems, perhaps we could be sure that Australia will stay out of the hands of Communists, and such.

How much longer can we live in a fool's paradise? —C. Lill, Stanmore, N.S.W.

"Live" lessons

AM I alone in my belief that we cannot learn as well from films or TV in the classroom, compared with a teacher actually giving a lesson?

I see the film, but cannot take in the voice delivered the lesson, which seems so remote that my brain does not even register half of what I hear.

At the end, I feel I have been to the pictures — but certainly not full of information and facts, as I would have had I been attending a lecture.

With me, it's a dead loss. Do other students feel they would prefer live teaching? —M. Leighton, Roseville, N.S.W.

Outmoded

IT seems strange that in our so-called modern secondary schools there still exist the outmoded prefect system.

Representatives from the higher years only are elected — thus failing to allow fully for the junior and its between classes.

A much more effective school system would consist of a body of students from every year combining in a representative council and discussing at regular intervals matters pertaining to all years of high school.

In this way a substantial basis for better understanding between different levels of secondary schools could be established, and so decrease the inferiority felt by the younger members of the schools. —L. A. Good, Newwood, S.A.

ROUND ROBIN

A BIG KICK OUT OF PERFUME

● I see that a Sydney Australian Rules team played recently after being sprayed with perfume.

THEIR coach sprayed them with eau-de-cologne during the match to freshen them up.

The coach also relaxed his players by playing them music before the game and at half-time.

He said he believed other teams would follow the example.

Many players and fans, no doubt, will turn up their noses at the perfume idea and turn deaf ears to the music plan.

But it could be interesting if the coach's prediction comes true.

I doubt if the music idea is a very good one — so few tunes are suitable.

A rousing dose (before the match) of "Stand Up and Fight," from "Carmen Jones," could lead to a most unruly game.

Many a heart would be broken, after the brawl. Again, "These Boots Were Made for Walking" could lull a team out of the running.

Similarly, a team facing a notorious "bad-man" could be unnerved by listening to "I Get a Kick Out of You."

The perfume part might have a sweeter smell of success. Perhaps we'll see the day when an unperfumed player will be sent off the field.

And imagine a team winning Chanel No. 5 to nil! Scent could really be a technical aid to players — perfume has always been a help in making passes.

No one should fear that the introduction of perfume would take the vigor out of football.

Doubtless there would still be more traditional dabs behind the ears!

Robin Adair

CROZZLE

No. 5 RESULTS

The prize of \$500 for the top score in Crozzle No. 5 goes to Mrs. S. Dean, 15 Brindisi Street, Mentone, Vic. Mrs. Dean amassed 444 points. She sent in six entries.

Eighty-one entries share the \$500 for the next four highest scores, with total points of 439, 438, 437, and 436.

WINNERS sharing the next four highest scores prize each receive \$6.17. They are:

SCORE: 439 (5 entries). Mrs. C. Goodyear, South Side, Gympie, Qld. (3 shares); G. Douglas, 21 The Boulevard, Cammeray, N.S.W. (2 shares).

SCORE: 438 (47 entries). Mrs. R. Richardson, "Blue Hills," Burrumbet, Vic. (6 shares); Mr. K. Drogemuller, Flat 4, 61-63 Kermode St., Nth. Adelaide (5 shares); R. Gorecki, Flat 4, 61-63 Kermode St., Nth. Adelaide (5 shares); Mrs. E. Nicholls, Mount Bute, Lismore, Vic. (5 shares); Mrs. G. E. Nicholls, Mount Bute, Lismore, Vic. (4 shares); Mr. F. A. Larkin, 17 Taylor St., Wangaratta, Vic. (3 shares); Mrs. D. E. MacLeod, 76 Kareena Road, Miranda, N.S.W. (3 shares); Mrs. E. Barton, 17 Eno Road, East Malvern, Vic. (2 shares); Mr. W. A. Byrne, 47 Osborn Terrace, Plympton, S.A. (2 shares); Mrs. Y. Eccleston, 195 Penshurst St., Beverly Hills, N.S.W. (2 shares); F. W. Tarlinton, Hickory St., Durrigo, N.S.W. (2 shares);

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TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 164
EACH TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 280
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 444

Prizewinning entry by Mrs. S. Dean, redrawn by one of our artists for more satisfactory reproduction.

Mr. J. F. Fitzpatrick, 40 Marian St., Enmore, N.S.W.; Mrs. L. M. Hayes, 22 Glenys St., Nambour, Qld.; Mrs. L. N. Hals, 61 Ryan St., Innisfail, N. Qld.; Mrs. L. R. Hickey, 11 Beverley Crescent, New Lambton Hts., N.S.W.; Mr. A. H. A. Macquart, 57 Lambeth St., Panania, N.S.W.; Mrs. P. Roslyn, 10 Weinholt St., Rockhampton, Qld.; Mrs. M. L. Shaw, 2 Pearce St., Burwood E.13, Vic.; S. Smater, 6 Confederate St., Red Hill, Brisbane, Qld.

SCORE: 437 (1 entry). Mrs. D. Fitzgerald, 654



TV STAR Brian Henderson and Mardi Ozoux, who will marry on June 14. Mardi is holding Bonita, one of Brian's two chihuahuas.

Glamor wedding for Brian and Mardi

MARIE LOUISE ("MARDI") OZOUX will celebrate her nineteenth birthday on June 12. Two days later she will step into the spotlight of one of the biggest and most glamorous showbusiness weddings ever seen in Australia: she walks down the aisle of Scots Kirk, Mosman, N.S.W.,

to marry 34-year-old TV idol Brian Henderson.

The ceremony and the reception, to be held at Amory, Ashfield, will have nationwide Press, radio, and TV coverage.

Even a professional performer would be a little nervous about the publicity and facing the thousands of fans who are expected to turn up to see their hero married.

How does SHE feel about it?

"I don't really know at the moment. I am not letting myself think about it," she said.

"I shall probably be so excited I won't feel anything. And, anyway, I will have Brian at my side and he will take care of me."

"My life has been such a whirlwind lately that it wasn't until I had my first fitting for my wedding gown last week that it suddenly hit me — I am being married!"

Mardi's frock and those of her four bridesmaids will be empire-style. Hers will be

in alencon lace; her attendants will wear peau de soie.

Brian describes Mardi as "a very mature, sensible, and practical girl who doesn't wear much make-up but always looks beautiful." She worked as a manicurist in a Sydney salon.

Mardi and Brian will honeymoon at Thredbo, in the N.S.W. Alps.

"We are both good water-skiers," Mardi said. "Brian has tried the snow only once and he tells me he wasn't very good. But we are both very keen to learn."

PONYTAIL BY LEE

SCOOTER, PLEASE LEAVE THE ROOM. SUZIE AND I WANT TO TALK GIRL TALK.



ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK BOY TALK?



RANDY ARMSTRONG ASKED ME FOR A DATE, BUT I JUST COULDN'T ACCEPT.



WHY NOT?



HE'S THE COOLEST DRESSER, HE'S A GROOVY DANCER, AND HE'S A STAR ATHLETE.



BUT I'M TRUE-BLUE TO DONALD.



RANDY'S FOLKS JUST BOUGHT HIM A NEW RED SPORTS CAR.



SUZIE, YOU'RE LOOKING AT A DEFECTOR.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A date with teacher?

"COULD you please tell me if teachers are allowed to take out students, as there is a nice 18-year-old male teacher at our school. He talks to me at lunch-time and doesn't treat me like a student. I go to the local dance and he is there each week with the same girl, but he always speaks to me. One day I would love to go out with him. Could you please tell me how to go about getting him to ask me, without him thinking I am chasing him?"

"Teacher's Pet," Vic.

If you do anything, he will know you are chasing him. I don't know if there is an actual rule against teachers having dates with pupils

— but I'm quite sure it's frowned upon and "not the done thing." It's also almost certain that he will not ask you out and there is no correct way you could get him to. Anyway, he already has a regular girlfriend. Leave him alone.

Princely dream

"I AM a 16-year-old girl, and my one ambition in life is to meet and go out with Prince Charles. When he was in England I knew I could never see him, but now that he is here in Australia I have a flicker of hope. Have you any idea of how I can achieve my ambition?"

"Ambitious," Vic.

None at all. He'll just have to remain your dream prince.

Kissing boys

"I AM 14, and the other night a dance I was dancing with a boy of about 19 or 20. He started holding me very close to him, and then tried to kiss me, but I wouldn't let him. I didn't know his name or anything about him. Should I have let him kiss me and should you let a boy kiss you on a first date?"

"Dancer," N.S.W.

You were right not to let a boy at the dance kiss you, and as a rule it is a good idea not to let a boy start kissing you until you know him better than you would on a first date. However, this cannot be a hard and fast rule—a kiss is often, and should be, quite spontaneous. I think that 14 is a bit young for the kissing game, especially with an oldie of 20.

Seeking attention

"I AM 14. I still go to school, a boy I like goes to the same school. He is in third year. I don't know where he lives, but I have a fair idea. He sometimes looks at my friend. How can I make him look at me? I am also interested in horses."

"Help," W.A.

If you ride a horse to school I'm sure he will look at you. Seriously though, leave him alone and concentrate on school until he makes the first move.

In despair at 16

"I AM nearly 16 and in great despair. I have several problems. First, I am not allowed to go out anywhere with anyone unless one of my parents comes too. I go to the pictures or dance (which I seldom do) or have a sit with my parents. Second, I'm not allowed to go to our school dances because my parents aren't allowed in and because they think I am too young. They give me anything I ask for, but don't understand that all I want is at least to go out with girlfriends. I'm so bored because I am the only child they have. Other girls talk about me. I have tried to persuade my parents."

"Too Young," Qld.

While it is natural for your parents to want to protect you and right that they are very careful about where you are and who with, they do seem to be a little too anxious. I think you should be allowed to go to the school dances at least, and perhaps out with a girlfriend occasionally. Couldn't you begin by bringing a few friends home and showing your parents how you conduct yourselves? This should lead to more freedom. Have you pointed out that there are teachers chaperoning school dances and suggested that your parents could pick you up at a set time? Can you get a close friend or relative to talk it over with your mother?

Chin up!

"I AM an 18-year-old boy shop assistant. My only problem is shyness caused by the fact that my chin recedes slightly. I know this is hardly anything to worry about, as other people have real defects. However, I cannot overcome the feeling of inferiority I have where girls are concerned. Can plastic surgery or exercises do anything to rectify this? Am I obliged to put up with it all my life?"

"Gloomy," S.A.

As you say, it is hardly anything to worry about—and I do feel that if you try to develop all your good points and become an interesting and interested companion it will become completely unimportant. I don't think exercises would help at all, but do ask either your local doctor or the Australian Medical Association to recommend a specialist who would discuss the matter with you.

How Jenny made a fresh-start



FRIDAY 5 P.M.

OOO GOODIE, WEEKEND AND I'M GOING TO A BARBECUE WITH TOM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JENNY?

OH GAY, MAD THINGS LIKE WALKING THE DOG. WHO'D TAKE OUT A GIRL COVERED IN AWFUL SPOTS!



IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT—YOU SHOULD BE USING FRESH-START LIKE ME.

FRESH-START?



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BECAUSE IT WASHES DEEP DOWN INTO YOUR PORES—GETS RID OF ALL THE NASTY OIL AND GRIME THAT START PIMPLES!



THE NEXT NIGHT

THIS FRESH-START FEELS GREAT. IT TINGLES!



2 FRESH-START WEEKS LATER.



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3230

3471

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE has walked into a trap. The Cobra asks how he wants to die. Mandrake insists that he wants to see the Cobra's face first. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- To start one of these capital is needed (6,5).
- The name of this famous Swiss mathematician finally breaks a rule (5).
- Small two-handled flask (7).
- A passing over (7).
- Agave fibre (5).
- To have them you must be an uncle or an aunt (6).
- Alc bar (anagr., 6).
- Mythological silvan being (5).
- He brings a charge against someone, mostly with a curse (7).
- I'm virtuous; on the contrary (7).
- Hunter's hurling weapon (5).
- Coverings of communion table (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Deliverance (7).
- European capital, home of famous fashion houses (5).
- Responds to a stimulus about divisions of a play (6).
- Heads (5).
- This could be a punter's error (7-4).
- These are men to mourn (4-7).
- This is a difficult question (5).
- Mistake or mistake (5).
- Entreat (7).
- Plant with bulbous, strong-smelling, pungent - tasting root (6).
- Language of a race inhabiting S. India and Ceylon (5).
- Take a heretic as company hiding a Philippine lighter (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Arnott's

26 MAY 1966 famous

CHOCOLATE Biscuits

Treat your family to their favourites from
ARNOTT'S WONDERLAND OF TASTE

There's such a tempting choice.
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There is no Substitute for Quality

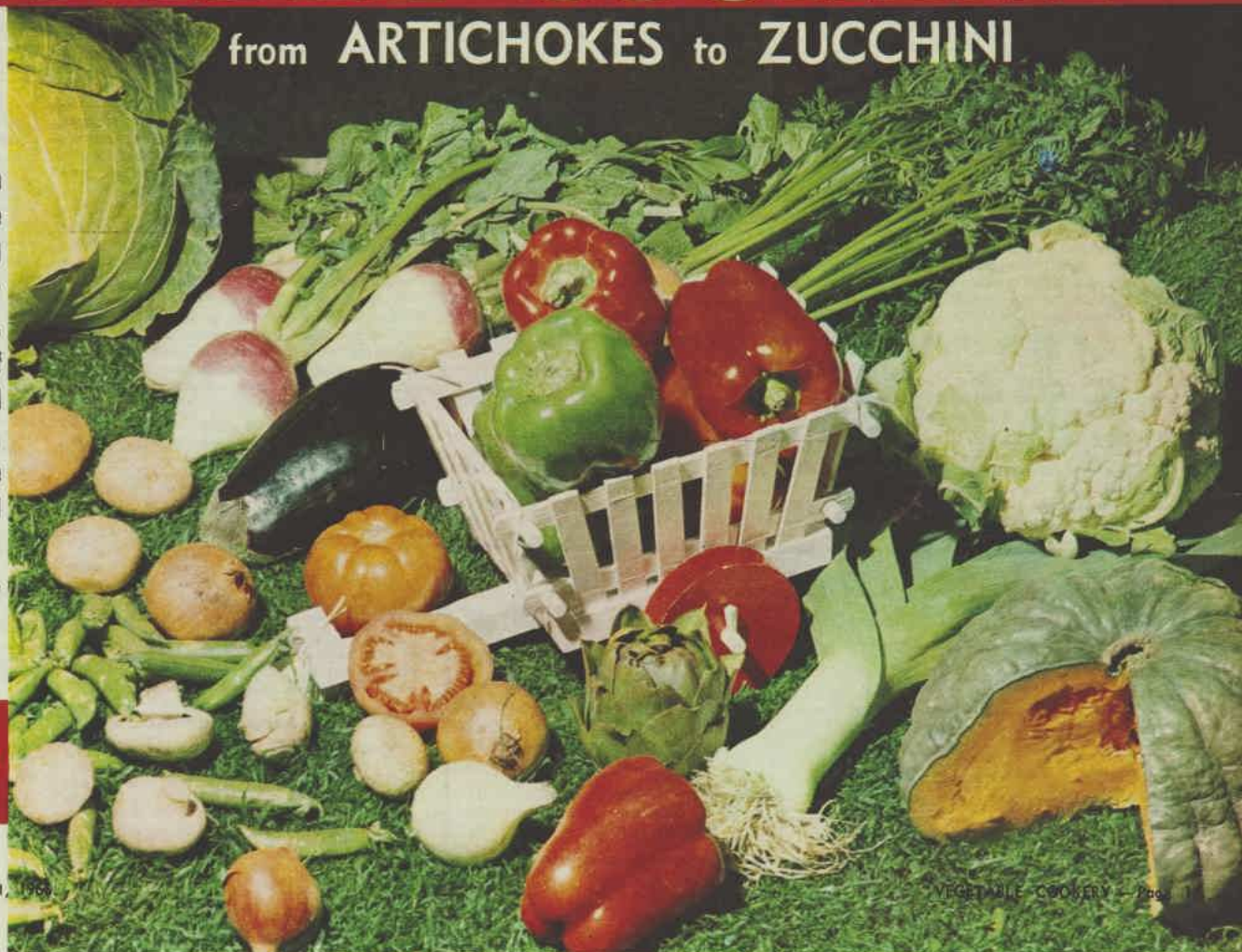
The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY** *presents*

VEGETABLE COOKERY

from ARTICHOKES to ZUCCHINI

● This booklet tells you all about vegetables, from A to Z. It contains advice on selecting, preparing, and cooking vegetables so their full, true flavor is retained. It gives a wide variety of recipes for interesting and appetising vegetable dishes, including some that are classic, some new and unusual, and some old-established family favorites.

FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD
TEST KITCHEN



The Australian Women's Weekly — June 1, 1968

VEGETABLE COOKERY — Page 1

How to cook vegetables

- It's easy to cook vegetables to perfection. You might like to try French or Chinese methods.

TO cover or not to cover vegetables when cooking them on top of the stove is a question often debated. And, as with most forms of cookery, everyone has a favorite method.

But experts agree on the following:

- Vegetables should be cooked as quickly as possible, so they are crisp, full of flavor, and retain much of their vitamin content.
- As little water as possible should be used, so the food value is retained in the vegetables, not in the cooking water. (And don't discard any cooking water that remains; add it to the liquid to be used for soups, stews, sauces, etc.)

We recommend this way to cook green vegetables:

Put about 1 in. of boiling water into pot, bring it to the boil again; add some salt. Put vegetables into pot gradually so water does not go off boil. Cover tightly, cook as quickly as possible.

To hasten cooking time, make sure leafy vegetables, such as cabbage, are shredded or torn into small pieces beforehand.

The boiling method above can also be

used for almost any other vegetable; carrots, potatoes, etc., will probably need a little more water; but they should be barely covered.

Some cooks believe green vegetables should never be cooked in a covered pot because this spoils the bright green color. But it is more often overcooking which spoils color.

Overcooking is one of the worst faults in vegetable cookery. As well as destroying flavor and vitamin content, it will turn green vegetables an unattractive grey color, will take all the bright color from yellow vegetables, and make white vegetables grey and watery.

Another method of cooking green vegetables is butter-steaming, which gives a good fresh-vegetable taste.

Butter-steaming

This is generally used for green vegetables, but young carrots, finely sliced, and many other young vegetables can also be cooked in this way. It's a good way, too, of cooking the green tops of vegetables, such as turnips. Cooking time is short, and a high percentage of vitamin content is retained.

Wash vegetables well; discard any old and discolored leaves. Drain in colander a few minutes. The water clinging to leaves of green vegetables should provide sufficient moisture for cooking; for other types, you will need to add a little stock or water.

Place vegetables in wide heavy pan (electric frypan is ideal), add butter (about 1½ to 2oz.) and the extra liquid, if necessary. Cover, cook until vegetables are just wilted; season to taste.

French method

Vegetables prepared and cooked in advance tend to lose their fresh, just-cooked color and flavor when left to stand for any time and then reheated.

But the French have a way of "refreshing" vegetables when cooked which keeps the bright color in carrots and the freshness in all green vegetables. It's called the refreshing (or rafraîche) method. Here's what you do:

Prepare and cook vegetables in usual way. As soon as they are cooked, remove from heat. Immediately drain in colander and let fresh cold water run over them until they are quite cold. Then return to saucepan, cover with cold water. They can then stand, fresh and colorful, for several hours, ready to be reheated.

To reheat, pour off cold water, put vegetables back on stove, pour on boiling water and simmer a few minutes until heated through; season again, if necessary.

This "refreshing" method seals the color in vegetables. But if they have been overcooked and thus lost their color, no amount of refreshing will restore it.

Chinese method

Vegetables are cooked quickly — and very often cut in small pieces for rapid cooking — so they are still tender but crisp, and the full good color as well as nutriment is maintained.

For Chinese the most popular way of cooking vegetables is stir-frying. Although



Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

the Chinese do occasionally boil vegetables, they believe this Western method transfers the vegetable's flavor and vitamin content to the cooking water; and they're amazed that Australians usually throw out this cooking water instead of putting it to good use in soups, stews, etc.

Vegetables such as cauliflower and carrots are cut into small pieces and par-boiled 1 minute before being stir-fried. Cabbage, celery are cut, put into colander, scalded with boiling water (just pour the boiling water over), then rinsed with cold water before stir-frying.

How to stir-fry: Heat pan, add oil — not too much, just enough to cover base of pan (2 tablespoons should be sufficient); let oil get hot before adding vegetables. (The hot oil seals in vegetable juices.) Add vegetables, cut in small pieces; stir constantly about 1 minute so all vegetables are coated with oil.

For vegetables which are rather thicker, such as beans, cut in chunks, add a little stock to the pan, cover and cook 3 minutes. They will steam and be a delightful green color. Then uncover and continue stir-frying until done.

Chinese cabbage: Shred cabbage, prepare as directed above; put into heated oil, stir 1 minute. Add about 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ to ½ cup water (depending on size of cabbage); cook, stirring, 3 to 4 minutes.

Chinese spinach: Remove white stalks from spinach, but do not cut leaves. Put them whole into heated oil, add 1 teaspoon salt. Cook, stirring, 3 to 4 minutes.

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ARTICHOKE: There are two types of artichokes — the jerusalem and the globe. Many people consider the globe artichoke to be the most delicately flavored and refined of all vegetables.

Globe Artichokes: Wash artichokes, then cut off stem at base. Remove any old outside leaves, shorten the tips with scissors. Plunge into large saucepan of boiling salted water; add juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, cover, and cook 30 to 40 minutes, according to size. Artichokes are cooked when leaves come away easily when pulled gently. Drain well, place on individual serving dishes. Serve with bowl of melted butter, with juice of lemon and salt and pepper added.

Each diner pulls off the leaves, dips them in melted butter, and eats fleshy end. Remove central hairy "choke," when reached, and eat base.

Artichokes cooked in this way can also be served cold, with a vinaigrette sauce.

Jerusalem Artichokes: Is not really an artichoke but a member of sunflower family. Does not look or taste like the globe artichoke, but resembles a knobby potato. Has a sweet nutty flavor.

The tubers are small and irregular in size and shape. Scrub them well, soak in slightly salted cold water 30 minutes, then drain and rinse well. Cover with cold salted water, cook 20 to 30 minutes until tender, depending on size.

Some cooks prefer to peel the artichokes before cooking; small, sharp-pointed knife should be used for this.

However, it is much easier to peel the skins off after cooking. They are now ready to be used in a variety of ways, or they can be served topped with butter.

CREAMED ARTICHOKE

One and a half pounds jerusalem artichokes, salted water, 1oz. butter, salt and pepper, 1 cup cream.

Peel artichokes, cut into olive shapes. Drop into pan of cold salted water so they will not discolor. Bring water to boil, cook

● Two types of artichokes, asparagus, and aubergines (also called eggplant).

artichokes 15 minutes. Drain, turn into greased ovenproof dish. Dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour on cream. Cover, bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

PUREE OF ARTICHOKE

Two pounds jerusalem artichokes, boiling salted water, 2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, salt and pepper.

Scrub artichokes, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, peel, and rub through sieve. Whip until smooth with the warmed cream and butter. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

★ ★ ★

ASPARAGUS: Cut off tough ends of asparagus, scrape spears a few inches up from end. Stand in deep, tall saucepan (top of double boiler or a billy-can are suitable), and add boiling salted water to come half way up spears. Cover tightly, bring to boil, simmer until asparagus is tender (about 20 minutes, although very young tender asparagus will take only 10 to 15 minutes). Drain asparagus well. Serve with melted butter or as given below.

ASPARAGUS WITH TOMATO SAUCE

One to one and a half pounds asparagus, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper, 1 tomato (peeled and very finely chopped), 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Cook asparagus as directed. Place on hot serving dish; keep warm. Combine mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt and pepper in top of double boiler, heat gently over hot water. Stir in tomato, cook further 5 minutes. Spoon over asparagus; sprinkle with parsley.

ASPARAGUS IN SOUR CREAM

One and a half pounds cooked asparagus, salt and pepper, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs mixed with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons melted butter.

Place cooked asparagus in greased ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, mix lightly with sour cream. Top with crumbs and butter, bake in moderate oven until crumbs are golden brown.

BAKED ASPARAGUS WITH CHEESE

One pound cooked asparagus, butter, lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. gruyere cheese (sliced), grated parmesan cheese.

Arrange layer of asparagus in bottom of greased ovenproof dish. Dot with butter, sprinkle with lemon juice. Cover asparagus with slices of cheese, sprinkle with a little parmesan cheese. Continue in this manner until all ingredients are used, ending with layer of cheese and sprinkling of parmesan. Sprinkle with melted butter. Bake in moderately hot oven until cheese is melted and bubbling (about 10 minutes).

ASPARAGUS POLONAISE

One pound cooked asparagus, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 hard-boiled egg (sieved), chopped parsley.

Melt butter in saucepan, add crumbs, saute until lightly browned. Sprinkle crumbs over the hot, freshly cooked asparagus, then sprinkle with sieved egg and chopped parsley.

★ ★ ★

AUBERGINE:

Also known as eggplant. To prepare for cooking, simply wipe with damp cloth and remove stem and calyx. Can be peeled or left unpeeled. Aubergine is a watery vegetable; if cut into thick slices, salted, and covered with plate with weight on top, some of the excess moisture will drain away.

When frying aubergine, do not cover pan — the slices should be crisp.

Cut unpeeled aubergines crosswise in thin slices. Coat lightly with seasoned flour, fry in hot butter until pale golden brown. Serve piping hot as vegetable accompaniment with meat, fish, etc.

AUBERGINE WITH MUSHROOMS

Two aubergines, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 onions (sliced), 3 tablespoons butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese (preferably mixture of parmesan and gruyere), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 6 mushrooms (sliced).

Cut aubergines in halves, make a few incisions in pulp with sharp knife. Sprinkle well with salt, let stand $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Drain out water and salt, dry thoroughly. Dust cut



GLOBE ARTICHOKE

surfaces lightly with flour. Heat oil in frying pan, put in aubergines, cut side down. Cook slowly 10 minutes on each side. Melt a little of the butter, add onions, cook slowly until soft. Then melt another tablespoon of butter in a saucepan, stir in flour, salt and pepper. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, then add milk, stir until boiling. Add 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon cream, and the mustard. Stir in onions and mushrooms (previously sauted in a little extra butter). Scoop out pulp from fried aubergines, chop roughly. Add to mixture, fill into aubergine shells. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Melt remaining butter, pour over top. Brown under hot grill; just before serving pour over remaining cream.

BAKED AUBERGINES WITH HAM

Two aubergines, salt and pepper, oil, 3 onions (sliced), thin slices of lean ham, grated parmesan cheese.

Cut aubergines in halves lengthwise, cut out flesh, cutting it into cubes. Reserve shells. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt generous amount of oil in frying pan, add onions, cook until transparent. Add aubergine cubes, saute 5 minutes. Return aubergine and onions to shells, cover with thin slices of ham. Sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese, bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

AUBERGINE AND ONIONS

One large aubergine, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Wash aubergine, slice thinly; peel and slice onions. Heat oil in heavy frying pan, put in onions and garlic, cook gently 5 minutes. Then add aubergine, cook very slowly 15 to 20 minutes or until all vegetables are very soft. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Serve at once.



BEANS: There are many varieties of this popular vegetable — some available only when in season at various times of the year. But throughout the year green beans or french beans, as they are sometimes called, are generally procurable.

Broad Beans: Very young broad beans (fresh from the garden) can be cooked whole. But usually they should be shelled, as for peas, and the pods discarded. Cook beans in boiling salted water until tender (15 to 20 minutes). Top with butter and sprinkling of finely chopped parsley.

Continental Beans: Available in eastern States from February to March. Have purple-colored pod, white bean inside.

Shell like broad beans. Cook in small amount of boiling salted water until tender (approximately 20 minutes). Season with salt and pepper, toss in butter.

Another type of Continental bean, available in January and February, has white pods marbled with pink. These are cooked in exactly the same way.

Green or French Beans: Wash beans, then top and tail, remove strings. Young beans can be left whole for cooking, but older beans should be sliced. Cook in small amount of boiling salted water until tender (10 to 15 minutes). Drain well, season with salt and pepper, top with pat of butter. Serve at once.

Snake Beans: Available in eastern States from January to March. A long, slender, green-grey bean. Top and tail, cut in half or into manageable lengths. Cook in boiling salted water until barely tender (approximately 10 minutes). Drain, toss in little butter.

Yellow Wax or Butter Beans: Have yellow pod; available in eastern States from January to March.

Top and tail, as for green beans. They are better if cooked whole; if sliced, are inclined to break up. Cook in boiling salted water approximately 10 to 15 minutes. Have a delightful fresh-bean taste, although they lack the crispness of green beans.

● Five types of beans available in season, and beetroot, broccoli, and brussels sprouts.

BEANS WITH CHEESE

One and a half pounds green beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 1 clove garlic (crushed), $\frac{1}{2}$ small onion (chopped), 1 green pepper (diced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dried basil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated parmesan cheese.

Top, tail, and string beans; slice if desired. Heat oil and garlic in heavy pan, add onion and green pepper, cook slowly about 3 minutes. Add beans, water, salt, and basil, simmer until beans are tender. Stir in half the cheese, turn into serving dish, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Serve at once.

GREEN BEANS A LA NICOISE

Two medium-sized onions (thinly sliced), 2 large tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper (sliced), 1 bayleaf, pinch sugar, salt, freshly ground pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked green beans.

Saute onions in the hot oil; add tomatoes, green pepper, bayleaf, sugar, salt and pepper. Cook gently about 10 minutes. Add beans, cook until thoroughly heated. Serve immediately.

GREEN BEANS PARISIENNE

One pound green beans, 3oz. butter, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon each lemon juice and salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup blanched, shredded almonds, 1 small clove garlic (finely chopped).

Top, tail, and string beans. Place in saucepan with cold water to cover, bring slowly to boil. Melt half the butter in heavy saucepan. Add the 2 tablespoons water, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Put in beans; cook gently, stirring occasionally, until beans are tender (about 15 minutes). Melt remaining butter in another pan, add almonds, brown slowly; add garlic. Pile beans on to serving dish, pour over almonds, garlic, and strained butter. Serve at once.

DEVILLED BEANS

Three tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, freshly ground pepper, dash cayenne, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked green beans.

Cream butter, add the next 5 ingredients. Serve on the hot green beans.

BEETROOT: Scrub well. Leave on 1 in. or more of stems and root end. If cut too near stem the bright color will leak into water, leaving cooked beetroot a pale pink

instead of its bright natural color. Cook, covered, in boiling salted water to cover until tender when tested with fork. Small young beetroot will take 30 to 40 minutes, older beetroot up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When tender, drain and slip off skins, root, and stems.

BEETROOT IN SOUR CREAM

Three cups cubed or sliced cooked beetroot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, 1 dessertspoon bottled horseradish, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped chives or parsley.

Combine in top half of double saucepan the beetroot, sour cream, horseradish, onion, salt and pepper. Heat gently over hot water, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle with chopped chives or parsley before serving.

HARVARD BEETS

Two cups sliced cooked beetroot, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon butter.

Drain beetroot, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of liquid (or use water). Combine the sugar and cornflour, stir in vinegar and liquid from beetroot. Cook over low heat, stirring, until mixture is thickened and smooth. Add beetroot and butter; cook until heated through.

BROCCOLI: Wash broccoli, trim off ends of stalks and coarse leaves. Cut deep cross in base of extra thick stalks to facilitate cooking. Place in saucepan with small amount of boiling salted water; boil until tender (about 15 minutes). Drain, add salt, pepper, pat of butter, and squeeze of lemon juice. Serve at once.

For a delicious added flavor, add $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic to cooking water. Remove garlic before serving.

BROCCOLI FLORENTINE

Two pounds broccoli, boiling salted water, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, salt, freshly ground pepper.

Trim broccoli, cook in boiling salted water until barely tender; drain thoroughly. Fry garlic gently in the oil, add broccoli, and cook until tender, turning frequently. Add salt and pepper to taste. Drain, serve very hot.

BROCCOLI WITH BLACK OLIVES

One and a half pounds broccoli, salted water, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup



SNAKE BEANS

black olives (stoned and chopped), 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese.

Parboil broccoli about 10 minutes in small amount of salted water. Heat oil in heavy pan, add garlic, saute until golden. Add broccoli, season with salt and pepper. Cook slowly over low heat 10 minutes, adding a little of water in which broccoli was cooked if pan gets too dry. Add olives, cook further 2 minutes. Sprinkle with grated cheese; serve at once.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS:

Remove any wilted outer leaves from sprouts, remove hard end of stem; cut a cross in base of stems to ensure even cooking. Wash thoroughly. Cook in little boiling salted water until tender (about 15 minutes). Drain well, dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

SPROUTS WITH CARAWAY SEEDS

One and a half pounds brussels sprouts, chicken stock, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, salt and pepper to taste, 2 teaspoons caraway seeds.

Wash and trim sprouts as directed. Pour chicken stock to depth of 1 in. into saucepan; bring to boil, add sprouts. Return to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Then cover and cook until sprouts are just tender. Drain, if necessary; add remaining ingredients, toss lightly; serve at once.

SPROUTS WITH BROWN BUTTER

One and a half pounds cooked brussels sprouts, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper.

Drain cooked sprouts thoroughly. Heat butter until it begins to brown. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper, then add sprouts, toss lightly. Serve at once.



● Appetising dishes made with cabbage — and red cabbage — carrots, cauliflower, celery, chokoes, and cucumbers.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE

One medium-sized cabbage, cold salted water, 4 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce made with equal parts milk and cream, salt and freshly ground pepper, 4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese.

Shred cabbage, soak in cold salted water 30 minutes; drain well. Melt butter in saucepan, add cabbage and simmer until just tender. Place half the cooked cabbage in casserole, top with half the sauce. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and half the cheese. Add remaining cabbage, pour over remaining sauce, then add more salt, pepper, remaining cheese. Cook in moderate oven until top is golden brown. Serve immediately.

CHINESE-STYLE PORK WITH CABBAGE

Half cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork fillet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soy sauce, 1 dessertspoon sherry, small knob green ginger, 1 tablespoon oil, salt and pepper, 1 cup water.

Cut meat into very thin slices; shred cabbage finely. Mix together soy sauce, sherry, and meat. Heat oil in pan with ginger, then add meat and stir well. When meat is almost cooked, add shredded cabbage, stir well. Add salt and pepper to taste; add water. Simmer further 5 minutes.

RED CABBAGE WITH APPLES

One red cabbage, 1 onion (chopped), salt and pepper, 3 tablespoons each vinegar and water, 4 cooking apples (peeled and sliced), 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter mixed to paste with little flour.

Shred cabbage finely, place in heavy saucepan with the onion. Season well, add vinegar and water. Cover, cook gently 2 hours. After an hour, add apples and sugar. Just before end of cooking time, add butter and flour mixture in small pieces. Bring to boil, simmer until sauce thickens. Transfer to deep dish for serving.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE

One red cabbage, salt, pepper, ground ginger, spiced vinegar.

Choose a firm, good-colored cabbage. Remove any discolored leaves, cut out centre stalks. Soak in salted water to cleanse thoroughly; drain. Cut cabbage into thin shreds against the leaf. Place in large earthenware bowl in layers, sprinkling salt between layers.

Stand 24 hours, then thoroughly drain all liquid from cabbage. Pack into jars in layers, sprinkling each layer with pepper and a very light sprinkling of ginger. Cover with cold, spiced vinegar, cover down, and seal perfectly airtight.

Spiced Vinegar: Put into enamel saucepan 1 quart of malt vinegar; add 1 oz. black peppercorns, 1 tablespoon grated green ginger, 1 tablespoon allspice. Bring to boiling point, boil 10 minutes. Cover, let stand until cold. Strain before using.

CARROTS: One of the most popular root vegetables. Their bright color adds appetite appeal to many dishes, especially when served raw in salads; their sweet fresh taste teams well with many foods, including sweet dishes. Carrots are rich in vitamins and therefore are a valuable food.

DELICIOUS CARROTS

Six medium-size carrots, 1 apple, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded cheddar cheese, chopped parsley.

Scrub carrots, cut into thin cross-wise slices; peel and slice apple thinly. Arrange in alternate layers in saucepan. Dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and lemon rind; add water. Cover, cook over gentle heat 20 minutes or until tender. Sprinkle with cheese, replace lid, steam further 5 minutes. Serve sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

GINGERED CARROTS

Two pounds baby carrots, salted water, 2 oz. butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped candied ginger or grated green ginger.

Scrape carrots, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well, put into heavy frying pan with butter and ginger. Cook until lightly browned; shake pan occasionally.

POTAGE CRECY

One pound carrots, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, pinch sugar, 2 pints chicken stock, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice, extra 1 pint chicken stock, knob of butter.

Slice carrots thinly, chop onion. Melt butter in saucepan, add vegetables, cover, saute gently 10 to 15 minutes. Season with salt, pepper, and sugar. Add the 2 pints chicken stock and rice, simmer 35 to 40 minutes. Push vegetables, with liquid, through sieve; add extra chicken stock, re-heat, swirl in knob of butter.

Continued overleaf

VEGETABLE COOKERY — Page 5

Buttered cabbage — it's delicious!

THIS recipe is an excellent method of cooking cabbage. It results in a tender, buttery cabbage that is really delicious, and — a most important point — there is no odor during the cooking.

BUTTERED CABBAGE

One green cabbage, 1 oz. salt, 2 oz. sugar, water, rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, extra salt and sugar, 3 oz. butter, 4 to 6 rashers bacon.

Fry bacon in pan until crisp, crumble, then set aside.

Tear cabbage leaves (don't cut) into pieces about 3 in. square. Drop into chilled water to cover, stir in salt and

sugar. Set aside at least 4 hours, or overnight in refrigerator.

Just before serving, drain cabbage, put into deep saucepan with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water. Add lemon rind, pinch of sugar, and 1 teaspoon of salt. Bring rather quickly to boil. Stir cabbage gently in the boiling water, then drain. Return to saucepan, cook over gentle heat five minutes without any additional water. Test for doneness. Cabbage should be tender but still rather crisp. Drain again; remove lemon rind. Put into heated serving dish. Toss the chopped butter gently through cabbage until melted. Sprinkle the crisp bacon over. Serve at once.

CABBAGE: Remove coarse outer leaves from cabbage, cut out hard core. Wash thoroughly, cut into fine shreds. Place in saucepan, add little salt, lump of butter, and squeeze of lemon juice. Add minimum amount of boiling water, let water come again to boil, then stir cabbage well. Boil rapidly, covered, until tender.

Alternatively, put cabbage into saucepan with salt, add boiling water to cover; bring water rapidly again to boil, boil 3 minutes, then drain. Season with freshly ground pepper, top with knob of butter. This gives a very crisp vegetable, in the Chinese style.

Half a cup of chopped celery added to cabbage when cooking gives a new and delightfully fresh flavor.

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Red Cabbage: This, unlike green cabbage, is never boiled in water. It should be finely shredded or grated then cooked slowly with butter, vinegar, and very small quantity of water or stock. It must be covered tightly during the gentle cooking.

STUFFED CABBAGE LORRAINE

One medium-sized cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. onions (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ small head celery, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 oz. butter or bacon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, 1 bayleaf, salt and freshly ground pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausages, chopped parsley.

Cut cabbage into 4, blanch in hot water 7 minutes; drain well. Cut pieces in half, arrange in ovenproof dish. Saute onions and celery in heated fat until golden, then add garlic, stock, and bayleaf. Season well with salt and freshly ground pepper, bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Pour over cabbage, cover tightly, cook in slow oven about 1 hour. About 15 minutes before serving, grill sausages. Transfer cabbage to serving platter, arrange sausages round, sprinkle over the parsley. Serve immediately.

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MARINATED CARROTS

Two pounds baby carrots, boiling salted water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 clove garlic, 1 bayleaf, sprig parsley, 3 tablespoons olive oil, salt and pepper.

Scrape carrots, cook in boiling salted water 10 minutes; drain. Combine wine, vinegar, crushed garlic, bayleaf, parsley, salt and pepper. Pour over carrots, simmer gently until tender. Add oil at end of cooking time. Serve carrots cold, with little of marinade poured over. Nice with cold meats and crisp salad greens.

CARROTS WITH MARSALA

Two pounds carrots, 1oz. butter, 2oz. marsala or sweet sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, pinch salt.

Scrape carrots, cut into halves lengthwise. Put into saucepan with butter, cook gently 2 to 3 minutes. Pour in marsala, simmer a minute or two, then add water and salt. Cover, simmer 30 minutes. Drain, if necessary, and serve immediately.

MINTED CARROTS

One pound sliced carrots, boiling salted water, 2oz. melted butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt to taste, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped mint leaves, 1 sprig of mint.

Place carrots in boiling salted water, cook until tender. Drain well, put into serving dish. Melt butter over low heat, add sugar, salt, and mint leaves. Pour over carrots, garnish with sprig of mint.

VICHY CARROTS

Two pounds young carrots, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper, water, chopped parsley.

Scrape carrots and cut into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Put in pan with the sugar, seasoning, and butter, cover with cold water. Cook quickly until all the water has evaporated and the carrots are lightly coated in butter. Sprinkle with parsley.

OVEN CARROTS

Four shallots (chopped), 2 tablespoons butter, 12 small carrots, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream.

Melt butter, fry shallots until soft. Add carrots, parsley, salt and pepper, put into greased casserole. Pour over the cream, cover, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

BUTTERED GRATED CARROTS

Two pounds carrots, 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic (crushed), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons water, pepper, 2oz. butter.

Scrape carrots, grate into large saucepan or frying pan. Toss with oil, garlic, salt, pepper, and water. Cover, cook over medium heat 10 to 12 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add butter, toss lightly until carrots are coated; serve.

CARROT SPICE CAKE

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup finely shredded raw carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped nuts, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder.

Frosting: Two ounces cream cheese, 2oz. butter, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. icing sugar.

Beat eggs lightly; add sugar, carrots, oil, and nuts, mix well. Sift flour with salt, cinnamon, soda, and baking powder; add dry ingredients gradually to egg mixture, beat until smooth. Turn into very lightly greased loaf pan, bake in moderate oven approximately 45 to 50 minutes or until cake springs back when touched lightly. Cool 10 minutes in tin. Turn out on to wire rack, cool. Spread frosting over top.

Frosting: Cream together cream cheese and butter until light and fluffy. Beat in salt and vanilla, gradually beat in the sifted icing sugar; mix until smooth.

RAISIN-CARROT SLICES

One pound carrots, water, 3 tablespoons sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 cup raisins, extra sugar and cinnamon mixed together.

Peel carrots, cut into even pieces, simmer in water until tender. Drain, rub through sieve, return to saucepan with 1 tablespoon of the sugar and half lemon rind and juice. Cook until sugar has dissolved; cool. Cream together butter and remainder of sugar, lemon rind, and juice. Fold in sifted flour alternately with beaten egg and milk (reserve little for glazing). Knead slightly on floured board, divide into halves. Roll each to about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness; place one half on lightly greased baking sheet, spread with carrot mixture, sprinkle over raisins.



GOLDEN CARROTS, glazed with butter, add color and good taste to a meal. **Carrot Spice Cake** in foreground has lovely nutty texture. Recipe at left.

Moisten edges, cover with remainder of pastry. Pinch edges to seal, glaze with reserved egg and milk mixture, sprinkle well with combined sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve cut into slices.

FRENCH CARROTS WITH ONIONS

Two tablespoons butter, 12 tiny whole onions, 6 young carrots, salt, pepper, pinch of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, finely chopped parsley.

Melt butter in pan, add the peeled whole onions. Brown onions lightly, tossing pan occasionally so onions brown on all sides. Add the carrots, scraped and cut into small pieces. Add sugar and salt and pepper to season. When carrots are lightly browned, add water. Cover, simmer gently approximately 30 minutes, or until vegetables are tender and liquid has reduced to a glaze. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

CAULIFLOWER: Trim cauliflower, removing outer green leaves and part of core. Make several deep cuts in core to facilitate cooking. Place in saucepan, add boiling salted water almost to cover cauliflower. Add teaspoon of lemon juice or little milk; this will help keep cauliflower white. Cook gently 20 to 30 minutes or until tender (do not overcook); drain.

Alternatively, the cauliflower can be broken into flowerets and cooked for a shorter time.

CAULIFLOWER WITH ANCHOVY BUTTER

One freshly cooked head of cauliflower, 4oz. melted butter, 2 teaspoons anchovy paste, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Drain cauliflower well, place on hot serving dish. Combine remaining ingredients, blend well, pour over cauliflower; serve.



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CAULIFLOWER POLONAISE

One medium-sized cauliflower, boiling salted water, squeeze of lemon juice, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 2 to 3 teaspoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, salt, dash of cayenne, 3 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), pinch nutmeg.

Trim cauliflower, cook in boiling salted water, with squeeze of lemon juice added, until just tender. Drain, transfer to serving platter, keep warm. Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, parsley, crumbs, salt, and cayenne. Cook slowly until onion is soft and butter browned. Finally, add eggs and nutmeg; mix gently, pour over cauliflower. Serve immediately.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

One cauliflower, Mornay Sauce, grated cheese, fresh breadcrumbs, melted butter.

Cook cauliflower until tender, drain well. Spread about 1 cup Mornay Sauce in ovenproof dish, place drained cauliflower on top of this. Spoon over 1 cup of Mornay Sauce, or more, if necessary, to cover. Sprinkle with grated cheese and fine, fresh breadcrumbs. Spoon over little melted butter. Cook in hot oven until top is lightly brown.

Mornay Sauce: Mix 2 beaten egg-yolks and 1 tablespoon cream into 1 pint hot white sauce. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture just reaches boiling point; remove from heat. Stir in 1 dessertspoon butter and 2 tablespoons finely grated cheese.

CAULIFLOWER AMANDINE

Cauliflower, blanched slivered almonds, butter, lemon juice, pepper.

Cook cauliflower, drain well. Saute almonds in hot butter, add lemon juice. Pour over cauliflower, season with freshly ground black pepper.

CELERY: Trim heads thoroughly — for best results, only the tender inner stalks should be used. Scrub these, plunge into boiling water; cook 10 minutes. Then drain, dry, and tie tops of heads together; cook as desired.

The simplest way to cook celery is to blanch it as above, then continue cooking in boiling salted water until tender (about 20 minutes). Drain, serve with a well-seasoned white sauce.

Note: Don't throw away the discarded leaves and outer stalks — these are a wonderful addition to the stock or soup pot.

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BRAISED CELERY No. 1

Two heads celery, 2 to 3oz. bacon fat or butter, 1 small carrot (sliced), 2 onions (sliced), bouquet garni, approximately 1 quart stock, salt and pepper, ½oz. extra butter, scant ½oz. flour.

Trim, blanch celery as directed. Drain, tie up with string. Melt bacon fat or butter in saucepan, add onions and carrot. Arrange celery heads on top; add bouquet garni, seasoning, stock. The liquid should just cover celery. Bring to boil, then lay piece of buttered greaseproof paper directly on top of celery and cover pan. Simmer gently 1 to 1½ hours, according to thickness of celery. If preferred, this can be done in oven. Lift out celery, remove string, drain. Cut each head into 2 or 3 pieces, arrange in an ovenproof dish. Keep warm. Skim cooking liquid thoroughly, take about 1 pint, put into clean saucepan. Reduce by half over high heat. Melt extra butter, add flour, cook gently until brown. Add reduced liquid, bring to boil, stirring. Simmer few minutes, then spoon over celery. Serve at once.

Note: This is the classic way to braise celery; a simpler method follows...

BRAISED CELERY No. 2

Two heads celery, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 small onion (very finely chopped), 1 tablespoon flour, paprika, salt and pepper.

Trim and blanch celery as directed, drain and tie up. Place in saucepan with chicken stock, cover, bring to boil; simmer until tender. Drain, remove string, keep warm; reserve cooking liquid. Heat butter in saucepan, add onion, saute until golden. Blend in flour, gradually add cooking liquid. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens, adding little extra stock if sauce seems too thick. Season to taste. Spoon sauce over celery, sprinkle with paprika. Serve at once.

BRAISED CELERY No. 3

An economical vegetable dish is made by combining diced or chopped celery with equal amount of diced or chopped white stalks of spinach. Place in saucepan with chicken stock, and cook 10 minutes or until tender.

CELERY WITH MUSHROOMS

Two heads celery, ½lb. mushrooms, 1oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ cup cream, salt and pepper, 1 bayleaf, slices of hot buttered toast.

Blanch and trim celery as directed. Drain and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Slice mushrooms, saute in melted

butter; sprinkle with flour. Drain and dry celery, chop and add to mushrooms. Add bayleaf, seasoning, and cream. Mix well, heat gently. Remove bayleaf; serve on hot buttered toast.

CELERY WITH ALMONDS

Four cups diced celery, salt and pepper, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or chives, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 cup blanched, chopped almonds, 1 tablespoon dry white wine, extra 2oz. butter.

Wash celery, place in heavy saucepan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, add 2oz. butter. Cover pan tightly, cook very slowly until celery is tender, shaking pan frequently. During cooking, sprinkle with parsley and onion. When celery is cooked, arrange on oval serving dish. Melt extra butter in shallow pan, add almonds; shake over medium heat until brown. Then add salt, pepper, and white wine. Cook 1 minute, pour over celery; serve at once.

CRISP CELERY SAUTE

Two heads celery, 3 tablespoons oil or butter, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Trim celery, discarding tough outer stems and leaves. Cut into diagonal strips about ½in. thick. Heat butter or oil in heavy frying pan, add celery, saute 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in soy sauce and sugar, cook further 2 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley; serve at once.

CELERY VICTOR

One head celery, stock, well-seasoned french dressing, freshly ground pepper, few thin strips anchovy, tomato wedges, shredded lettuce, ripe olives.

Clean celery, cut head in halves lengthwise. Trim off top and if head is large, cut in half again crosswise. Place in saucepan with hot stock to cover, cook until tender. Drain well, place in shallow dish to cool. Pour over sufficient french dressing to moisten well. Chill thoroughly, turning pieces occasionally. At serving time, arrange on platter on bed of shredded lettuce. Sprinkle with pepper, lay few strips of anchovy over each piece. Decorate with tomato wedges, black olives.

CHOKOES:

Small, young chokoes can be cooked whole, unpeeled, in boiling salted water until tender; do not overcook. Split them, season with salt and pepper, top with knob of butter. Bigger, older chokoes should be peeled, halved, or quartered, the seeds removed; cook and season as above.

Or they can be topped with well-seasoned white or parsley sauce; cheese sauce is also good. Or simply cook them until tender, drain well, sprinkle generously with grated cheese and put them under griller or into hot oven until cheese has melted.

Chokoes can also be cooked in a sugar syrup for dessert. Cooked this way, they very much resemble pears. Peel, halve, and remove seeds. Put into saucepan with water to cover, add few cloves, sugar to taste, and juice of lemon. Cook until tender, then drain and chill. They can be filled into a baked pie shell and the juice, thickened with little arrowroot, poured over.

Chokoes for dessert can also be cooked in pineapple juice with squeeze of lemon added.

CUCUMBERS: Although generally used as a salad vegetable, cucumbers are excellent when cooked and served hot.

CREAMED CUCUMBERS

Two large green cucumbers, ½ pint white sauce (made with ½oz. each butter and flour and ½ pint milk), ¼ cup cream, chopped parsley or chives, salt and pepper, salted water.

Peel cucumbers, split in 2, lengthwise. Cut each half cucumber into 4 pieces, cook in boiling salted water until just tender (about 5 minutes). Heat prepared sauce, add cream, salt, pepper, and parsley or chives. Fold in drained cucumbers, heat gently before serving.

CUCUMBER AU GRATIN

Three large cucumbers, boiling salted water, 1 pint well-seasoned white sauce, 2 tablespoons each fine breadcrumbs and grated parmesan cheese, 1oz. butter.

Peel cucumbers, quarter and cut into 1in. pieces. Simmer in boiling salted water 3 minutes. Drain well, mix with prepared sauce. Place in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with combined cheese and crumbs. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until golden brown.

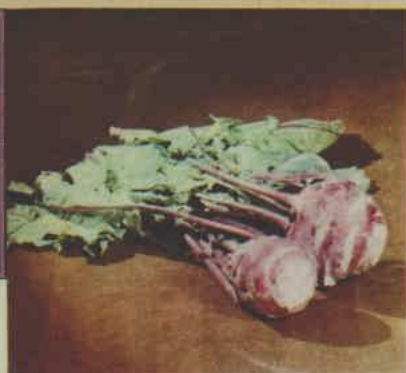
BUTTERED CUCUMBERS

Three large cucumbers, boiling salted water, 2 tablespoons melted butter, salt and pepper, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Peel cucumbers, quarter them lengthwise, cut into 1in. pieces. Simmer in boiling salted water 3 minutes; drain. Place in ovenproof dish containing the melted butter. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover, cook in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Add squeeze of lemon juice to dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once.



• Kale and kohlrabi are well worth trying for a new flavor treat.



KOHLRABI

KALE: A vegetable of the cabbage family, generally available in Eastern States from March to May. The leaves are closely curled, prettily variegated in colors of green, white, and mauve.

Cut leaves from heavy stems, wash well, cook as for spinach over gentle heat, but allow slightly longer cooking time. Drain, season with a little grated nutmeg, top with butter.

Kale can also be substituted in any recipe that calls for spinach.

KALE GRUYERE

Cook kale as above, drain, chop finely. Mix 1 cup white sauce with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated gruyere cheese, mix in a little grated nutmeg to season. Combine with kale. Spoon into lightly greased casserole. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs with 2 tablespoons grated gruyere cheese. Sprinkle over kale, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven until topping is lightly browned.

KOHLRABI: Looks like a turnip and has similar taste, but more delicate grain. Actually, is a member of the cabbage family. Select leaves that are pale green and crisp, roots about the size of medium-sized onion. Trim off leaves, peel roots, slice. Cook in boiling salted water to cover until tender, about 25 minutes. Drain, season with salt, pepper, melted butter, or serve with a medium white sauce.

KOHLRABI AU GRATIN

One bunch kohlrabi, boiling salted water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint well-seasoned white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, butter.

Peel kohlrabi, cut into pieces. Cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain, place in ovenproof dish. Spoon over hot white sauce then sprinkle with cheese and crumbs. Dot with butter, glaze under preheated grill. Serve at once.

Kitchen economies with vegetables

• Economise in the kitchen by using up portions of vegetables that are usually discarded. Below are two ideas.

Pumpkin: Don't throw away the seeds of pumpkins; cook them to make an almost costless substitute for salted nuts. Choose the seeds of a young pumpkin; saute them in hot oil until well browned. Drain well, sprinkle with garlic salt. Or fry a clove of garlic with the seeds; sprinkle them with plain salt after frying.

Spinach: Generally only the green leaves of spinach are cooked. But don't discard the stalks. Wash them well, cut into thin slices or dice; mix with an equal amount of celery — cut in the same way — and cook as for braised celery. (See recipe, page 7.)



• Leeks — and lettuce, which can be cooked as a hot vegetable.



LEEKS

LEEKS: Cut off roots, trim green tops, leaving about 3in. of green part. Peel off outside layer, then make 2 cuts, about 2in. long, first one way and then the other, on top of leek. This makes it easy to ruffle back the tops when washing. (This is essential because all particles of grit lying between leaves must be removed.) Then place leeks in saucepan with little boiling salted water. Cover, bring to boil, simmer until tender (40 to 50 minutes). Drain well, season with salt and pepper, pour over little melted butter.

LEEKS VINAIGRETTE

Cook leeks as directed, drain and cool. Serve with vinaigrette sauce (three parts oil mixed with one part vinegar, with salt and pepper to taste), sprinkle with chopped parsley or chives.

BRAISED LEEKS

Twelve leeks, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 small onion (chopped), 1 cup well-flavored stock, salt and pepper, slices of buttered toast.

Wash leeks thoroughly and trim. Melt butter in wide shallow saucepan, add onion, saute until soft and golden. Add leeks, pour in stock; add salt and pepper. Cover, simmer until leeks are just tender. Serve on slices of buttered toast.

LEEK AND POTATO SOUP

Two or 3 leeks, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 or 5 potatoes, 2 pints water, 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, finely chopped parsley.

Clean leeks, slice thinly. Cook gently in the melted butter about 5 minutes, or

until soft but not brown. Peel potatoes, slice thinly. Add to the leeks with water, salt and pepper. Cover and cook gently 30 minutes. Puree in electric blender or beat with electric or rotary beater until smooth. Stir in cream, reheat gently. Sprinkle each serving with a little parsley.

LEEKS WITH HAM

Six leeks, 6 slices ham, 1oz. plain flour, 1oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, pepper and salt, 2oz. grated cheese, breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese, a little extra butter.

Clean and trim leeks, cook until tender; wrap a slice of ham round each one and place in heatproof dish. Melt butter in saucepan. Remove from heat, add salt and pepper, stir in flour. Cook, stirring constantly 2 to 3 minutes, without browning. Draw aside from heat and gradually stir in milk. Return to heat, slowly bring to the boil, stirring all the time, and allow to simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add cheese; adjust seasoning. Pour sauce over leeks. Sprinkle over breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese. Dot with extra butter. Brown in hot oven or under grill.

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LETTUCE:

Widely used as a salad vegetable, lettuce can also be cooked to serve as a green vegetable. Remove wilted leaves, wash lettuce under running water. Cut heads into quarters. Put into saucepan with a little chicken stock (about 2 tablespoons for each medium-size lettuce). Cover, cook gently until tender, about 5 to 10 minutes. Drain, season with salt and pepper, pour over a little melted butter.



● Marrow as a family dish, and how to cook succulent mushrooms.



MUSHROOMS (cultivated)

MARROW: Peel marrow, cut into neat pieces, cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Or steam over boiling water. Marrows can also be filled with a savory stuffing and baked in the oven for an economical family meal.

STUFFED VEGETABLE MARROW

One medium-sized vegetable marrow, 1½ cups cold cooked meat (minced or finely chopped), ½ cup diced cooked vegetables, 1 tomato (skinned and chopped), 1 cup white sauce, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ cup grated cheese and soft breadcrumbs mixed together, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Cut marrow in halves lengthwise, it can be left unpeeled or peeled thinly. Remove seeds. Combine meat, vegetables, tomato, sauce, salt, pepper, parsley; fill into each half of marrow. Sprinkle tops with crumbs and cheese, dot with butter. Place in baking dish with small quantity of water in bottom of dish, bake in moderate oven until tender and filling is lightly browned on top.

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MUSHROOMS: Classified as a fungus rather than a vegetable, but used as a vegetable they are delicious! Two kinds of mushrooms are generally available — the cultivated mushroom, pink-brown underneath and creamy-white topped; and the darker, generally larger and more open-capped field mushroom, which grows wild. Mushrooms should be used when they are fresh. From the time they are picked, they gradually lose weight by dehydration; they contain 75 percent of water.

To help cut down evaporation, if they are to be kept, store in plastic bag, or well wrapped in wax paper, in refrigerator. Don't try to keep them too long — a week is maximum, if they are to have any flavor.

Before cooking, wash mushrooms lightly. Don't let them soak in water, because this dilutes their flavor. For cultivated mushrooms, a wiping with clean, damp cloth is generally sufficient.

To prepare, slice off dry end of stem. It is not necessary to peel the cultivated mushrooms, but you might like to remove darker skin of field mushroom before cooking. They can be sliced, if large, or left whole.

Here is a simple and delicious way of cooking mushrooms.

Prepare as directed above. Saute in heated butter until barely tender (about 5 minutes). Add squeeze of lemon juice to pan, with a small clove of garlic (very finely chopped), some chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Cook further a moment or two. Nice with grills.

KIDNEYS WITH MUSHROOMS

One pound veal or lamb's kidneys, ½ lb. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, extra 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ cup stock, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, ½ cup cream, buttered toast.

Slice mushrooms, cook 10 minutes in heated 2 tablespoons butter. Clean and slice kidneys. Melt remaining butter in another pan, add kidneys, brown gently. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, add mushrooms. Sprinkle over flour, stir until well blended. Then add stock, wine, and cream, stirring constantly. Cook over low heat 10 minutes. Serve on hot buttered toast.



● Okra, boiled and steamed, and the indispensable onion.



ONIONS

OKRA: Also known as Gumbo, Ladies' Fingers, or Bunya Bean. Available in Eastern States in January and February. A glutinous vegetable, popular in America. Okra is said to have been brought in slave boats from the Congo to the West Indies, thence to America.

Select fresh young pods that are crisp to the touch and break easily. Wash, remove stems carefully. Slice ¼ in. thick, or leave young pods whole. Cook in boiling salted water just to cover, 15 to 20 minutes, or until tender. Drain, return to saucepan and swirl in knob of butter; season with salt, pepper, squeeze of lemon juice.

Young okra pods can also be steamed. Place in colander over boiling water. Cover, steam until tender. Serve hot with melted butter.

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ONIONS: A versatile vegetable, they adapt themselves well to almost all ways of cooking. Can be sliced and fried to top a succulent grill; baked whole with the joint; boiled and served with parsley sauce; or can be chopped, boiled, and added to a savory white sauce to top corned beef.

In the recipes below they are boiled, baked, or fried.

HONEY-GLAZED ONIONS

One pound small white onions, boiling salted water, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup honey.

Peel onions, cook in boiling salted water until tender (20 to 25 minutes). Drain well. Melt butter in saucepan, add honey, blend well. Add onions, cook slowly, turning occasionally, until glazed. Serve at once.

ONIONS AMANDINE

Two ounces butter, ½ cup blanched shredded almonds, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt and pepper, little dry white wine or stock, 8 medium-sized onions (peeled).

Melt butter, stir in sugar and almonds. Add garlic, seasoning, and wine or stock. Put in onions, stir until well coated. Transfer to greased casserole, cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour, shaking pan occasionally. Serve from casserole.

FRENCH-FRIED ONIONS

Six onions, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon salt, oil for frying.

Skin onions, slice thinly, separate into rings. Put into bowl, add the milk, let stand 1 hour. Drain, reserve milk. Beat egg well, beat in reserved milk, salt, and sifted flour. Dip each onion ring into batter, drop into hot oil a few rings at a time so heat of oil does not decrease. Fry until golden brown. Drain well, sprinkle with salt.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

One tablespoon butter, 2 large onions, pinch sugar, 1 pint beef stock, salt and pepper.

Peel onions, slice thinly. Melt butter in pan, add sugar, then add the onion rings. Cook gently, stirring occasionally until the onions are golden brown. Gradually stir in the stock, bring to the boil, then reduce heat. Cover, cook gently 30 to 40 minutes. Season to taste.

If desired, a toasted round of french bread, sprinkled with grated gruyere cheese, can be placed on top of the soup in individual serving bowls.



● Parsnips, peas, green and red peppers, potatoes used in many interesting recipes, and economical pumpkin.

PARSNIPS: Wash, trim, and peel. Slice, if desired, or leave whole. Cook in small amount of boiling salted water until tender (about 25 to 30 minutes for whole parsnips — sliced parsnips will not take as long). Drain, season with salt and pepper, pour over little melted butter.

Parsnips are also delicious if baked around a roast. Peel parsnips and cut in halves, lengthwise. Place in baking dish with meat, spooning little of hot fat from pan over each. Bake about 45 minutes or until tender and browned.

CANDIED PARSNIPS

Six parsnips (cooked until almost tender — about 20 minutes), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1oz. butter.

Drain parsnips and slice. Place in layers in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkling each layer with some of the sugar, salt, orange juice and rind, and butter. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

PARMESAN PARSNIPS

Six parsnips, boiling salted water, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, grated parmesan cheese, paprika.

Cook parsnips in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, peel, cut in halves lengthwise. Melt butter in frying pan, add parsnips, saute until lightly browned. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and generous amount of cheese. Turn, cook until cheese blends with butter. Place parsnips on warm serving dish, pour butter-cheese sauce over, sprinkle with paprika. Serve at once.

PARSNIP BALLS

Six parsnips, boiling salted water, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 egg (beaten), salt and pepper, butter for frying, parsley sprigs.

Cook parsnips in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, remove skins. Rub through sieve. Stir in flour, egg, salt and pepper. Form mixture into small balls, saute in butter until golden brown. Serve on hot platter, garnished with parsley.

PEAS: Shell peas just before cooking, place in saucepan with small amount of boiling salted water. Add salt, little sugar, and sprig of mint; cook until peas are tender. Cooking time will depend on age of peas, but is usually from 15 to 20 minutes. Drain, season with salt and pepper; add nut of butter; serve at once.

FRENCH-STYLE PEAS

Two cups shelled peas (about 2lb. in the shell), 6 tiny white onions (peeled) or 2 medium-sized onions (peeled and chopped), 6 lettuce leaves (shredded), few parsley sprigs (tied together with cotton), salt and pepper, pinch sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon flour.

Melt 1 tablespoon of the butter in saucepan, add peas, onions, parsley, lettuce, salt, sugar, and pepper. Mix together, add water; cover, cook over medium heat until all but a little of moisture evaporates (15 to 25 minutes, depending on age of peas). Cream together remaining butter and flour. Add to pan, shake pan with circular movement to mix in (do not stir — this breaks the peas). When liquid has thickened and returned to the boil, remove parsnips and serve at once.

PEAS CHANTILLY

Two pounds shelled peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. baby carrots, 1 cup water, 1oz. butter, 1 sprig mint, salt and pepper, pinch sugar, 2 tablespoons whipped cream.

Scrape and trim carrots. Place in saucepan with the water, half the butter, the mint, salt, sugar, and pepper; bring to boil, simmer 7 to 10 minutes. Then add peas with remaining butter, cook fairly quickly until vegetables are tender. There should be only about a tablespoon of liquid left in the pan; if necessary, remove lid and reduce by fast boiling. Remove mint, add additional seasoning if required, stir in whipped cream; serve at once.

PEAS BONNE FEMME

One heart of lettuce, 3 to 4lb. peas, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 2 rashers bacon (diced), 6 shallots (diced), 1 dessertspoon flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken or vegetable stock, bouquet garni, salt and pepper.

Shred lettuce finely, shell peas. Melt butter in saucepan, put in sliced shallots and bacon, shake over heat until shallots are wilted. Stir in flour, cook 2 or 3

minutes, then add lettuce. Pour on stock, bring mixture to boil, add peas, bouquet garni, salt and pepper. Cook gently 20 to 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove bouquet garni.

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PEPPERS: Size of pepper usually indicates how to use it in cooking. Small pointed varieties (chillies) are very hot. Like garlic, a small amount goes a long way in seasoning casseroles, meat sauces, pickles, and relishes. But the big red and green peppers (or capsicums) are mild in flavor, and can be used in many dishes. Europeans slice them and use them, uncooked, on sandwiches with cold meat.

To prepare for cooking, remove slice from stalk end, scoop out seeds and membranes. Young, tender peppers can be used fresh, but older peppers should be put into saucepan of cold water, brought rapidly to boiling point, and drained.

Perhaps the most popular way of using peppers is to stuff them with a savory mixture and bake them. They make an easy, economical dish.

CHINESE PEPPERED STEAK

Quarter cup vegetable oil, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 2lb. stewing steak (cut into thin diagonal slices), 2 green peppers (cut into strips), 1 onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon sugar, pepper, hot cooked rice.

Heat oil in large frying pan, add garlic and ginger, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add steak, saute briskly 5 minutes. Remove meat, add peppers and onions to oil in pan; cook 5 minutes. Add soy sauce, tomato puree, sugar, and pepper, cook further 5 minutes. Replace meat, cook about 5 minutes. Serve over mound of rice.

PORK CHOPS WITH PEPPERS

Six thick pork chops, oil for frying, 2 onions (sliced), 1 large green pepper (sliced), 1 large can tomato soup, salt and pepper.

Cook chops in little oil until well browned on both sides; drain. Arrange in ovenproof dish, place slice of onion and green pepper on each chop. Pour over soup which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes or until chops are tender. Serve very hot.

STUFFED PEPPER PICKLE

(Picture, opposite page)

Twelve peppers (use red or green peppers or both), 4 cups shredded cabbage, 2 cucumbers, extra 2 red peppers, 2 onions, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 tablespoon celery seeds, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, 6 cloves garlic, 3 pints white vinegar.

Cut 1in. slice from tops of 12 peppers, set aside. Remove seeds and fibres from peppers. Mix together cabbage, chopped cucumbers, chopped extra peppers, chopped onions, salt, celery seeds, and horseradish. Stuff peppers with this mixture. Place half clove of garlic on top of each. Replace tops of peppers, fasten with wooden sticks. Pack peppers into sterilised jars. Fill to overflowing with the vinegar (little more vinegar may be necessary); seal jars. Store in dark, cool place 2 weeks before using.

SPECIAL STUFFED PEPPERS

Four green peppers, 1 tablespoon oil, salt and pepper, 2oz. butter, 4oz. long-grain rice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken stock, 1 onion (chopped), 2oz. mushrooms (chopped), extra 2 tablespoons oil, 4oz. ham (chopped), 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cut peppers in halves lengthwise, remove seeds and membranes. Place peppers in boiling water with oil 5 minutes; drain well. Place small piece of butter in each pepper shell (use half the butter), sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt remaining butter in frying pan, add rice, saute until golden. Cover with hot chicken stock, reduce heat, cover pan, cook slowly 30 minutes, adding more stock if necessary. Saute mushrooms and onions in extra oil until tender. Add to rice mixture with tomato paste. Mix in chopped ham and parsley, season well; fill into pepper shells. Place in greased baking dish, cover, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at once.

Peppers can be stuffed with a great variety of savory mixtures; below are some suggestions:

- Canned salmon or tuna combined with little white sauce.
- Scrambled eggs mixed with cooked, crumbled bacon.
- Minced steak, mixed with chopped onion and seasoning and sauteed in a little butter.
- Macaroni with cheese or tomato sauce.



RED AND GREEN PEPPERS (left) are filled, ready to be covered with vinegar for the Stuffed Pepper Pickle recipe given on the opposite page.



AMERICAN PUMPKIN PIE (right) and an economical and good-flavored Pumpkin Soup are two ways of using versatile pumpkin. Recipes on page 13.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE (right), golden Italian Potato Balls, and Vichys soise. Recipes are on this page.

POTATOES: A staple in the diet of most Australians, and a source of substantial nourishment. They are eaten boiled, baked, roasted, and fried — there are a hundred different methods of cooking them. (See panel overleaf for the perfect baked potato.)

VICHYSOISE

Four white onions (or 1 onion and white part of 4 leeks), 2oz. butter, 5 thinly sliced potatoes, 2 pints chicken stock, 2 teaspoons salt, 3 cups milk, finely chopped chives.

Melt butter in saucepan, lightly brown sliced onions. Add potatoes, stock, and salt, boil until very tender (about 35 minutes). Mash, rub through fine sieve, or puree in electric blender. Return mixture to saucepan, add milk, bring just to boiling point. Cool, rub through fine sieve; chill. Serve garnished with finely chopped chives.

ITALIAN POTATO BALLS

One and a half pounds potatoes, salted water, 2 egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt, freshly ground pepper, 2 eggs (extra), flour, fine dry crumbs, oil for frying.

Peel potatoes, boil in salted water until cooked. Drain and mash, adding egg-yolks and cheese. Saute onion in heated butter until soft and golden, add potatoes with parsley, salt and pepper. Mix to smooth paste, form into small balls. Roll in flour, beaten extra eggs, and crumbs. Chill, then deep fry until golden brown and heated through. Serve immediately.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE

Quarter pound dark chocolate, quarter cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 4oz. butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup mashed potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, Chocolate Glaze.

Melt chocolate and water over low heat; set aside. Sift together flour, soda, and salt. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla and melted chocolate. Combine potatoes and sour cream, gradually add to chocolate mixture, then blend in dry ingredients. Turn into well-greased 9in. ring tin, bake 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in moderate oven. Cool completely before removing from tin. Ice with Chocolate Glaze.

Chocolate Glaze: Quarter pound chocolate, 3 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

Melt chocolate with water and butter. Remove from heat, add sifted icing sugar, vanilla, and salt. Beat until smooth. Thin, if necessary, with few drops of milk. Spread over top and sides of cake.

To get a snowy edging on cake (see picture at right), melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows in top of double saucepan; when melted, drizzle round edge of cake.

POTATO CHEESE BISCUITS

Half cup seasoned cooked mashed potato, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 5 tablespoons rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cheese.

Combine all ingredients, mix to stiff dough. Knead a little, roll out very thinly on lightly floured board. Cut into round shapes with small scone cutter, place on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes.

Continued overleaf





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HUNGARIAN POTATOES

Four medium-sized potatoes, 2 onions, salt and freshly ground pepper, paprika, 2 tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chicken stock or bouillon, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. butter, chopped parsley.

Peel potatoes, slice thinly. Rinse in cold water, drain, and dry thoroughly. Peel and slice onions. Grease shallow ovenproof dish, cover base with the sliced onions. Season with salt, freshly ground pepper, and paprika, top with the chopped tomatoes, then potato slices. Sprinkle over a little more salt, pepper, and paprika; pour over the stock. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven until potatoes are soft (1 to 1½ hours). Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve.

GOLDEN POTATO PIE

One and half pounds minced steak, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato purée, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rolled oats, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch thyme, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion.

Potato Topping: Two pounds potatoes, milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt and pepper, melted butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated parmesan cheese.

In large bowl combine evaporated milk, tomato purée, and rolled oats; mix well. Add egg, salt, pepper, mustard, thyme, and onion; add minced steak, mix lightly with fork to combine well. Turn into greased baking dish or casserole, bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes.

Peel and boil potatoes until tender. Drain and mash, add butter and just enough hot milk to make firm but creamy consistency; beat well until mixture is light, season to taste. Swirl over meat, brush with melted butter, top with grated cheese. Return to oven, bake further 15 to 20 minutes. Top each serving generously with Creole Sauce.

Creole Sauce: One pound tomatoes, little water, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 bayleaf, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.

Peel and chop tomatoes; cook with little water until tender. Combine with remaining ingredients, except cornflour, in small saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring. Reduce heat, simmer, uncovered, 15 minutes. Add little water to cornflour to make smooth paste. Stir into tomato mixture, bring to boil, stirring. Taste, adjust seasonings, if necessary.

HUNGARIAN APPLE SQUARES

Half-cup warm mashed potato, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked, well-drained apples, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sultanas, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Combine mashed potato, apple, and softened butter; add sugar, beaten egg, sifted flour, and cinnamon. Add sultanas, blend in milk. Pour into well-greased lamington tin, sprinkle topping evenly over. Bake in moderate oven approximately 40 minutes. Cut into squares to serve as dessert, pour over a creamy custard.

Topping: Mix together until crumbly 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

STUFFED POTATOES

Six large potatoes, oil, coarse salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk or cream, salt and pepper, 2oz. butter, finely chopped chives or parsley.

Scrub potatoes, rub with oil and salt. Bake in moderately hot oven about 1½ hours. Cut potatoes in halves, scoop out pulp; put this in bowl, mash until smooth. Add butter, milk or cream, and seasoning, beat well with wooden spoon. Finally add chives or parsley. Pile mixture back into potato shells, brown in moderate oven. Serve immediately.

POTATO FLAPJACK

One and a half pounds potatoes, 1 table-spoon butter, 1 tablespoon oil, nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Peel potatoes, slice them thinly. Rinse in cold water, dry thoroughly. Heat butter and oil in heavy frying pan, put in potatoes and spread them out evenly, forming a flat cake. Season well with salt, freshly ground pepper, and little nutmeg; cover pan, cook gently 15 minutes. Turn cake over and allow the other side to brown. Turn out, cut into wedges, and serve.

POTATOES ANNA

Two pounds potatoes, water, salt, pepper, approximately 4oz. butter, parsley.

Peel potatoes, slice as thinly as possible. Drop them into iced water, let them stand 30 minutes. Drain, dry well. Take round mould or small baking dish, butter generously. Place layer of potatoes in base, spread over some softened butter. Repeat layers of potatoes and butter, ending with butter; sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper. Bake in hot oven 45 to 55 minutes, or until potatoes are soft when tested with thin skewer. To serve, invert on to serving dish. Garnish with parsley.

POMMES DAUPHINOISE

Two pounds potatoes, salt, pepper, nutmeg, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, few onion slices, cut garlic clove, 4 tablespoons grated gruyere cheese, butter.

Peel potatoes, slice thinly. Arrange in ovenproof casserole, sprinkle with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg. Heat milk with onion slices and garlic, strain, combine with beaten egg; pour over potatoes. Sprinkle with cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes, or until potatoes are soft when tested with skewer.

DUCHESSE POTATOES

Three pounds potatoes, 4 egg-yolks, 2oz. butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, melted butter.

Peel potatoes, boil in salted water until tender, then drain well, mash or push through strainer. Place in bowl, season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg; add yolks and softened butter, work to smooth paste. Place in piping bag with star tube, pipe small pyramids on greased baking sheets. Brush with little melted butter. Bake in hot oven until tipped with brown, or brown under grill.

POTATOES VINAIGRETTE

Two pounds baby new potatoes, salted water, 4 tablespoons white vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint oil, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons each chopped chives and parsley, 1 table-spoon grated onion, salt, freshly ground pepper.

Wash potatoes, cook in boiling, salted water until tender. Peel, place in bowl. Combine remaining ingredients in screw-top jar, shake vigorously. Pour over potatoes while they are still warm, allow to cool. Serve as accompaniment to cold meats.

POTATOES BOULANGERIE

One to 1½lb. potatoes, 1 small clove garlic, 2 medium-sized onions, ½lb. thinly sliced gruyere cheese, salt, freshly ground pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chicken stock, fine crumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Peel potatoes, slice them thinly. Rinse under running water, dry thoroughly; crush garlic. Put layer of potatoes in base of greased ovenproof dish, top with layer of sliced cheese and onions. Season each layer with salt and pepper, sprinkle over little crushed garlic. Continue in this manner until all ingredients are used, ending with layer of potatoes. Pour over chicken stock, sprinkle crumbs and grated cheese over top. Pour over melted butter, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Cover dish with piece of aluminium foil if top browns too quickly.

Baked to perfection in their jackets

A WELL-BAKED potato in its jacket, served piping hot, is the perfect accompaniment to a grill and green salad — and it's so easy to do.

Choose potatoes of uniform size so they will finish cooking at the same time; scrub skins well, prick several times with a fine-tined fork. Rub over well with oil (this will ensure a crisp skin), sprinkle with salt. Wrap in foil, bake in moderately hot oven 45 minutes to one hour, depending on size of potatoes; the skins should be crisply brown.

Remove from oven, make 2 cuts in top of each potato, forming a cross. Press sides of each potato so it opens out. Top each with knob of butter and sprinkling of salt and freshly ground pepper.

If desired, add sprinkling of chopped chives or parsley, spoonful of thick sour cream or sprinkling of grated parmesan cheese.

Alternatively (and this is a delicious first course at a dinner party) scoop out inside of cooked potato carefully, mash well, mix with some caviar and enough sour cream to give a firm but rather creamy consistency. Spoon back into potato jacket.

NOUGAT BISCUIT BARS

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold mashed potato, 1½ cups ground almonds, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Separate egg. Sift flour with sugar, rub in butter until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{4}$ of mixture over base of ungreased lamington tin. Add egg-yolk to remaining mixture, blend well; refrigerate while preparing topping.

Topping: Mix together potato, sifted icing sugar, almonds, essence, cinnamon, and egg-white. Spread over pastry in tin.

Roll out remaining pastry, cut into strips, place lattice-fashion over filling. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Let cool in tin. Cut into bars to serve.



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MEXICAN-STYLE POTATOES

One large onion, 1 green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, 2 large tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 8 large potatoes (peeled, cubed, and boiled), 1 tablespoon flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons white wine.

Saute sliced onion and chopped green pepper in hot oil until onion is golden. Add tomatoes, potatoes, and paste made of the flour, salt, pepper, and wine. Stir until well mixed; simmer 10 minutes or until sauce is thickened.

Nice as an accompaniment to grilled steaks, chops, and sausages.

POTATO PANCAKES

Six medium-sized potatoes (peeled and grated), 1 small grated onion, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon soft white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, oil for frying.

Combine grated potatoes and onion in bowl. Stir in beaten eggs and breadcrumbs, season with salt and pepper. Heat little oil in heavy frying pan, drop in spoonfuls of mixture. Cook pancakes until golden brown and crisp on both sides. Serve immediately.

AUSTRIAN SAVORY POTATO CAKE

One and a half pounds boiled potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried sage, pinch dried marjoram, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 eggs (separated).

Mash potatoes while still warm. Saute parsley and herbs in melted butter. Add to potatoes with salt, pepper, and cheese. Gradually stir in egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into potato mixture. Spoon into greased and floured 7in. spring-form tin, bake in moderate oven 35 minutes.

POTATOES PROVENCALE

Six medium-sized potatoes, salted water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Scrub potatoes, cook whole in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain, cool slightly, then peel, cut into cubes. Heat oil in frying pan, add potatoes, fry slowly until brown. At last moment, scatter over garlic and parsley. Season well, drain, and serve immediately.

BLUE SPUR POTATOES

One to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds potatoes, salted water, 1oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream, salt, freshly ground pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives.

Peel potatoes, cook in boiling salted water until tender; drain and mash. Stir in butter and sour cream, beat potatoes until smooth and fluffy. Season with salt and pepper, stir in the chives. Serve immediately.

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PUMPKIN:

Although pumpkin is readily available in most countries, Australia is one of the few to consider it seriously as a vegetable. Correctly prepared, pumpkin is a perfect accompaniment to roast lamb and other meats. It can also be used for a variety of other dishes.

PUMPKIN BALLS

Using melon baller, cut pumpkin balls; steam or boil gently, covered, until tender but still nicely firm. Drain well. Melt about 2oz. butter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of sugar in saucepan, add pumpkin balls, some salt and pepper, shake pan over heat until the pumpkin balls are well glazed. Serve at once.

ORANGE PUMPKIN PIE

One and a half cups cooked mashed pumpkin, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon, and nutmeg, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon finely grated orange rind, 1 unbaked 9in. pastry case, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped crystallised ginger.

Separate eggs. Beat yolks with pumpkin, orange juice, and rind, spices, salt, butter, and milk. Brush inside of pastry case with little extra melted butter, gently pour in pumpkin mixture. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderately slow, bake further 30 minutes or until filling is set. Cool a little.

Beat egg-whites with salt until fluffy, add cream of tartar, beat until stiffened. Gradually beat in sugar, beat until meringue is satiny; fold in ginger. Swirl meringue over pumpkin, bake further 5 to 10 minutes in hot oven until meringue is golden-tipped.

PUMPKIN SCONES

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup cooked mashed pumpkin, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, 1 egg, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup milk, egg or milk for glazing.

Cream butter with sugar and lemon rind, add pumpkin, beat well. Beat in egg, then

fold in sifted dry ingredients. Add just sufficient milk to make soft dough. Turn out on to lightly floured board, knead lightly, roll out about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut into desired shapes, brush with egg or milk. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

PUMPKIN FRITTERS

Two cups cooked mashed pumpkin, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, little milk, 1 beaten egg, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, oil for frying.

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, pepper, and mustard, then stir in beaten egg and pumpkin. Add little milk if mixture is too dry. Heat oil in heavy frying pan, drop in tablespoonfuls of mixture; cook, turning once, until golden brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper, serve at once.

PUMPKIN MORNAV

One and a half pounds peeled pumpkin (seeds removed), boiling salted water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated parmesan cheese (or use mixture of parmesan and gruyere), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, fresh breadcrumbs, 1oz. butter.

Cut pumpkin into squares, cook in boiling salted water until nearly tender. Drain well, place in greased ovenproof dish. Stir cheese and parsley into white sauce, pour over pumpkin. Sprinkle with crumbs, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until crumbs are golden brown.

BAKED PUMPKIN IN CREAM

One pound pumpkin (peeled and sliced), salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Place pumpkin slices in well-greased ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and sugar, pour over cream. Sprinkle over cinnamon, cover, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour, or until pumpkin is tender.

PUMPKIN SOUP

(Picture on page 11)

One pound pumpkin, little butter, 1 small onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, 1 pint beef or chicken stock, salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Peel pumpkin, cut up roughly into fairly small pieces. Saute 10 minutes in little melted butter with chopped onion and sugar. Add stock, simmer until pumpkin is tender. Push through sieve with liquid, return to saucepan to reheat; season to taste. Sprinkle each serving with chopped parsley.

Pumpkin Cream Soup: When reheating stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream; do not allow to boil. Stir in 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives or parsley.

AMERICAN PUMPKIN PIE

(Picture on page 11)

One 9in. unbaked pastry shell, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, pinch salt, 2 cups milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked mashed pumpkin, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup.

Combine slightly beaten eggs, sugar, spices, and salt. Gradually add milk, then pumpkin and golden syrup; blend lightly. Turn filling into unbaked pastry shell. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderately low, bake further 20 to 25 minutes or until knife inserted in centre comes out clean; cool. Top with whipped cream.

Pumpkin Coconut Pie: Stir 1-3rd cup coconut into pumpkin mixture before pouring into shell. Sprinkle top with additional coconut.

BAKED PUMPKIN IN SHELL

Choose small, plump pumpkin. Cut slice from top, scoop out seeds; clean thoroughly. Sprinkle inside with salt, pepper, then replace top. Bake pumpkin in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, depending on size (remove lid occasionally and test to make sure pumpkin is not over-cooked). Carefully scoop out flesh of pumpkin, place in bowl, keeping pumpkin shell intact. Season with salt, pepper, a generous amount of butter; beat until creamy. Return this fluffy puree to shell, dot with butter, return to oven to reheat.

BAKED PUMPKIN WITH GINGER

Three pounds pumpkin, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons finely chopped preserved ginger, salt and pepper.

Peel pumpkin, remove seeds, cut into pieces. Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar, ginger, salt and pepper. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Arrange pumpkin in shallow baking dish. Brush with sugar mixture, bake (uncovered) in moderate oven $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour, basting frequently with sugar mixture.





SPINACH: Should be thoroughly washed before cooking and every speck of dirt removed. Can be cooked in either of the following ways:

1: Wash spinach thoroughly. One popular variety of spinach has rather coarse white stems; these should be cut out before cooking. Place spinach in saucepan with only the water clinging to leaves. Cover tightly, cook until tender. Drain, pressing out all moisture, return to pan with salt, pepper, and squeeze of lemon juice. Shake over heat 2 or 3 minutes before serving.

2: Wash spinach thoroughly as directed above; remove white stems. Cook in plenty of boiling salted water until tender (10 to 12 minutes). Drain, press out all water, chop finely. Season with salt and pepper, then return to pan, with little butter, shake over heat 2 or 3 minutes.

SAUTEED SPINACH

One chopped onion, 1 crushed clove garlic, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 bunches cooked and drained spinach, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 4 tablespoons dry breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese, salt, freshly ground pepper, pinch nutmeg.

Heat butter and oil, saute onions and garlic until transparent. Chop spinach finely, add to pan; cook over low heat until butter and oil are absorbed. Stir in cream, crumbs, and cheese, season to taste with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Heat through without boiling. Serve immediately.

SPINACH MORNAV

Two pounds spinach, 3 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, 1 cup croutons (small bread cubes fried in butter until golden), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 3 tablespoons grated cheese (mixture of parmesan and gruyere, if possible), 2 tablespoons cream.

Wash spinach thoroughly. Drain, put into saucepan with 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pepper. Cover, cook slowly 6 to 7 minutes,

Spinach, squash and acorn squash, and sweet potatoes as made dishes.

stirring occasionally. Drain well, chop coarsely; mix in croutons, arrange spinach on flat ovenproof dish. Melt another tablespoon butter in saucepan; remove from heat, add flour, salt, pepper. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, then add milk and stir over moderate heat until sauce boils and thickens. Add mustard, 2 tablespoons of cheese and cream. Spoon sauce over spinach, sprinkle top with remaining cheese. Dot with remaining butter, brown quickly under pre-heated griller. Serve at once.

OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER

Oysters, finely chopped spinach cooked with chopped onion, breadcrumbs, grated cheese, butter.

On each opened oyster put some of the spinach and onion mixture. Top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, dot with butter; brown in hot oven or under griller.

EGGS FLORENTINE

Four eggs, 1 bunch spinach, 1oz. butter or substitute, breadcrumbs.

Sauce: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Poach eggs. Cook spinach, drain well, chop finely. Heat butter in pan, add spinach, toss lightly. Arrange spinach in base of heatproof dish, arrange poached eggs on top.

Sauce: Melt butter, stir in flour, cook few minutes; gradually stir in milk, stir until sauce has thickened. Add cheese, stir in. Spoon over eggs, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Bake in hot oven until lightly browned or put under griller.

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SQUASH: Cook like marrow (see page 9). Or the round, white-skinned squash can have the centre cut out, filled with savory stuffing, and baked.

Acorn or Baby Squash: A vegetable with delicious fresh flavor, should be more widely enjoyed. Trim stems, do not peel. Cook whole, in boiling salted water to cover, 15 to 20 minutes, depending on size. Split in half if desired or serve whole; season with salt, pepper, top with knob of butter.



VEGETABLE PARTY PLATTER features tomatoes combined with mushrooms, onions, cheese, and bacon, and is served piping hot. See recipe on opposite page.

SWEET POTATO: This is an edible tuber resembling an ordinary potato in appearance but with a sweetish flavor. Sweet potatoes are also known as yams. They can be boiled or baked, and are delicious if simply scrubbed and baked in their jackets; this will take 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, depending on size. When cooked, serve them split open and topped with a pat of butter.

They can also be peeled, quartered, or halved and cooked with roast meat in the same way as ordinary potatoes.

SWEET POTATOES ON SKEWERS

Four medium-sized sweet potatoes, boiling salted water, 1 medium-sized can pineapple slices (drained), 6 chopped rashers of bacon, butter.

Wash potatoes, cook in boiling salted water until tender but not mushy. Peel, cut crosswise into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices. On small skewers, arrange alternately potato slices, quartered pineapple slices, and pieces of bacon. Place skewers in greased ovenproof dish, pour over reserved pineapple syrup, dot with butter. Bake, uncovered, in hot oven about 15 minutes, basting occasionally, until syrup has cooked down to a glaze.

SWEET POTATO PUFF

Two cups cooked, mashed sweet potato, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Add melted butter, milk, and seasonings to sweet potato. Separate egg, beat yolk well, fold into potato mixture, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Put into well-greased baking dish or individual moulds, set in pan containing hot water, bake in moderate oven until puffy and brown.



● Tomatoes and some recipes that feature this popular vegetable, and methods of cooking turnips.

TOMATOES: Should be washed thoroughly before use. Some recipes require peeled tomatoes. This is quite simple; place tomatoes in bowl, pour over sufficient boiling water to cover. Leave a moment, then drain and plunge into cold water. Skins will slip off easily.

Other recipes require juices and seeds to be discarded and only firm flesh of tomato used. To remove juices and seeds, halve tomatoes, squeeze out seeds and juice into basin. Strain juice, if desired, and use in place of some of liquid in recipe.

VEGETABLE PARTY PLATTER (Picture, opposite page)

Ten medium-sized tomatoes (cut in halves, crosswise), 4 green peppers (cut in eighths, lengthwise), 2 dozen large mushrooms, 1½ cups shredded cheddar cheese, 2 white onions (thinly sliced, separated into rings), 6 slices bacon (cut into squares), salt, pepper, butter.

Arrange tomato halves, green-pepper wedges, and mushrooms in alternate rows on baking sheet. Sprinkle each tomato half with cheese, top with 2 or 3 onion rings and 1 bacon square. Dot vegetables with butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

TOMATO VICHYSOISE

Half pound onions, ½ lb. peeled potatoes, 1 clove garlic, 2oz. butter, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 pint chicken stock or bouillon, salt, pepper, chopped chives or parsley, ¼ pint cream.

Peel and slice onions, potatoes; crush garlic. Melt butter in large saucepan, add vegetables, cook gently until soft and golden. Add chopped, peeled tomatoes, tomato paste, and stock; cover, simmer gently until vegetables are soft (about 40 minutes). Season to taste, then rub through fine sieve or puree in electric blender; chill. At serving time, lightly stir in cream. Serve very cold, topping each serving with sprinkling of chopped chives or parsley.

TOMATO PUDDING

Six large peeled and sliced tomatoes, 1 grated onion, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, soft white breadcrumbs, 1oz. butter.

Grease ovenproof dish, arrange layer of tomatoes in base. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, sugar, onion, parsley. Top with another layer of tomatoes, sprinkle over any remaining onion, parsley, etc. Top with layer of breadcrumbs, dot with butter, bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes. Delicious with roast meat.

CREAMY FRIED TOMATOES

Six large firm tomatoes, flour, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, brown sugar, 1 cup cream, chopped parsley.

Cut tomatoes into thick slices. Dip slices in flour, sprinkle with salt, pepper. Melt butter in frying pan, add tomatoes, sprinkle lightly with brown sugar. Cook over moderate heat until slices are brown underneath, then turn and sprinkle again with brown sugar. Cook slowly until slices are tender. Add cream, heat gently. Arrange tomato slices on serving platter, pour over sauce, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once.

SALAMI TOMATO SALAD

Six firm ripe peeled tomatoes, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 12 thin slices salami.

Cut stem ends from tomatoes and peel. With sharp knife, slice each tomato crosswise into ¼ in. slices; re-form into tomato shape with small pieces of salami sandwiched between layers. Place in shallow serving dish. Combine remaining ingredients in small jar, shake well. Pour over tomatoes. Let stand about 20 minutes before serving.

TOMATO CONCASSE

One pound tomatoes, 2 shallots or 1 small onion, 1 clove garlic, butter, salt, pepper.

Plunge tomatoes into boiling water; remove and skin, seed and chop. Cut shallots finely. Sauté shallots in little hot butter until softened but not browned. Add tomatoes, garlic, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently, pressing mixture with fork occasionally. Serve over chops, steaks, or sausages; delicious as filling for omelets.

TUNA-STUFFED TOMATOES

Six large ripe tomatoes, 1 cup canned flaked tuna, 6 chopped anchovy fillets, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch dried basil, ¼ finely minced clove garlic, 2 slices bread with crusts, 1 tablespoon softened butter, salt, pepper.

Cut tops from tomatoes, scoop out pulp. Force pulp through sieve, add tuna, anchovies, parsley, basil, garlic. Soak bread in a little water, squeeze dry. Add to fish mixture with butter, salt, pepper. Mix well, fill into tomato cases. Arrange in greased ovenproof dish, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

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TURNIPS:

Young, small turnips can be washed, peeled, and cooked whole in boiling salted water to cover until soft (about 30 minutes). Bigger turnips can be cut into large dice or halved. Drain them well, toss in a little butter and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Swede Turnips: Dice or cut into quarters and cook as above. They are best served mashed with salt, pepper, and a little butter.

TURNIPS WITH ONIONS

One pound each turnips and onions, salt, pepper, grated cheese, 1oz. butter.

Peel turnips and onions, slice thinly. Arrange in well-greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, dot with butter. Cover, bake in moderately hot oven until vegetables are tender (about 40 minutes).

CREAMY BAKED TURNIPS

One and a half pounds small turnips, boiling salted water, ¼ cup cream or milk, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ¼ teaspoon paprika, soft breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, 1oz. butter.

Prepare turnips, cook as directed in boiling salted water. Drain, place in shallow ovenproof dish. Pour over milk or cream, add paprika, salt and pepper, and grated onion. Top with crumbs, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven until brown; sprinkle with chopped parsley.



VEGETABLE STORAGE: Good-quality plastic containers with tight-sealing lids will keep prepared vegetables fresh for days. Just place washed and dried vegetables in container and seal securely. No water is necessary. Keeps parsley, lettuce, etc., for weeks.



● Zucchini, the last on the list, is a delicately flavored little marrow with a tender, quick-to-cook flesh.

ZUCCHINI: Small Italian marrows; french name is courgettes. Delicately and delightfully flavored. To prepare, trim stems. Young, small zucchini can be cooked whole and unpeeled in boiling salted water until just tender. Serve with butter. Or, when cooked, cut into dice and mix with

some finely chopped mushrooms which have been sauteed until tender in a little butter.

Zucchini can also be filled with a savory stuffing and baked. Cook zucchini as above, but 5 minutes only. Cut in halves lengthwise; remove pulp and combine with soft breadcrumbs, grated parmesan cheese, some finely chopped onion, salt and pepper, chopped parsley, egg to bind; fill into shells. Place in baking dish, dot with butter and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

ZUCCHINI PROVENCALE

Six zucchini, 2oz. butter, 1 chopped shallot, 1lb. tomatoes, 3oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper.

Cut zucchini into 2in. slices and saute, with shallot, in heated butter 10 to 15 minutes. Skin tomatoes, cut into quarters, add to pan with zucchini. Cook a few minutes. Take greased ovenproof dish, put in layer of tomatoes followed by layer of zucchini. Sprinkle between layers with grated cheese, salt and pepper. Finish with layer of tomatoes and sprinkling of cheese. Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes.

ZUCCHINI WITH MUSHROOMS

One pound zucchini cut into 1in. slices, 1lb. mushrooms, 1 finely chopped clove

garlic, 2oz. butter, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Wipe mushrooms, cut into quarters. Melt butter in large frying pan, put in garlic, cook gently few minutes. Add zucchini and mushrooms, saute until browned and tender. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and parsley. Serve at once.

ZUCCHINI OREGANO

One pound zucchini, melted butter, 2 teaspoons oregano, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut zucchini into thin slices and saute in a generous amount of butter until soft and golden. Then sprinkle with oregano, parsley, salt and pepper.

ZUCCHINI WITH SOUR CREAM

One pound zucchini, 1lb. mushrooms, 1 clove garlic, 2oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup sour cream, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Quarter mushrooms and cut zucchini into 1in. slices. Melt butter in frying pan, add mushrooms, zucchini, and garlic; cook 5 minutes. Then remove garlic and add flour to vegetables. Cook a few minutes, stirring, then add cream, parsley, salt and pepper. Simmer, without boiling, until cream is hot.

THE CORRECT SEASONINGS

● There can be little improvement on the true flavor of a fresh vegetable. However, right seasonings can give an unexpected and delightful tang. Below is a flavoring guide.

VEGETABLE	FLAVORING
Aubergine:	Basil, dill, garlic, marjoram, oregano, rosemary.
Beetroot:	Celery or caraway seeds, dill, mustard, tarragon, thyme.
Broccoli:	Basil, garlic, lemon, mustard, nutmeg, onion, oregano.
Brussels Sprouts:	Basil, celery seed, curry powder, lemon, mustard, oregano.
Cabbage:	Dill, onion, nutmeg, chives, parsley, tarragon.
Carrots:	Bayleaf, basil, curry powder, garlic, ginger, mint, nutmeg, onion, parsley, rosemary, thyme.
Cauliflower:	Basil, caraway seed, chives, mace, lemon, oregano, parsley, rosemary.
Celery:	Basil, onion, parsley, tarragon.
Green Beans:	Basil, chilli powder, garlic, nutmeg, onion, tarragon, thyme.
Mushrooms:	Basil, chives, garlic, parsley.
Peas:	Chives, mint, garlic, onion.
Peppers:	Basil, garlic, onion, oregano.
Spinach:	Basil, garlic, lemon, nutmeg, onion, rosemary.
Tomatoes:	Celery salt, chives, garlic, onion, oregano, parsley, tarragon, basil.
Turnips:	Basil, ginger, onion.

ZUCCHINI, when young and small, can be cooked and eaten without being peeled.



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